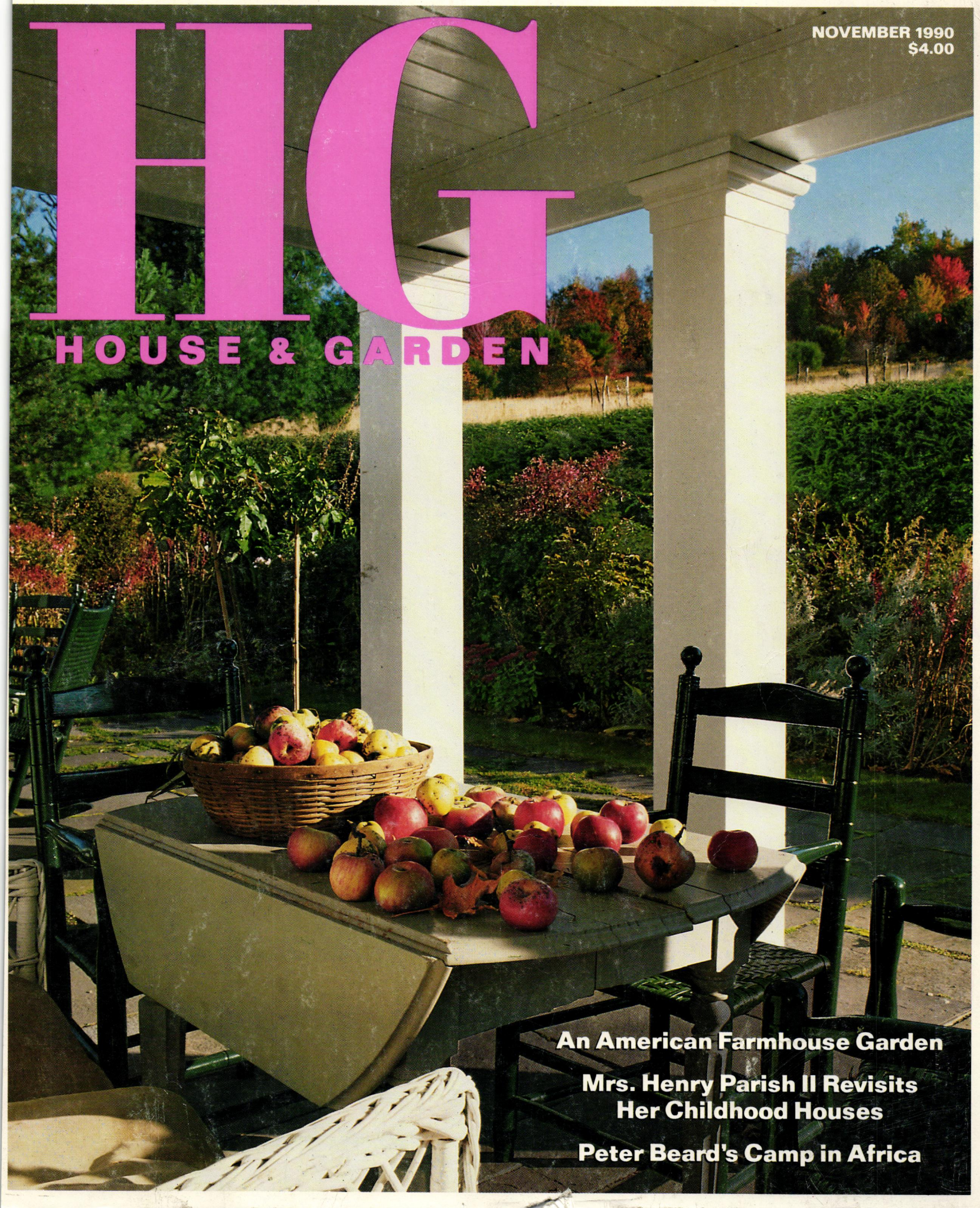


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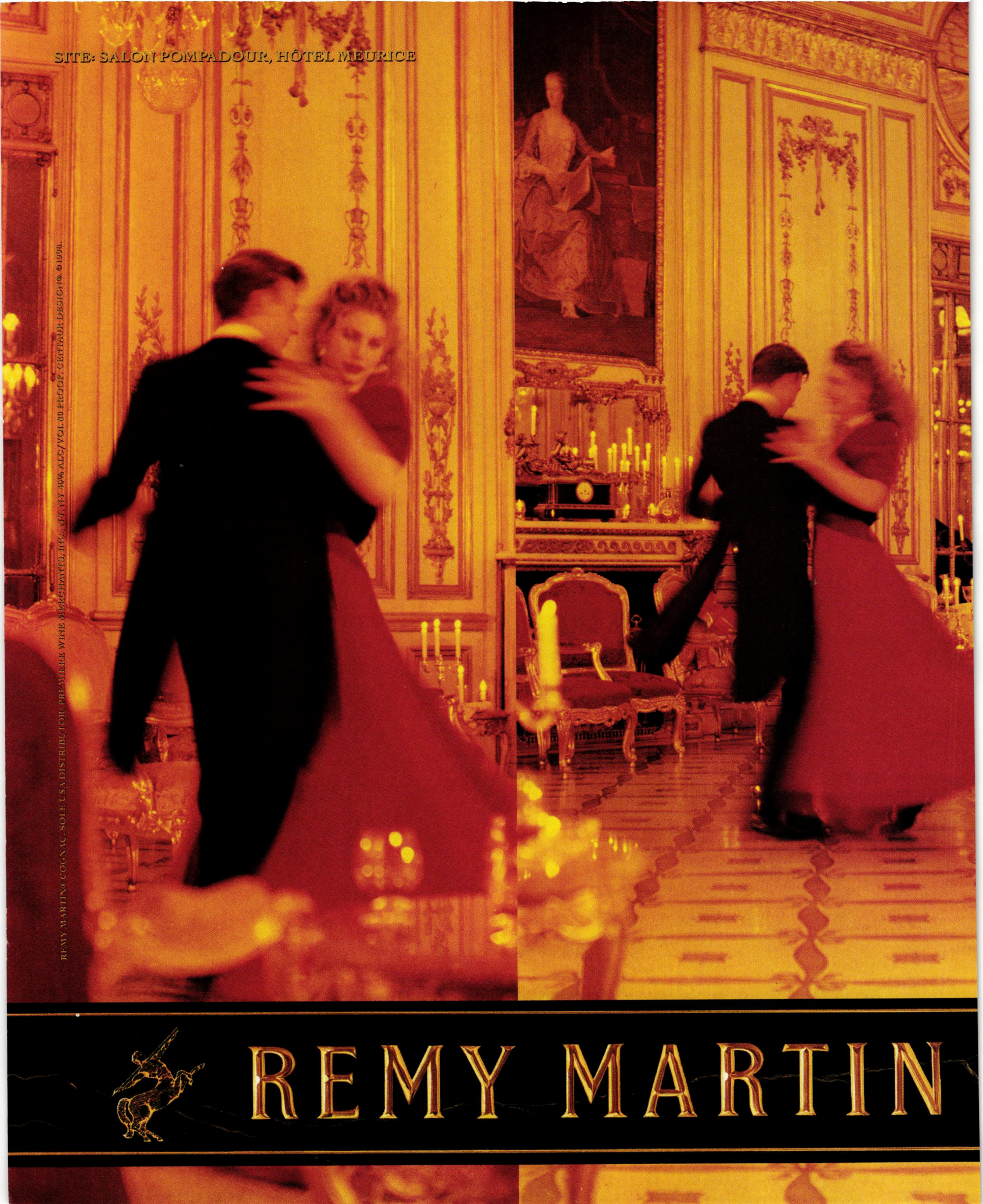
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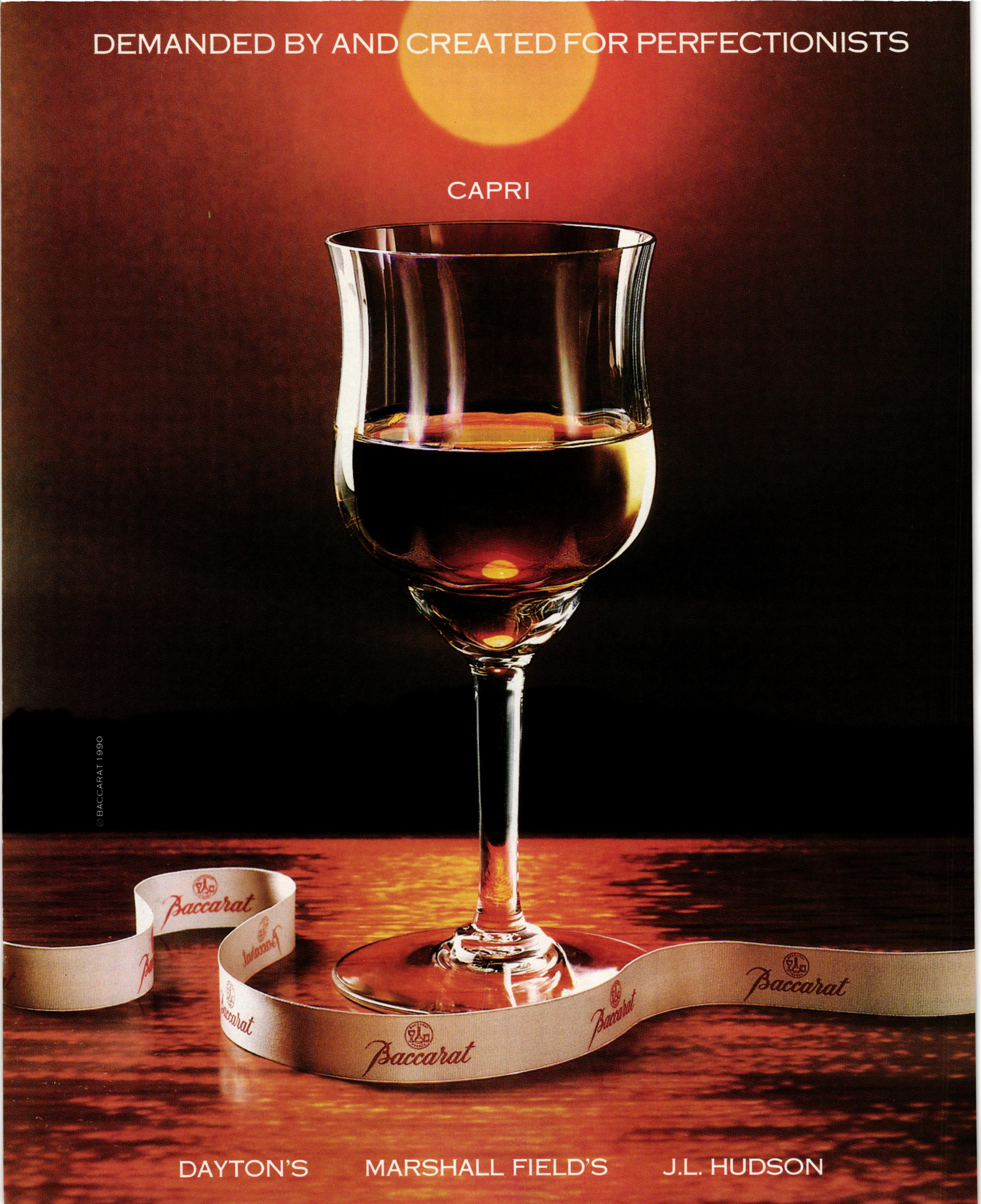

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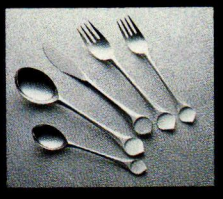


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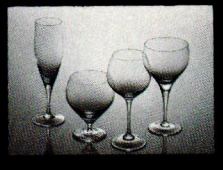
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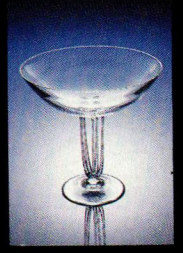


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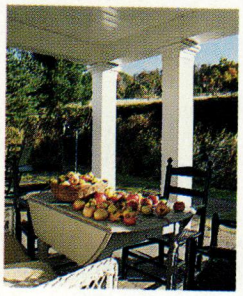
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Couturier Gianni Versace in his Milan palazzo. Page 204.

COVER *Back porch of a Greek revival house opens onto a terrace garden. Photograph by Peter Margonelli. Page 178.*

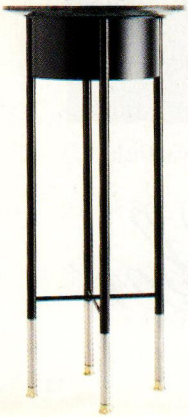


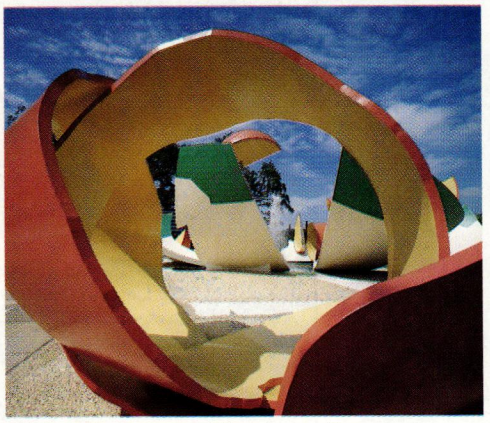
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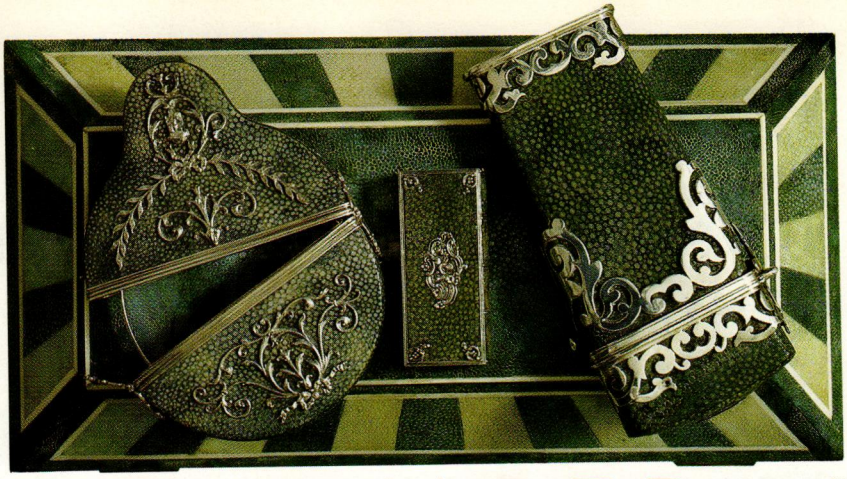
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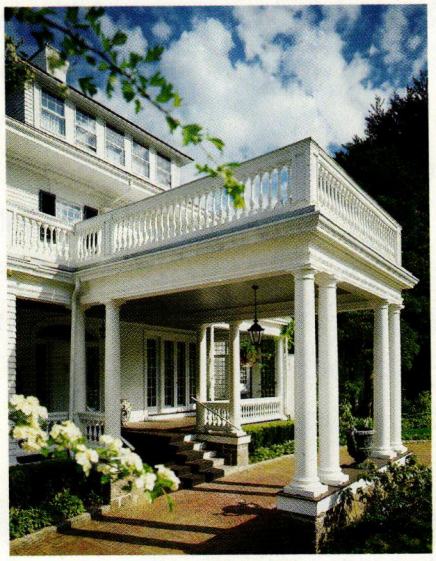
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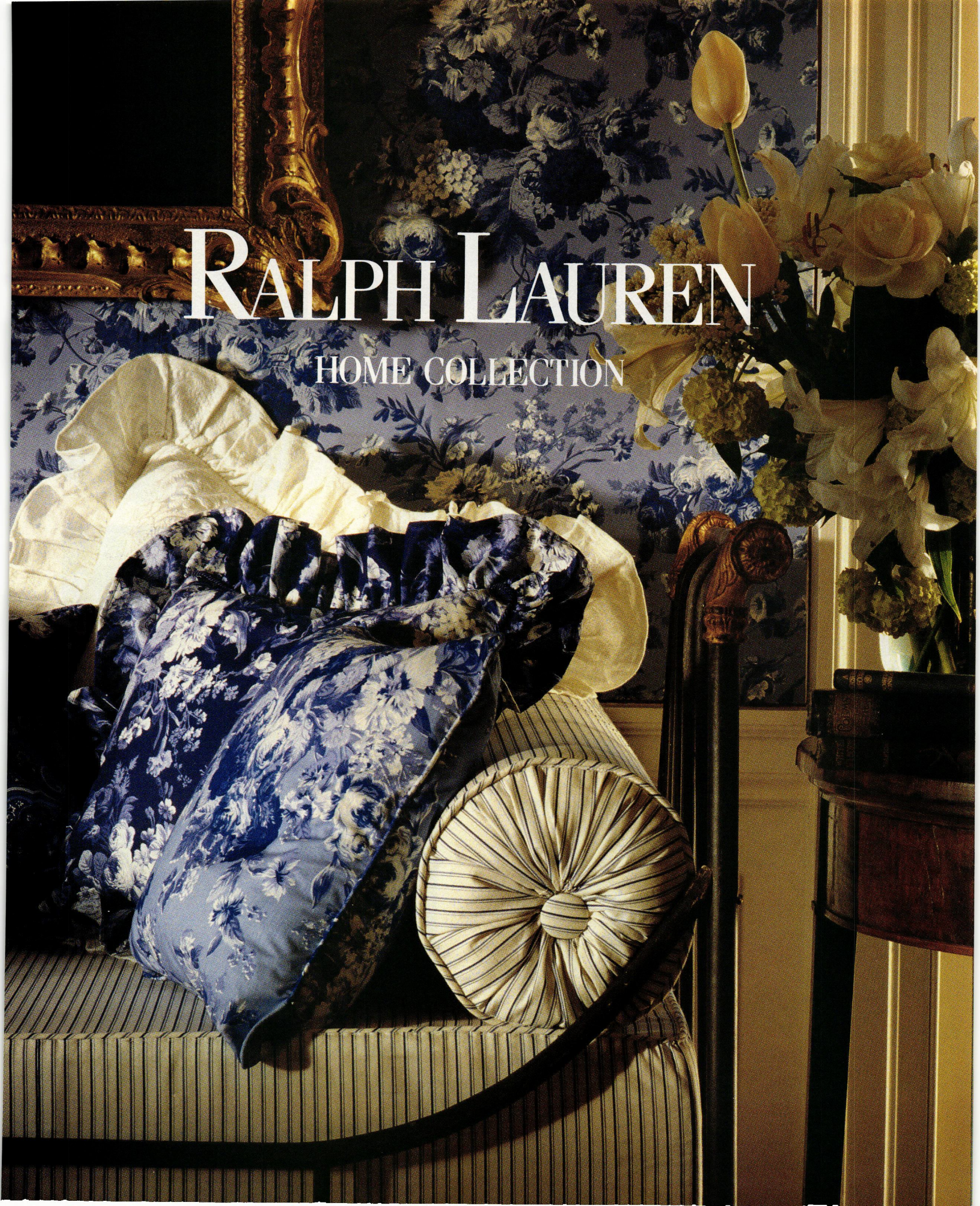
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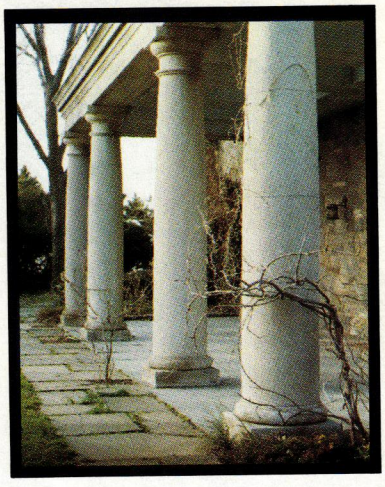


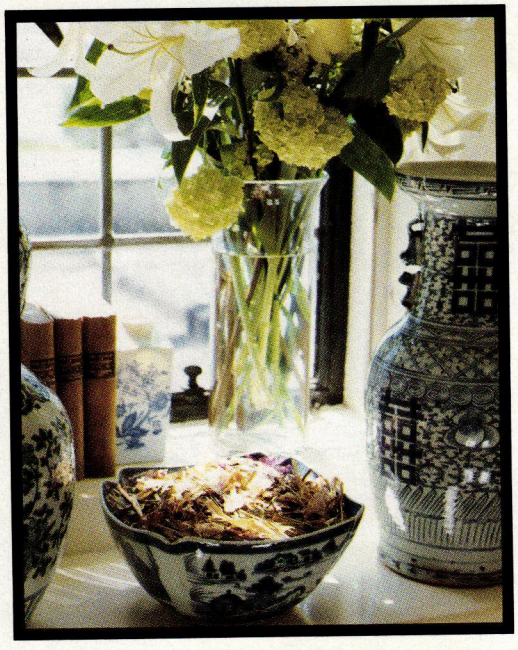
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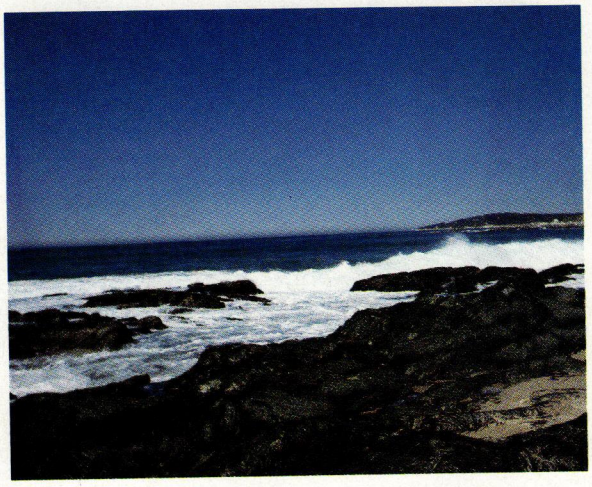

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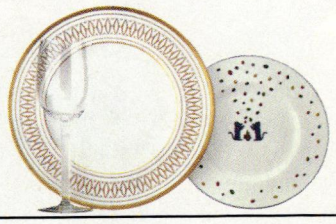

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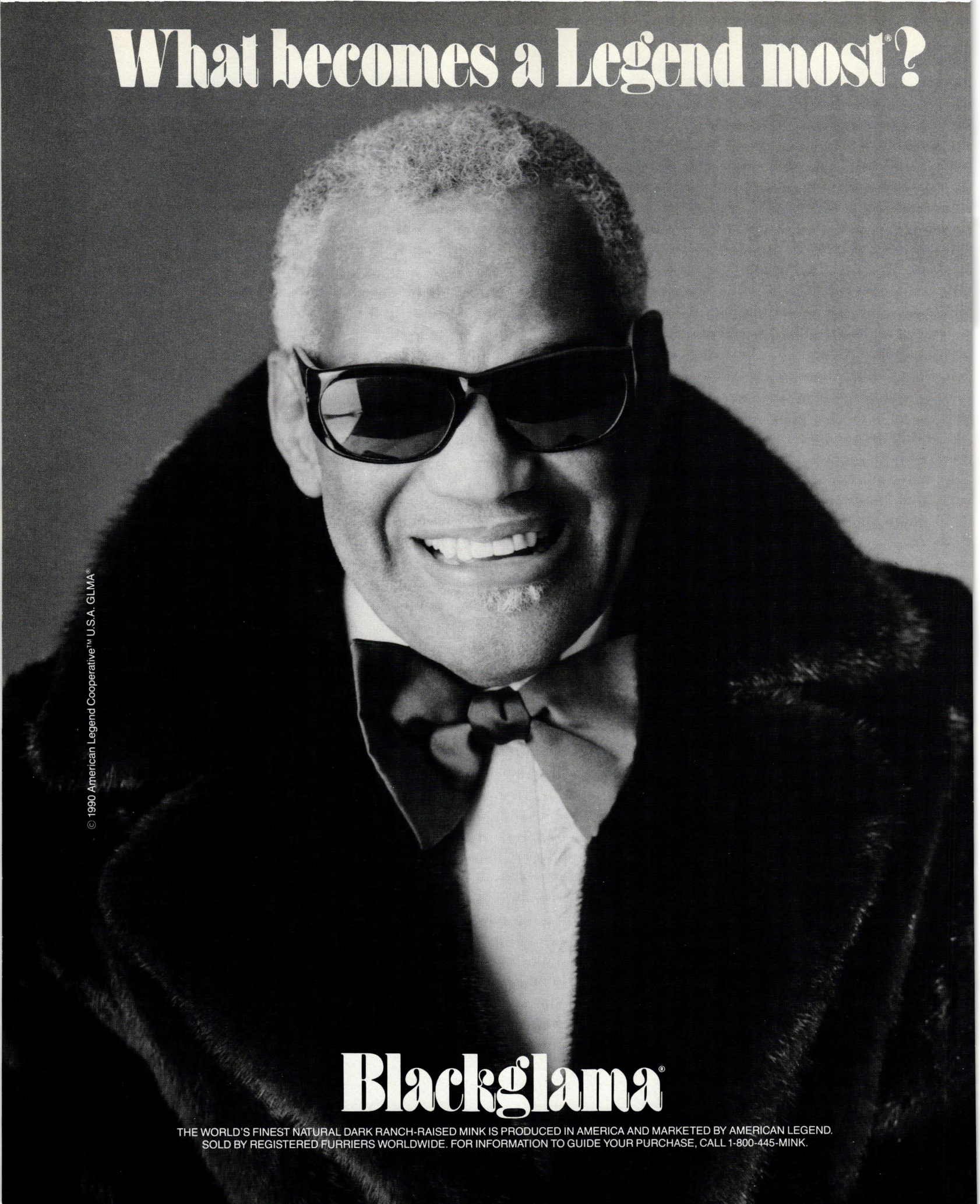


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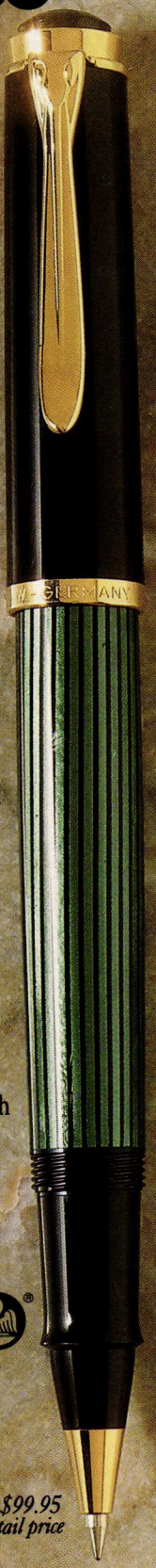
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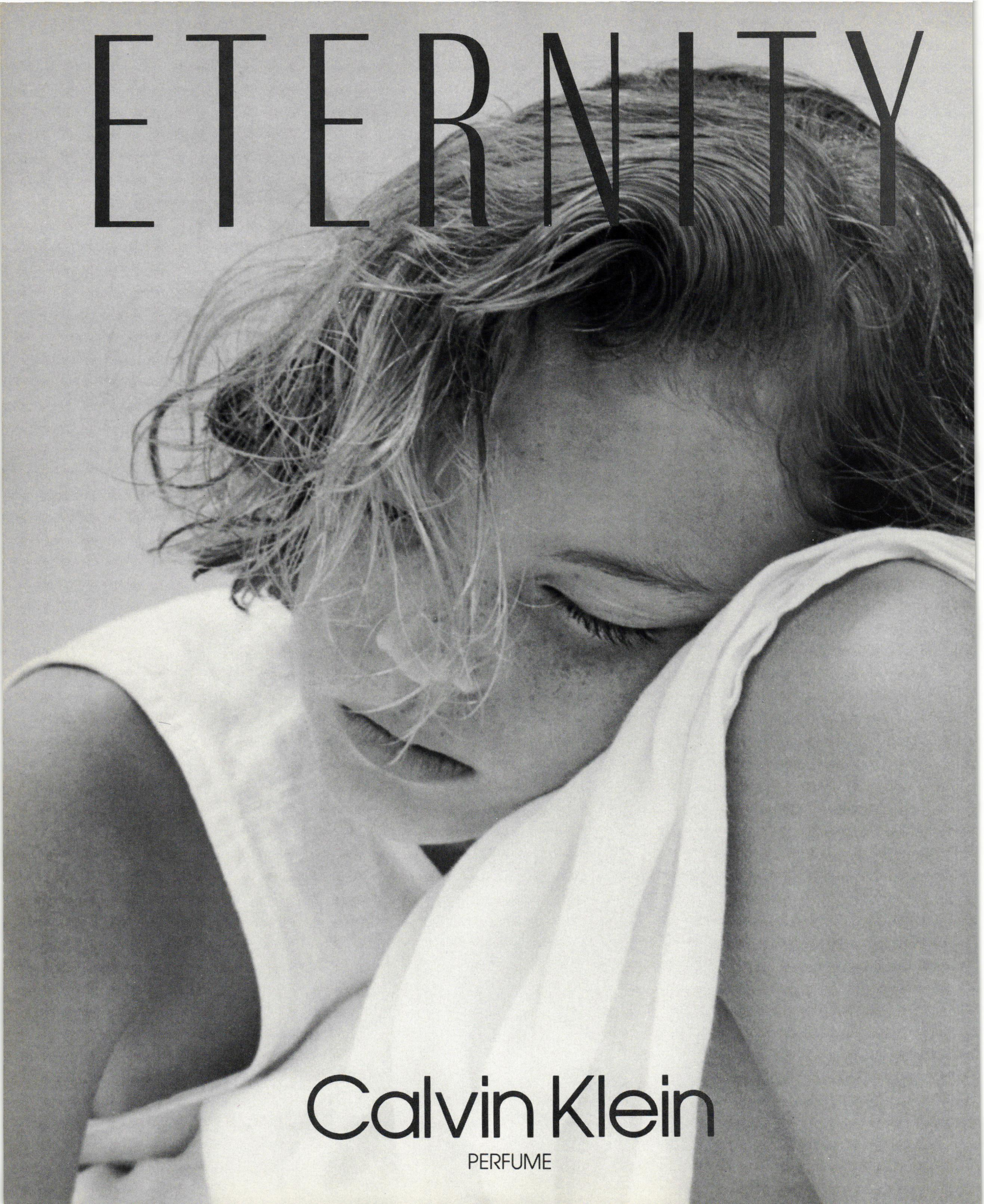
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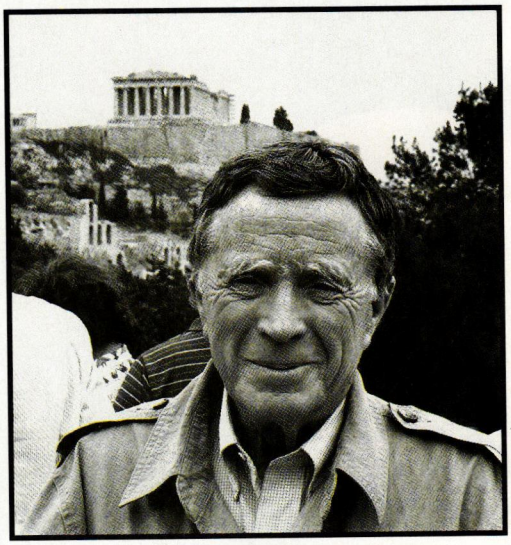
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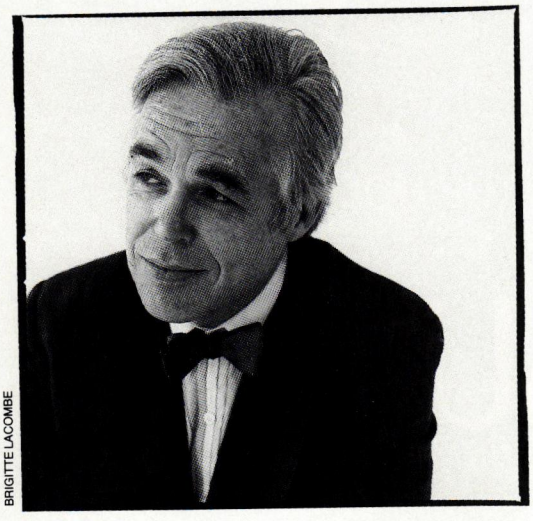
OBERTO GILI

Mrs. Henry Parish II, the celebrated decorator who has applied her distinctive style to the White House and countless private residences, writes about the early influence of her family on her life and career: "A decorator's taste, a decorator's eye, the personality expressed in his or her own work comes from deep within—some of it inherited, some of it experienced, some of it acquired. I have no doubt that much of what I do today as a decorator comes, in some way, from my parents."



GUYNEMER GIQUÈRE

John Guare, the playwright whose *The House of Blue Leaves* won four Tonys in its 1986 revival, is currently represented by his hit play *Six Degrees of Separation* at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater in New York. In this issue he writes about his friends Inger and Osborn Elliott, whose Manhattan apartments set "the scene for some extraordinarily wonderful evenings."



BRIGITTE LACOMBE

Vincent Scully, professor of art history at Yale and author of the landmark book *The Shingle Style,* examines Stephen Roberts Holt's career as a preservation architect. "The premise of the modern movement, that everything has to be invented, is false," he says. "One of the major responsibilities of the architect is to keep good old buildings going and to build in relation to what exists." Scully's latest book, *Architecture: The Natural and the Man-Made,* will be published next year.

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From left to right: Audubon, introduced in 1871; Hampton-1934; Century-1937; Shell & Thread-1905; Chrysanthemum-1880.

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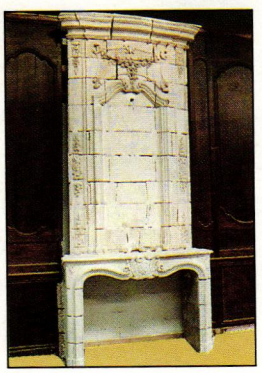




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CHRISTOPHER MAKOS

Donald Albrecht is curator of exhibitions at the American Museum of the Moving Image and author of *Designing Dreams: Modern Architecture in the Movies*. He reports from Hollywood on Richard Sylbert's re-creation of a Park Avenue apartment for Brian De Palma's movie of *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. "The set captures a moment in history," Albrecht says. "In the future we may look at *Bonfire* as representing the essential look of the booming, greedy eighties."



KAREN S. R. BALOGH

Patti Hagan inaugurates HG's "Environment" column with an article on the advantages of gardening with insects as her allies. The gardening columnist for *The Wall Street Journal* and a Brooklyn resident, Hagan has put up with theft, vandalism, and blocked sunlight in her well-tended patch of land. "But it's been worth it," she says. "It's nice to show people a yellow-bellied sapsucker or a praying mantis laying its eggs in an urban environment."



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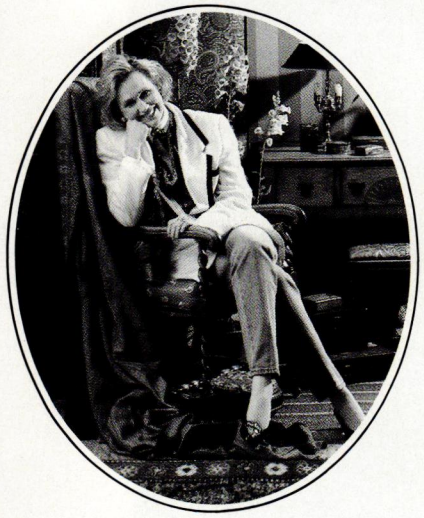
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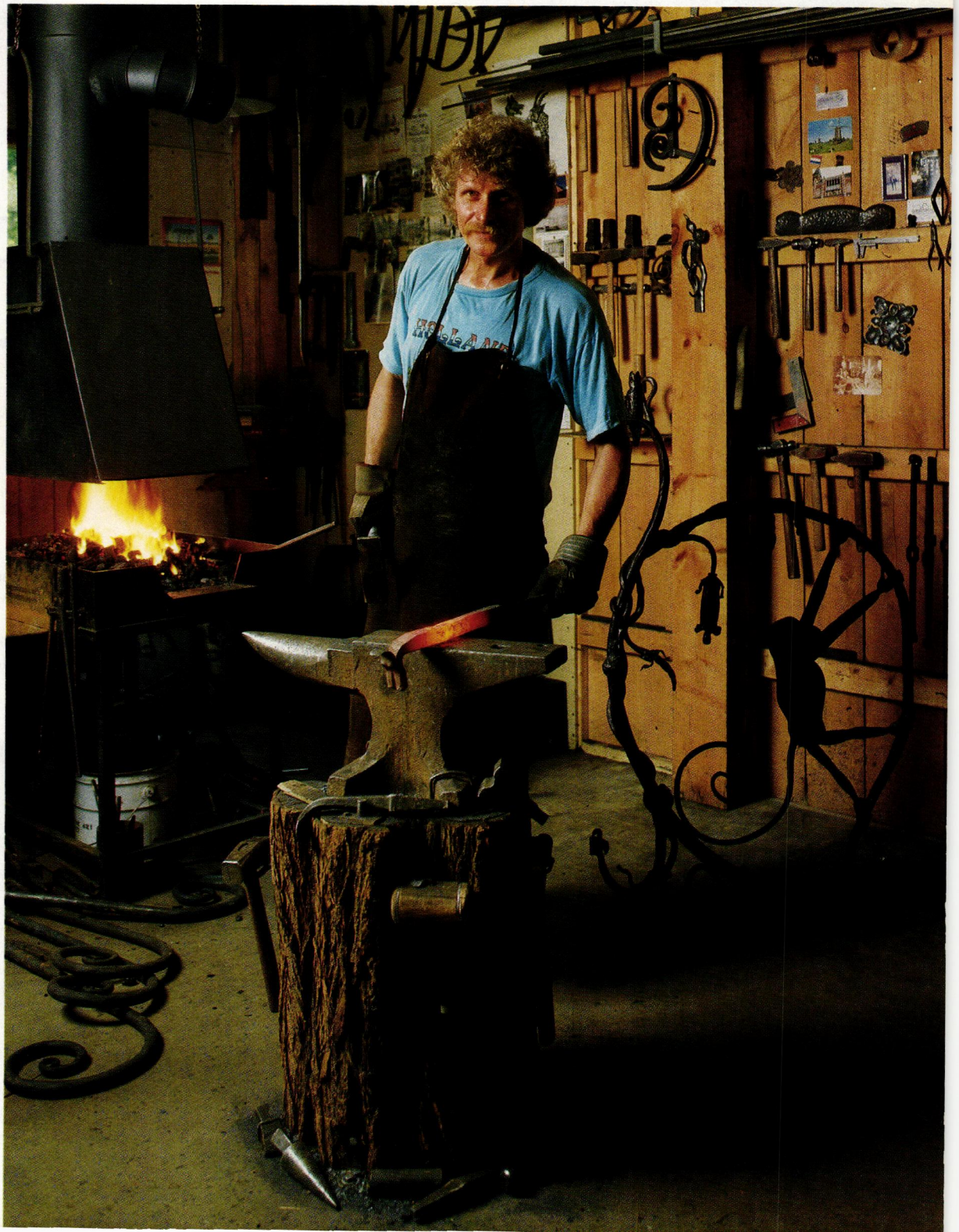
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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold





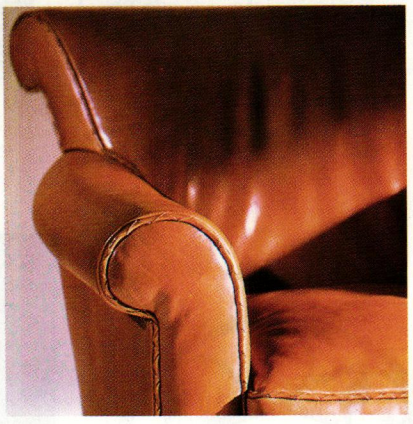
Roland C. Greefkes, like his father and grandfather before him, spends his days between a forge and an anvil. He left his father's workshop in Holland to attend college and tour the world—and returned to discover he was happiest as a blacksmith. Greefkes immigrated to the U.S. in 1981 and today lives above his own workshop in upstate New York, where he has wrought a uniquely fanciful style. From an ibis gate (*above*) to a dragon andiron, in progress (*right*), Greefkes is "not controlled by function. I allow inspiration to guide me." (Aesthetica/Roland C. Greefkes, Box 14, Gilbertsville, NY 13776; 607-783-2114)

LEFT: CHARLES BREMER. RIGHT: DAVID FRAZIER



Magic Carpets A 19th-century Persian bag face (*above*) will be on exhibit at the sixth International Conference on Oriental Carpets in San Francisco. For information (415) 956-1011.

Soft Spot Known for its fine luggage, Ghurka offers a butter-soft leather library chair (*below*). In NYC (212) 826-8300; Santa Barbara (805) 966-1669.



notes



Westward, Ho The frontier lives on at Yippie-ei-o! (*above*). In Scottsdale (602) 423-5027; Santa Monica (213) 451-2520.



Benchmark L.A.'s Panache Antiques owner Gray Morell has created a Regency-style bench with acanthus leaf legs (*above*), (213) 653-9436. Also to the trade at Randolph & Hein showrooms.



Proper Drainage Philippe Starck has designed a colander (*left*), $425, for Alessi, (617) 932-9444.

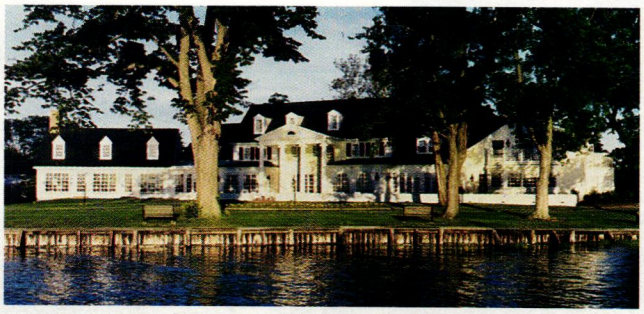


Designs on China A Minton cup and saucer with pattern book, c. 1805 (*above*), are among the porcelains researched by David Battie for *Sotheby's Concise Encyclopedia of Porcelain* (Little, Brown, $50).

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NC; ANDREW GARN; TOM BONNER; BILL BATTEN/CONRAN OCTOPUS; TOM VACK; JEFF KIDA



Dream Weaver Fashion designer Angel Zimick pairs 100 percent cotton pajamas and bed linens (*left*) in patterns from foliage to fringe, $100–$250. Available from Shrimpton & Gilligan, NYC (212) 254-1249, and MAC, San Francisco (415) 775-2515.



Best Dressed Rooms A 19th-century farmhouse (*above*) on the Chesapeake Bay is home to Laura Ashley's first country inn, the Inn at Perry Cabin, 308 Watkins Lane, Saint Michael's, Maryland. For reservations (800) 722-2949.



Season's Readings New design titles (*above*) include Suzanne Slesin, Stafford Cliff, and Daniel Rozensztroch's *Spanish Style* (Clarkson Potter, $45), Suzanne Massie's *Pavlovsk: The Life of a Russian Palace* (Little, Brown, $29.95), Jonathan Glancey's *The New Moderns: Architects and Designers of the 1990s* (Crown, $35).



Birthday Salute Stroheim & Romann introduces the Garden Party cotton toile (*above*) to celebrate its 125th anniversary. To the trade, (718) 706-7000.



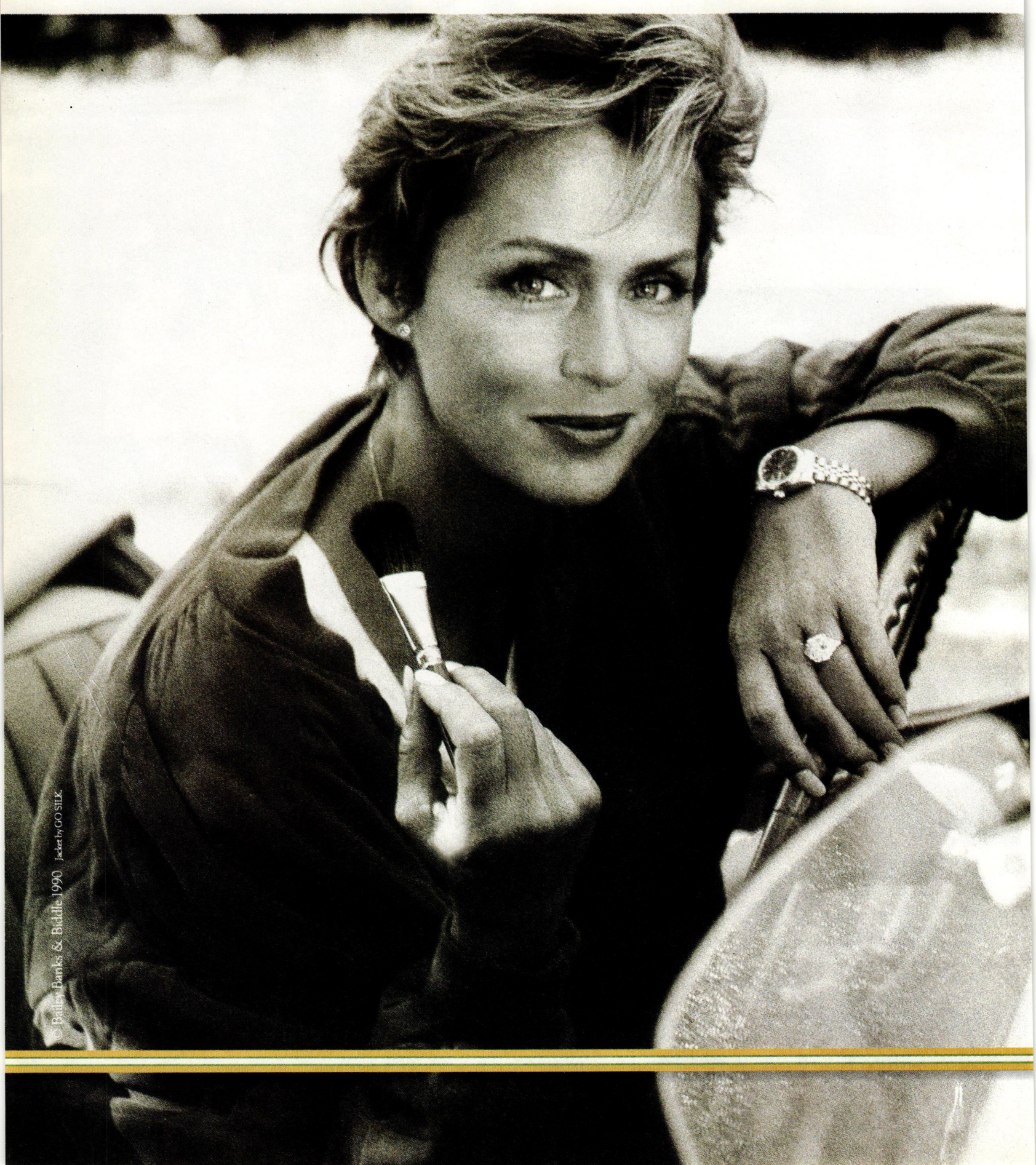
Gothic Mini-Revival A c. 1850 sterling inkstand (*left*) is among the 19th-century English furniture and decoration in "Memories and Visions: Historic Revivals and Modernism," Nov. 8–Dec. 1, at Didier Aaron, 32 East 67th St., NYC; (212) 988-5248.



Triple Decker A Regency-style painted table (*left*), $1,600, is part of the Sudeley Castle Furniture Collection now available at George Smith Furniture/ Bennison Fabrics, 73 Spring St., NYC; (212) 226-4747.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ANDREW GARN; NC (2); ANDREW GARN; NC (2)

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Cutting a Rug

It's shear madness when Elizabeth Browning Jackson puts her hand to rug design

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

Her rugs have been produced at a factory in Georgia for the past ten years, but no one could accuse Elizabeth Browning Jackson of not knowing how they are made. She has traveled to the Hebrides to study natural dyes, to Tunisia to take notes on "their beautiful patterned textiles," and to Sweden to spend a year shearing sheep, harvesting lichens for dyes, carding and spinning wool, and weaving.

As far and wide as her research has taken her, Jackson ended up establishing her business practically down the road from where she grew up. "I was introduced to weaving in the seventh grade at a Quaker school in Providence, Rhode Island, and now my studio is a former Quaker meetinghouse in Westport, Massachusetts." Her studio provides not only a nice bit of continuity but also a perfect work space. Its main room, free of columns and partitions and full of natural light, is ideal for working out designs in full-scale. Better yet, the balcony affords a perch from which to review the colors and composition of each rug.

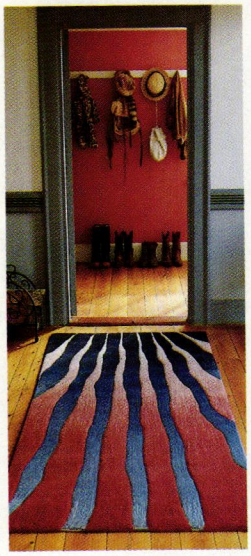


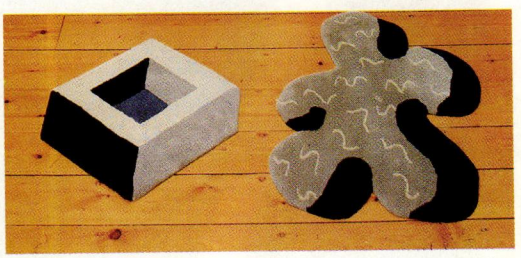
Jackson's one-of-a-kind and limited-edition rugs have both a visual and physical depth that reflect her background in sculpture, environmental art, and furniture design. "For a time, I was concentrating on shapes and cutouts in my three-dimensional work. Transferring the ideas to rugs was exciting." The designer experiments not only with cutting into the traditional rectangular format but also with varying the surface texture by changing the loop and by carving the pile with a tool not unlike the electric trimmers used to give dogs haircuts. Wools are all custom-dyed for each rug, often to match the colors in clients' decors, which range from colonial to contemporary. Recently she has been using gradations of vibrant hues to give shape to ideas rooted in nature.

Jackson produces rugs for herself, for gallery exhibitions, and on commission, with prices starting at $80 a square foot. She has also been exploring the possibility of putting her rugs into production so that more than a lucky few can take a walk on the wild and woolly side. ♠

Elizabeth Browning Jackson, Box 3001, Westport, MA 02790, (508) 636-6673; 92 Horatio St., New York, NY 10014, (212) 989-8734

JOHN MADERE





In her Quaker meetinghouse studio, Elizabeth Browning Jackson, above left, surrounded by her finished rugs, works on a rug design. Far left: The designer with her Lightning rug. Left: Brilliant hues in her Set rug pick up the color of the hall beyond. Below: Two small rugs with added dimension.

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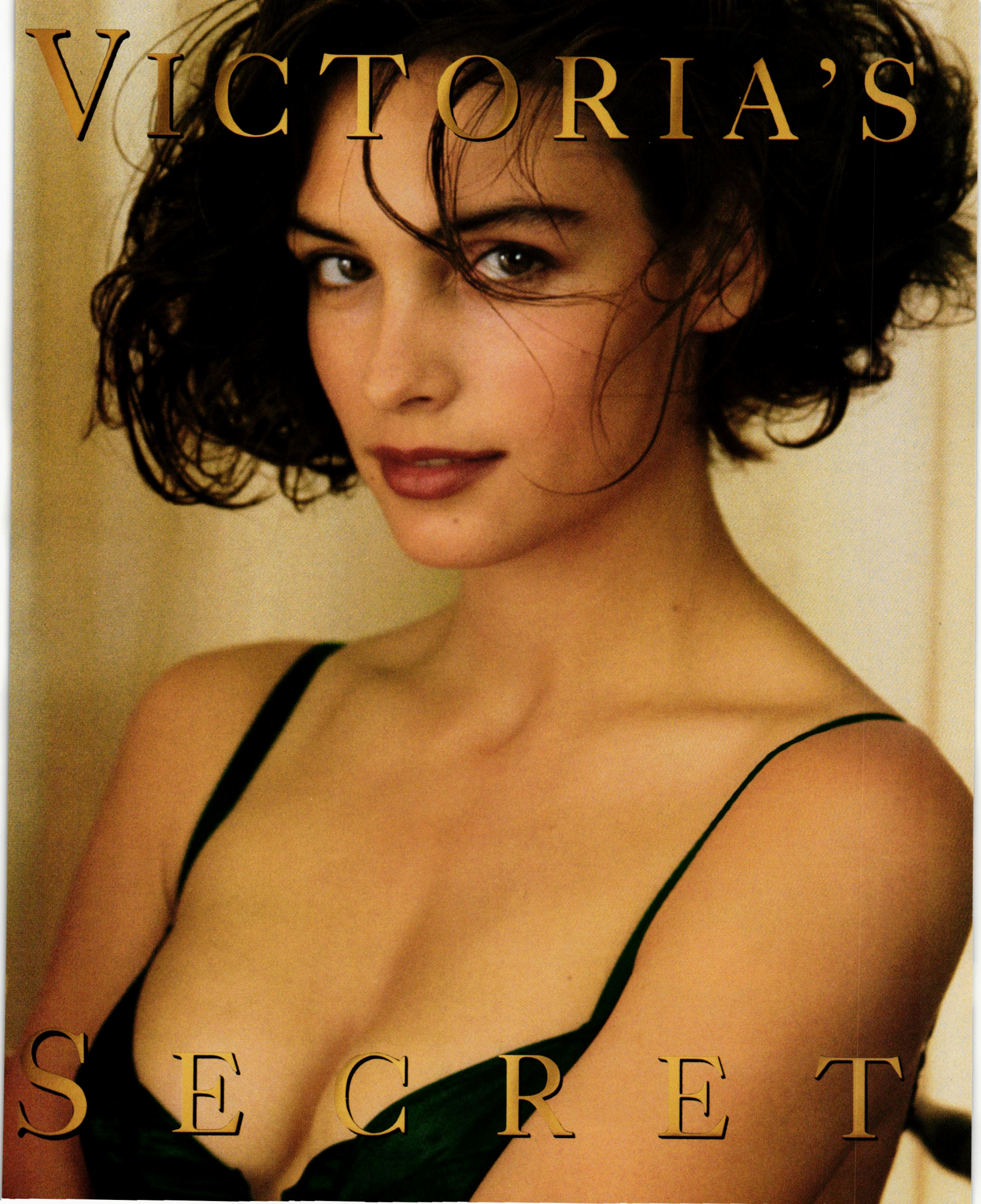
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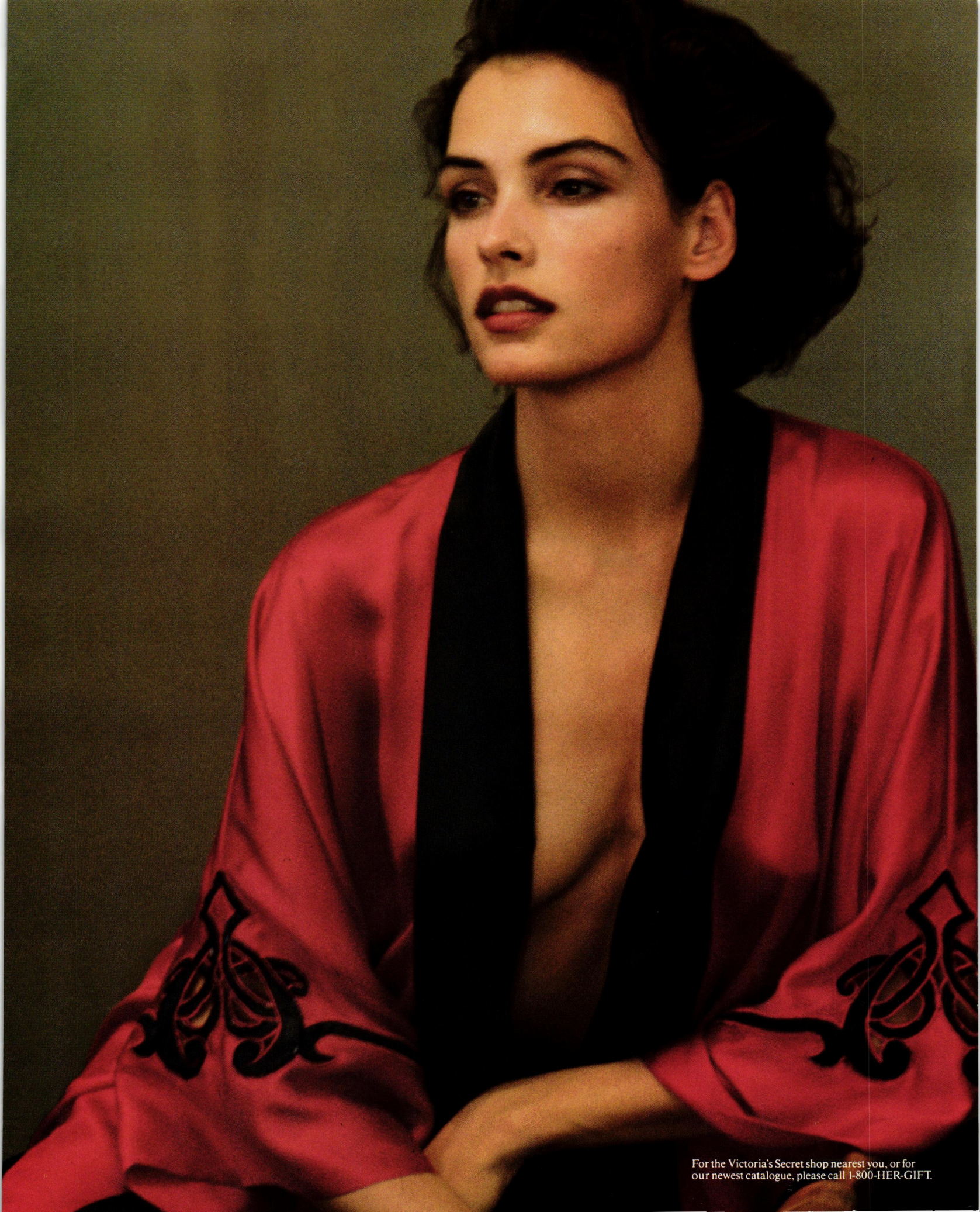
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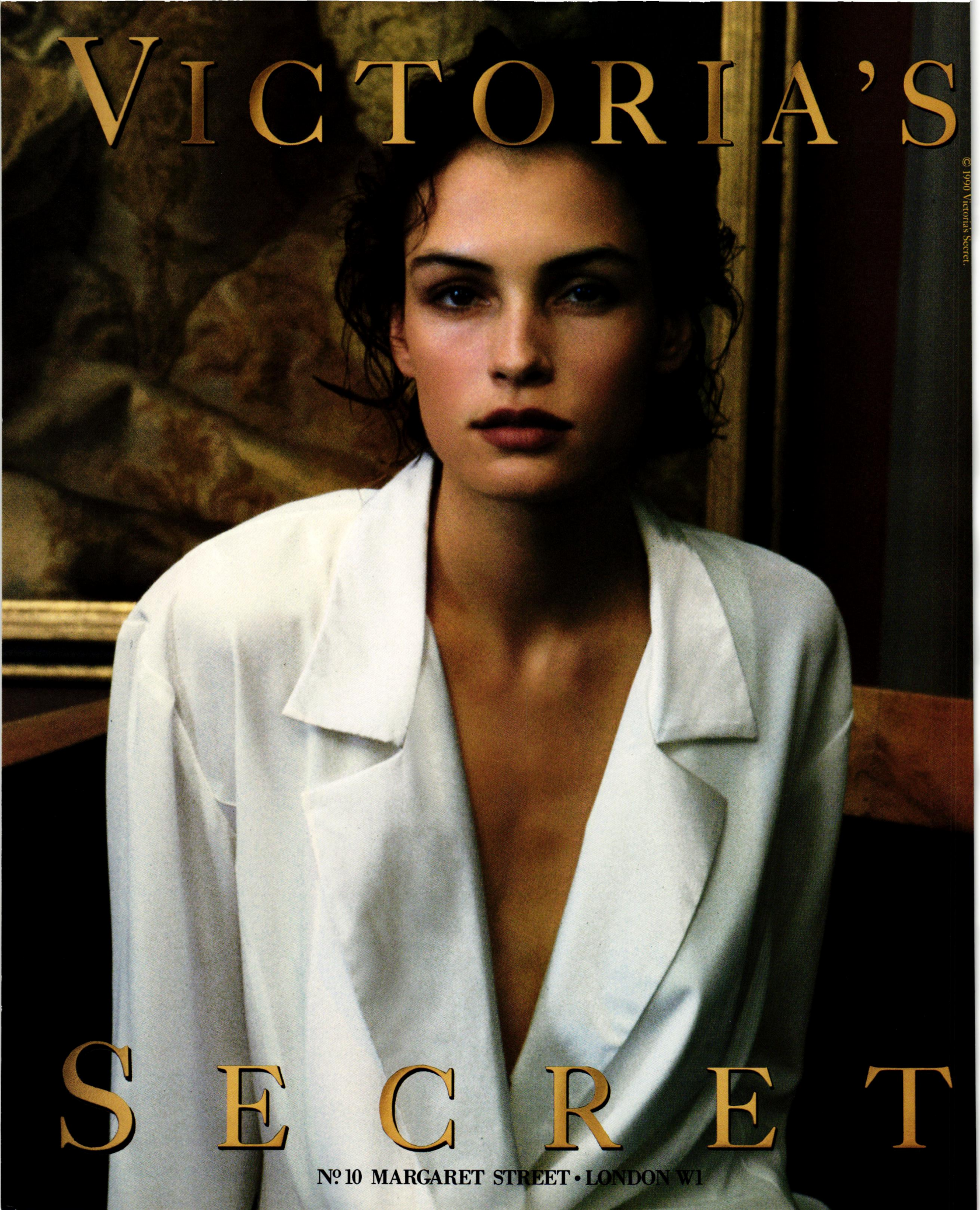
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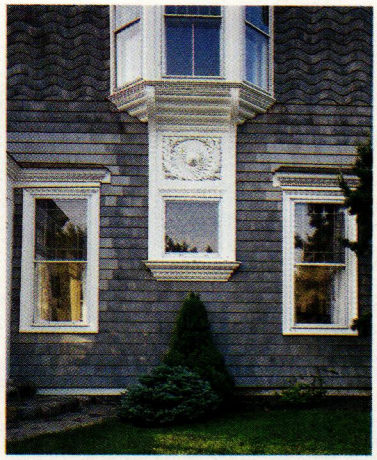

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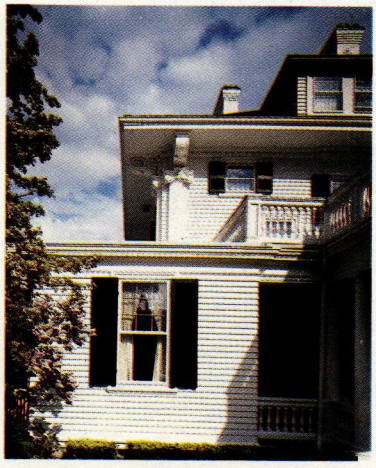
BY VINCENT SCULLY





The 1885 Rogers-Stanwood House, right, and left, has been renovated by architect Stephen Roberts Holt, whose great-grandfather's contracting firm, Roberts & Hoare, designed and built it.

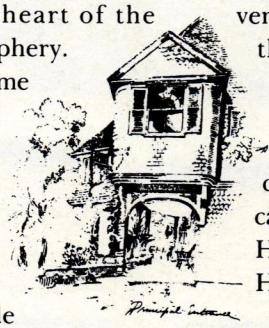
A sketch, right, of William Ralph Emerson's shingle-style Loring House near Manchester-by-the-Sea, constructed in 1883 by Roberts & Hoare. Below: Classical detail at Seaway, 1899.



PAUL WARCHOL

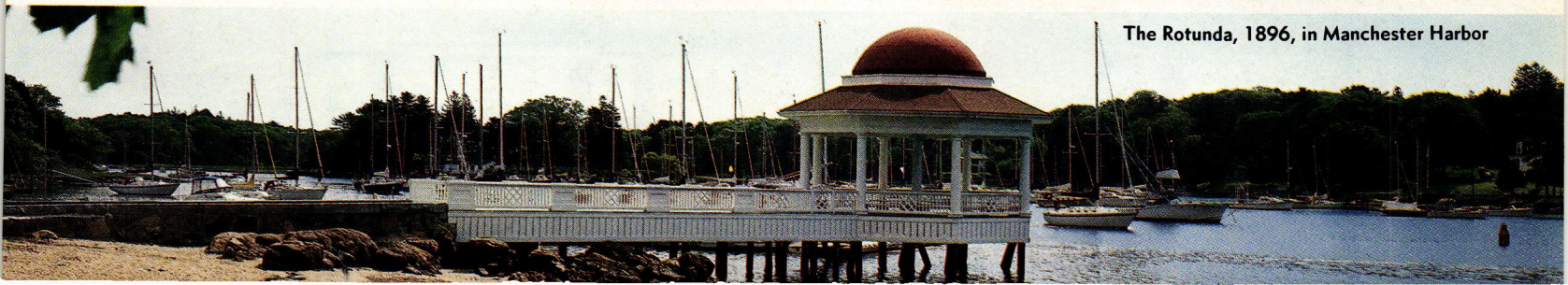
Once upon a time, architects, who were less numerous than they are today, spent more time taking care of good old buildings than they did building bad new ones. This was true of most architects from antiquity into the nineteenth century. Preservation stood at the very heart of the profession, not on its periphery.

That the opposite has come to be the norm is a result not only of the demographic explosion of clients and architects alike but also of the romantic aesthetic of innovation, so essential to the avant-garde mystique of the modern movement as a whole. The result has, of course, been the breakdown of permanence and community. Everything has to be different from everything else and nothing is made to last. For young American architects to get along—first in school and then in practice—they have been required to opt for some kind of highly visible pseudo-originality. Otherwise their work will not be published.

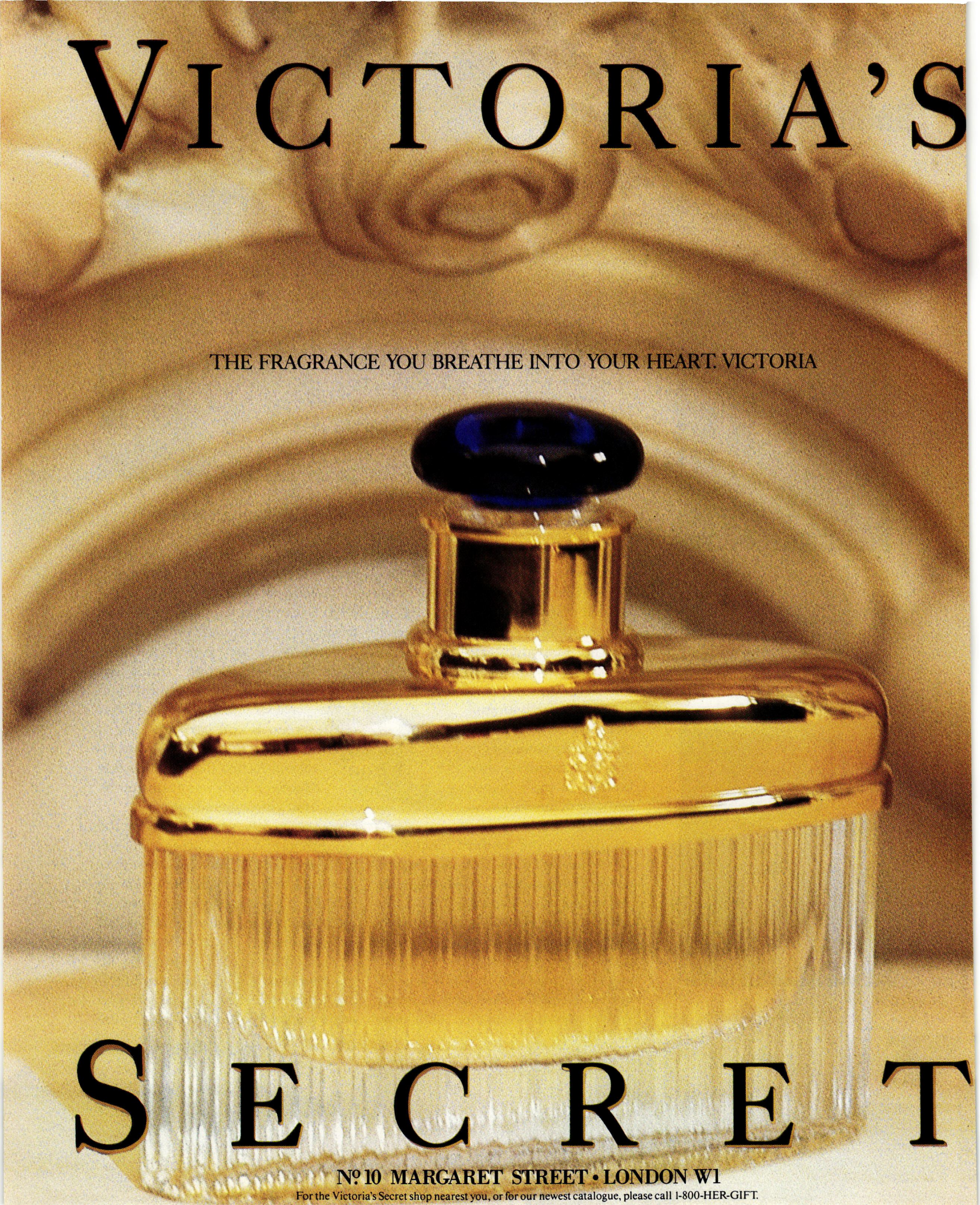


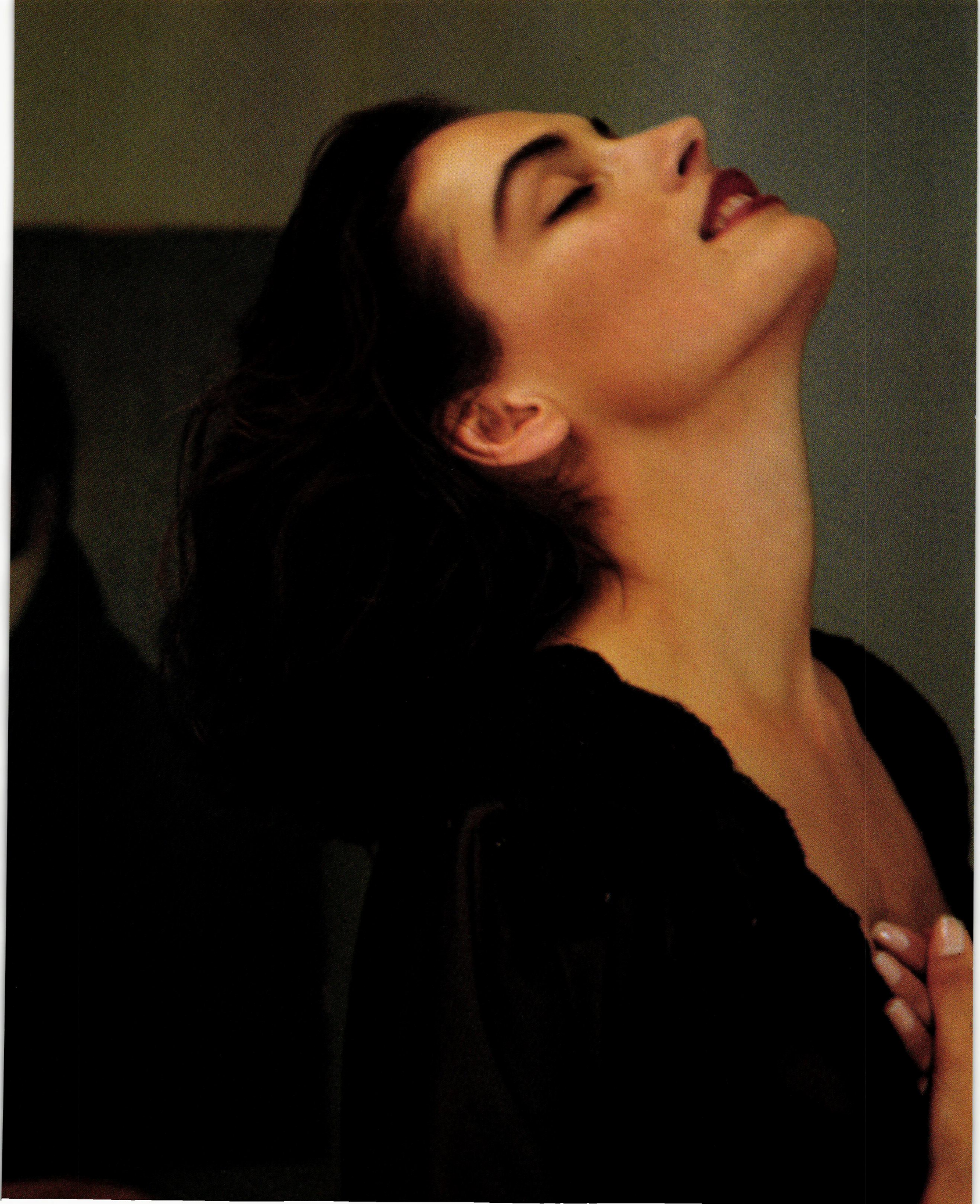
The work of Stephen Roberts Holt, a devoted and distinguished preservation architect in Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts, is a case in point. It has never been properly published because it is rarely visible at all. It is, instead, woven inextricably into the fabric of the great vacation houses that were built in and around Manchester during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, most of them by the local contracting firm of Roberts & Hoare, which was founded by Holt's great-grandfather.

When he graduated from the Yale School of Architecture in 1972, Stephen Holt had a clear choice before him. He could head for New York and the bright lights and the quick turnover or go back home to a practice which would by its very nature always be modest and restricted but which would also be founded upon a solid architectural tradition very much his own. The choice he made was surely conditioned also by the



The Rotunda, 1896, in Manchester Harbor

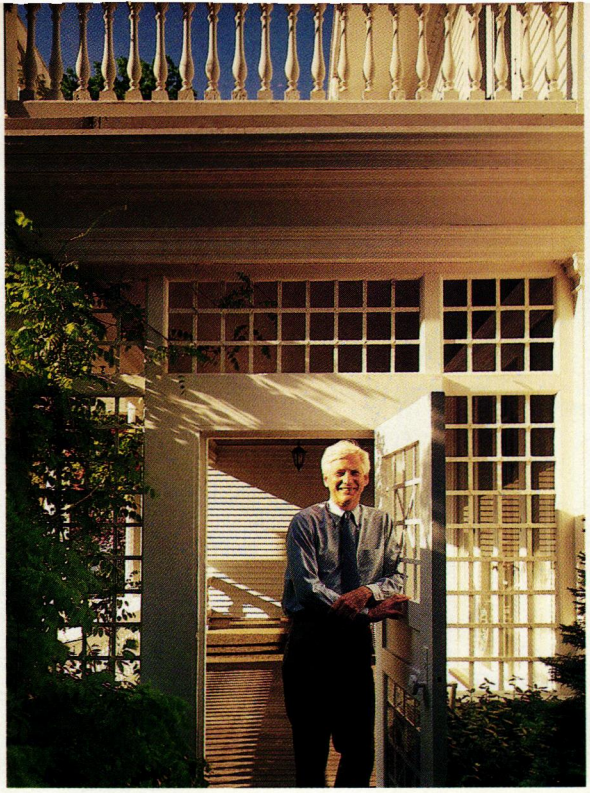

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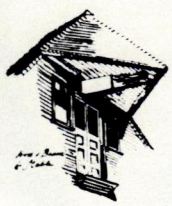

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Stephen Roberts Holt, above, next to a porch he restored. Left: The Ionic portico at Seaway, with the colonial revival spindrift beyond. Below and bottom right: Kragsyde, 1882, by Peabody & Stearns. Bottom left: The Loring House from the beach.



kind of education he had enjoyed under Charles Moore at Yale.

Moore was the cofounder, with Robert Venturi, of the revisionist movement that stuck the first pin into modernism's destructive pretensions and began the revival of the vernacular and classical traditions and their reintegration into the mainstream of contemporary design, which has been by far the most important architectural event of the past twenty-five years. It has in fact become a broadly popular movement of which, in turn, a considerable number of architects have become bitterly jealous in recent years, since it undermines their heroic stature as innovators and threatens their command of public taste.

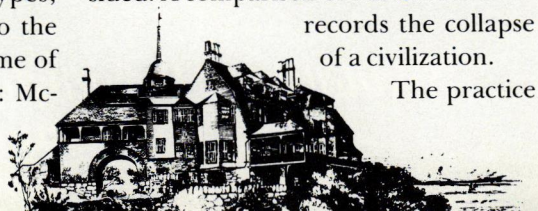
Holt was wise in deciding to return to Manchester, because that little colonial and Greek revival harbor town was the center of a region that contained one of the richest collections anywhere of what now more than ever appear to be some of the most delightful houses ever built. The most distinguished of them all were the shingle-style summer cottages that began to appear in the 1870s and, joined by Palladian and other types, ontinued to be built right up into the 1920s. They were designed by some of the best architects in the country: McKim, Mead & White, Peabody & Stearns, Arthur Little, and, perhaps the best of all in this genre and in this area, William Ralph Emerson of Boston. H. H. Richardson, the father of the shingle style, is conspicuous by his absence.

All these architects and their affluent clients were drawn to the rugged coast that stretches from Salem to Gloucester for the very reasons that produced the shingle style itself: a new taste for summer living in one's own house, not a hotel, and a concomitant desire to make contact with the colonial past. One could live in what seemed to be the wild, privately commanding a deep rocky cove, but the old towns were also there, and the new suburban railroad ran right through the backyard, taking one to Boston in forty minutes. It was a soft primitivism, right enough, and was surely one more expression of the concentration of financial power during the late nineteenth century, of which the shingle-style cottages were the domestic complement to the many-storied office buildings that were rising downtown. Indeed, old photographs of the big new cottages show them looming in the landscape around Manchester at a scale so vastly larger than that of the town as to seem like skyscrapers themselves.

Then times changed; Stephen Holt came on the scene just at the moment when the life of those cottages was most threatened. The area around Manchester had never really recovered from the Great Depression, and the old summer families were selling off their houses or tearing them down or modifying them beyond recognition. One of the most famous and Richardsonian of them all, Kragsyde, by Peabody & Stearns, was totally demolished. (It is now being reconstructed by an enthusiast in Maine.) Arthur Little's Fort House lost its grand tower and is barely recognizable today. And his River House was cut down to the second floor, flat-roofed, hideously fenestrated, and resided. A comparison of before and after records the collapse of a civilization.

Big new cottages loomed above the coast like skyscrapers





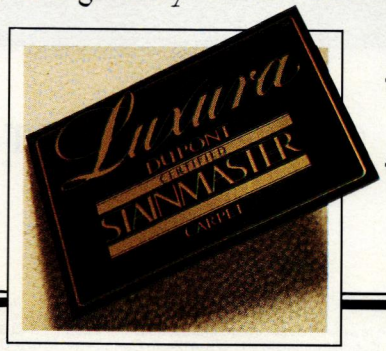
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of lopping off the top floors with all their dormers and towers was weirdly common in this area during the 1950s and '60s. It was, in part, simply a modernist reflex, and it destroyed many of the houses just prior to the moment when the new professional and popular appreciation of their special qualities would have saved them. Holt points out, however, that buildings along the coast at Manchester have always taken a terrible beating from the winter gales, a fact that at once helped create the shingle style and hastened its demise. Unpainted shingles, like those used in colonial New England, make by far the best surface cladding under such conditions, but the freedom of shingle-style forms and the complexity of their intersections also make leaks inevitable when the savage nor'easter blows.

> The freedom and complexity of shingle-style forms make leaks inevitable when New England's savage nor'easter blows

Holt looks back on the losses with sorrow, and yet his own presence in Manchester has clearly played a large part in changing the situation for the better during the past twenty years. Besides carrying out the kinds of renovations that all buildings constantly need—and educating owners to the virtues of what they have—he has tactfully accommodated contemporary styles of life. Many of the houses had kitchens in the basement, for example, counting on service of a kind no longer available or desirable. All are under-bathroomed by the present obsessive and alarmingly sybaritic standard. Holt, as in his restoration of what was originally the Rogers-Stanwood House, built in 1885 by Roberts & Hoare and apparently designed by them as well, manages to fit these things in without destroying the unique character of the architecture. The shingle style at its best is so flexible and free and easy that it can take intelligent alterations and additions much better than most kinds of building can.

This has been so in what I think is the very best of all the houses along this coast, and certainly one of the best preserved, despite the addition of a library wing. It is the Loring (now Codman) House at Pride's Crossing by William Ralph Emerson. In 1955 I reproduced the drawings of it done by E. Eldon Deane for the *American Architect and Building News* in 1884, but I am sorry to say that I had never visited the site until Stephen Holt took me there. It was worth the trip. Thirty-five years after publishing a book on the subject I have at last seen what may well be the finest surviving example of the shingle style.

The relation of the Loring House to its landscape of trees, beach, and islands is of an intimate grandeur worthy of the Sea of Japan, and the sequence of movement through its interior spaces, wherein the scale and the light are always eloquently changing, locks us into that landscape and frames its views more movingly, more nobly even, certainly more flexibly, than—I will say it—Frank Lloyd Wright himself was ever able to do. Anyway, the house suggests that kind of hyperbole. Emerson's sensitivity and Roberts & Hoare's craftsmanship are alike absolute, expressive of deep caring about every shape, every surface, inside and out.

Stephen Holt is now actively engaged in helping to ensure the continued existence of this magical building. We can only hope he succeeds in this as in his other work, since the role he has chosen is one that architects everywhere are going to have to take more and more seriously in the years ahead. The splendid preservation of the Loring House underscores its importance, as we stand on the beach looking up at the building growing out of the rock, while southward the chimneys of the power station at Salem stand out before the towers of Boston at the edge of the Atlantic. ▲

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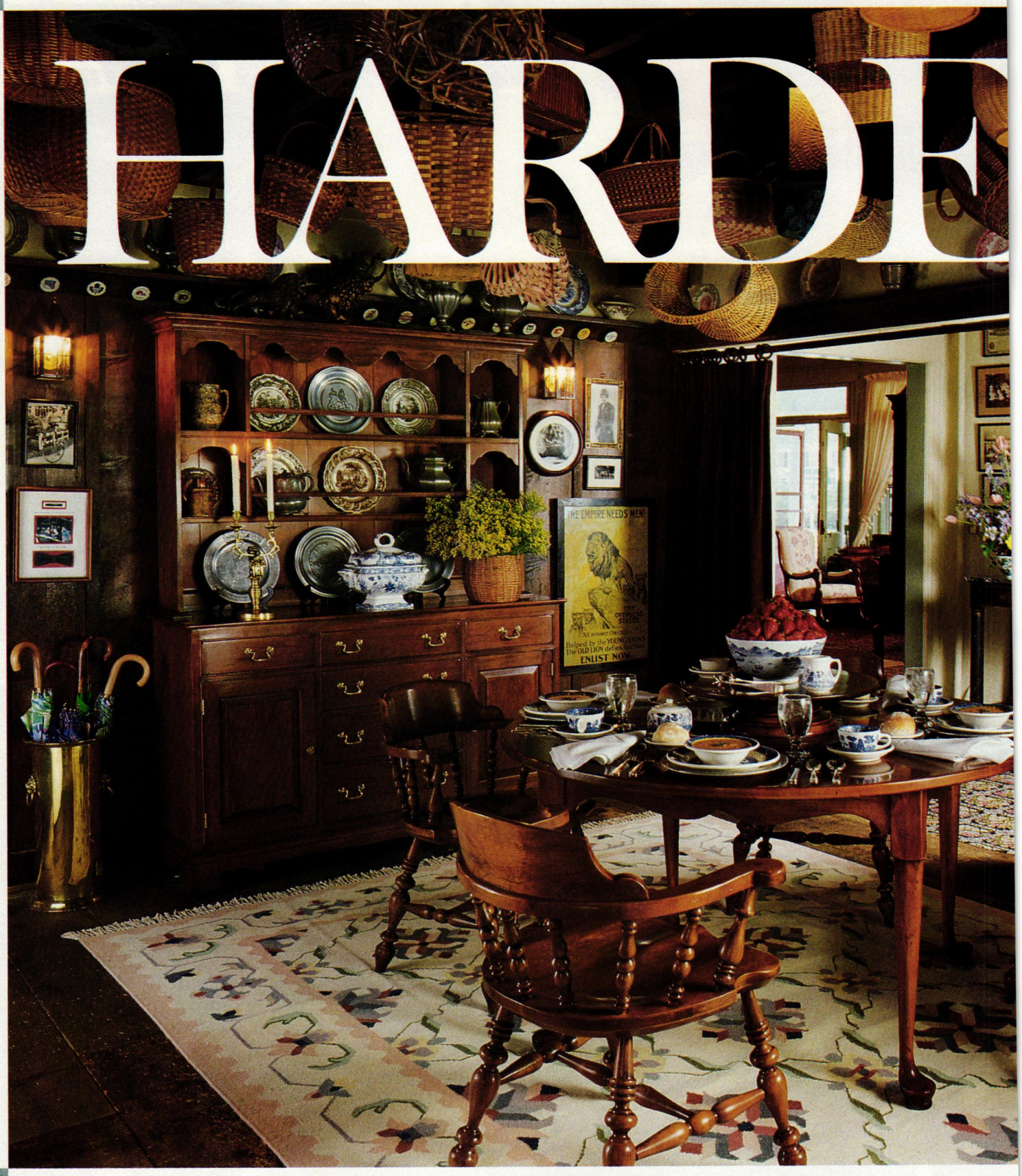
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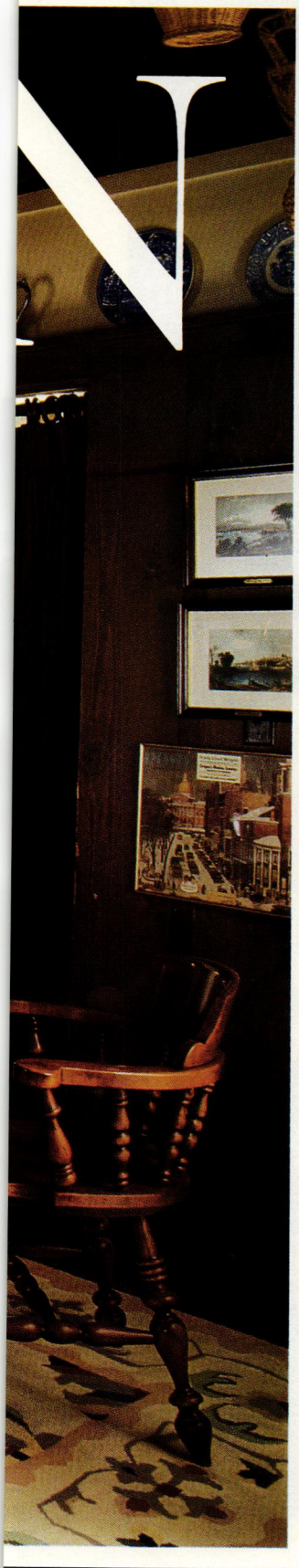
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Designer, photographer, and writer Inger McCabe Elliott, above, on her terrace with family and friends. Left: A Chinese portrait and other paintings above a Japanese pantry cabinet. Below: Le Corbusier furniture, antiques, and Indonesian textiles mix in the living room. Details see Resources.



Setting the Scene

Inger and Oz Elliott create a backdrop that allows their friends to shine

BY JOHN GUARE

It's always upsetting when friends move. I don't mean to another city. Friends changing locale within a city can mean friends changing themselves. What will the new rules be? When Oz and Inger Elliott told my wife and me they were thinking of moving, of course, I said, "Great!" but it was pure mixed emotions.

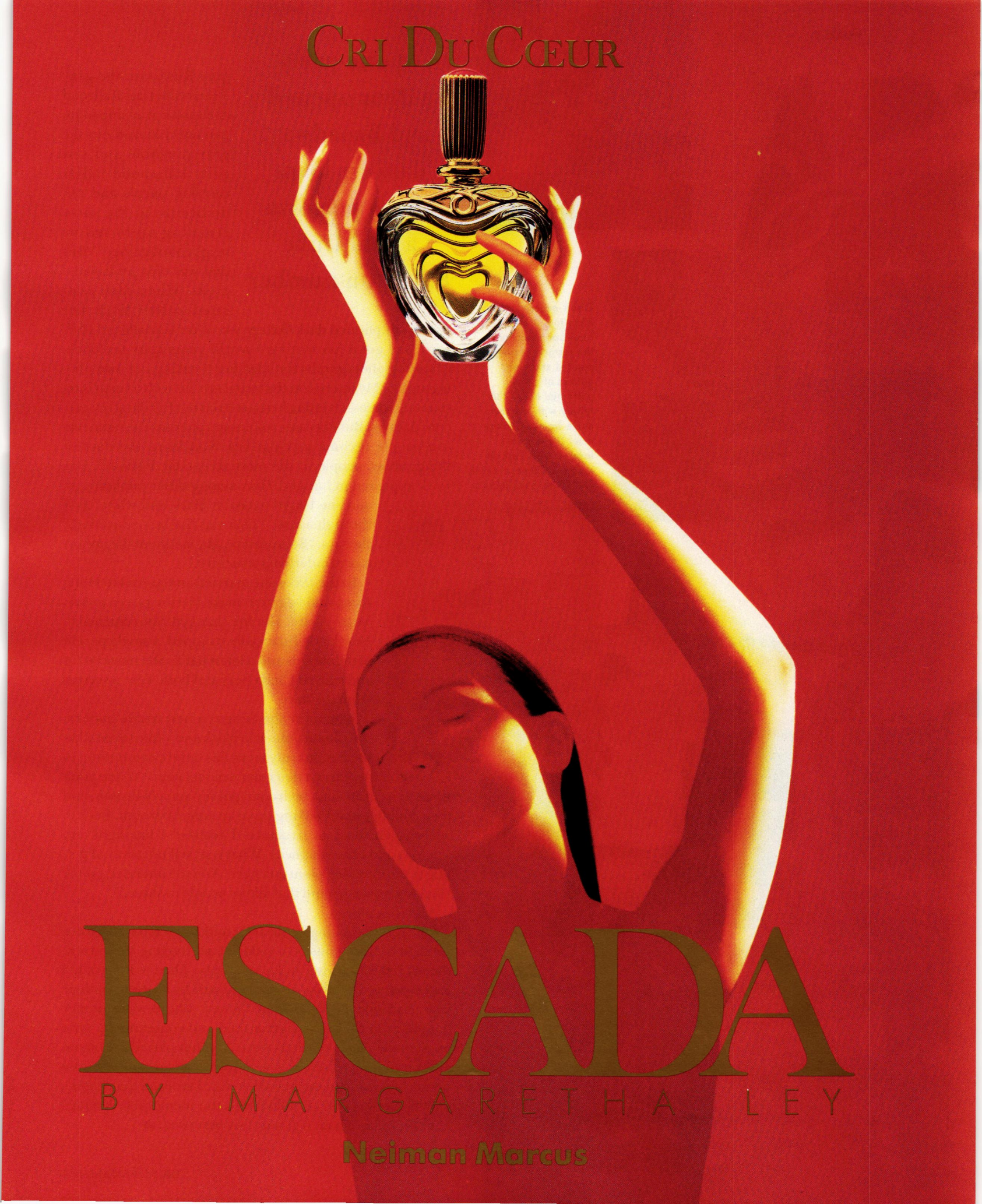
Oz is Osborn Elliott, who was the editor in chief of *Newsweek* magazine, then dean of the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, where he is now a professor. He is also founding chairman of the Citizens Committee for New York City, a neighborhood booster for the five boroughs. Inger McCabe Elliott is the author of the definitive book on batik and the founder and former president of China Seas, a textile and wallcovering house she recently sold to devote herself to photography, writing, and antiques dealing.

They have an enormous family of children and grandchildren and husbands and wives and friends that they have incorporated into the fabric of their lives. Their houses in New York and Connecticut bring all their worlds together and have long served as the scene for some extraordinarily comfortable evenings. Delightful Christmas Eve dinners. Birthdays. The fiftieth wedding anniversary party for Inger's parents. Graduations. Marriages. Evenings of election returns and fierce political discussions. At one birthday party a door opened and dancers from *Sophisticated Ladies* leapt out to perform a wild Duke Ellington number. "But the children have all moved out," Oz and Inger reasoned. "We will too." And so they're moving. It's not Chekhov. It's not a pack of cherry trees. But it is a place being left behind.

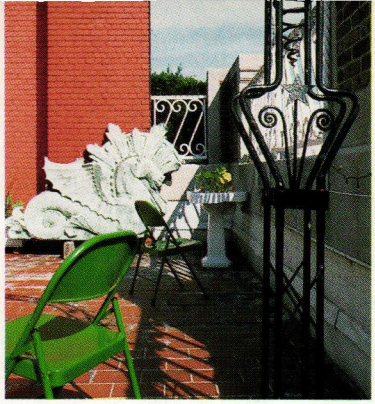
There's a theatricality to the houses Inger designs for her family; like great stage sets, the rooms supply the emotional framework for the event at hand. People behave differently at Inger's. People stand up and sing during dinner and say things they would normally keep to themselves. People shine. At Inger's, you don't say what an attractive house, you say what a wonderful place to be. My hunch is that Inger has always known how to design a house; but she tells me, most emphatically, no—she had to learn to educate her eye.

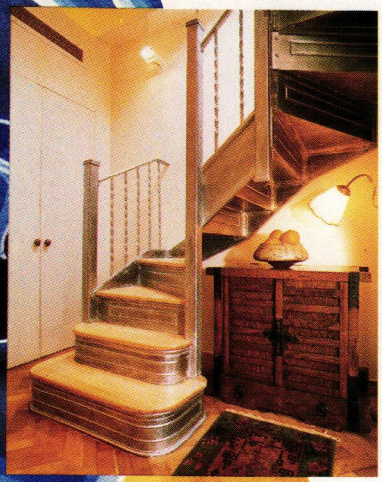
She spent her early childhood in Oslo in dark art deco rooms. The war made her family refugees. "We went across

FROM TOP: GEORGE LANGE; DAVID FRAZIER (2)


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Elliott exuberance. From top: Architectural ornaments on the terrace; a silver-painted staircase; pillows of cloud-patterned batik; the library with a screen made from a Chinese map; the terrace layered with Turkish kilims, a Chinese shawl, and China Seas fabrics.





At one party a door opened and Broadway dancers leapt out to perform a wild Duke Ellington number

gray Russia on the gray Trans-Siberian Railroad and took a gray ship to Japan and I looked out the gray porthole and saw gaily kimonoed ladies carrying purple and red umbrellas in the snow reaching up to sell us bright tangerines." But that was only an isolated event. When they relocated to New York, her parents duplicated dark Oslo green. After Cornell and Harvard, she got a job writing a world geography textbook. Choosing photographs for it led her to taking her own photographs. "My interest in the visual arts hit with a surprising shaming force—shaming because I was not fulfilling my parents' dreams. But I became a photographer for the same reason people become psychiatrists. You learn the darkest things about people in the most acceptable fashion." Her work appeared in *Life* and *Time,* among other publications, and she began to see in black and white, as if through a lens. "That was the best education," she says. "Because it taught me about the importance underlying structure."

In the 1960s she married and moved to Hong Kong and began to make terrific places to live. Years passed. Her life changed. She returned to New York, financially strapped, a single parent with five kids and a lot of batik. She married Oz and started China Seas and both were a success from the start.

Whenever she designs a new textile pattern, she photocopies it in black and white to see what the design truly looks like before committing to it. Early on she learned that color can fool you: "At one point I had to have an aqua bedroom, got my aqua bedroom, and then couldn't stand waking up in an aqua bedroom. Back to white again. Back to structure. I realized I like light and shadows and I like simplicity. What is style if not a way of getting to the intended point quicker?" And the intended point? "Making a background that allows people to shine."

And they moved.

One recent evening we sat at Oz and Inger's new place in a pavilion of batik tents on a wide terrace looking downtown, the sky red with sunset and neon. A play I had written called *Six Degrees of Separation,* inspired in part by an event in their lives, had opened at Lincoln Center. There was summer happiness in the air and great food and contentment. One guest made a long hilarious toast. Another played the piano, and we all sang. There was dark lively conversation about a mysterious event in the news that day. I realized that Inger's new home was already filled with the memorable feelings her other places had so generously bestowed. ▲

DAVID FRAZIER

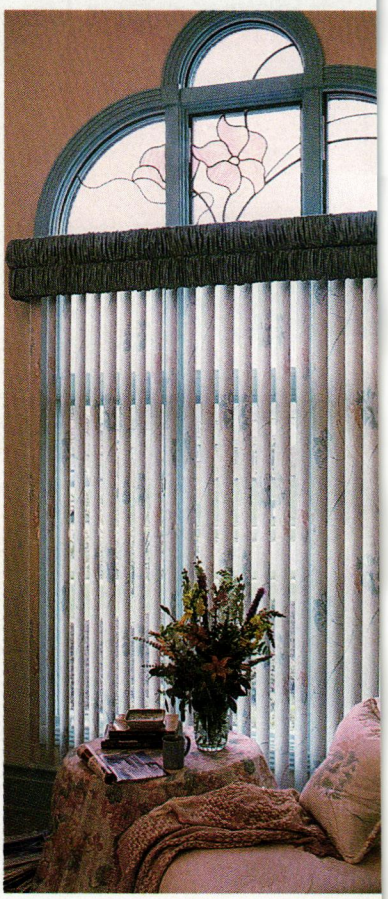

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All the decisions were made in my home.

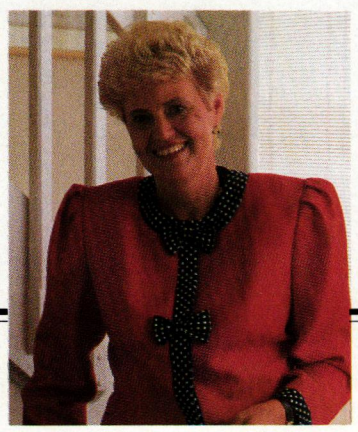
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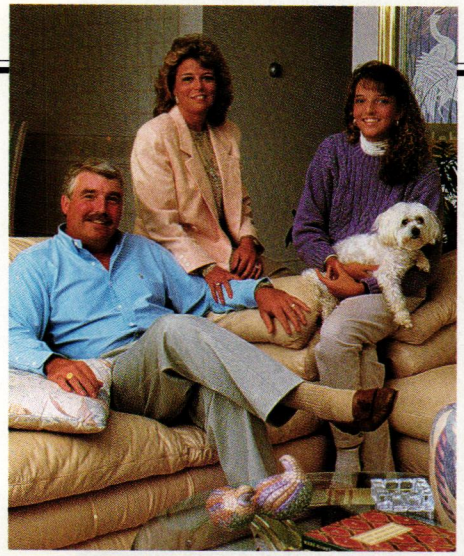


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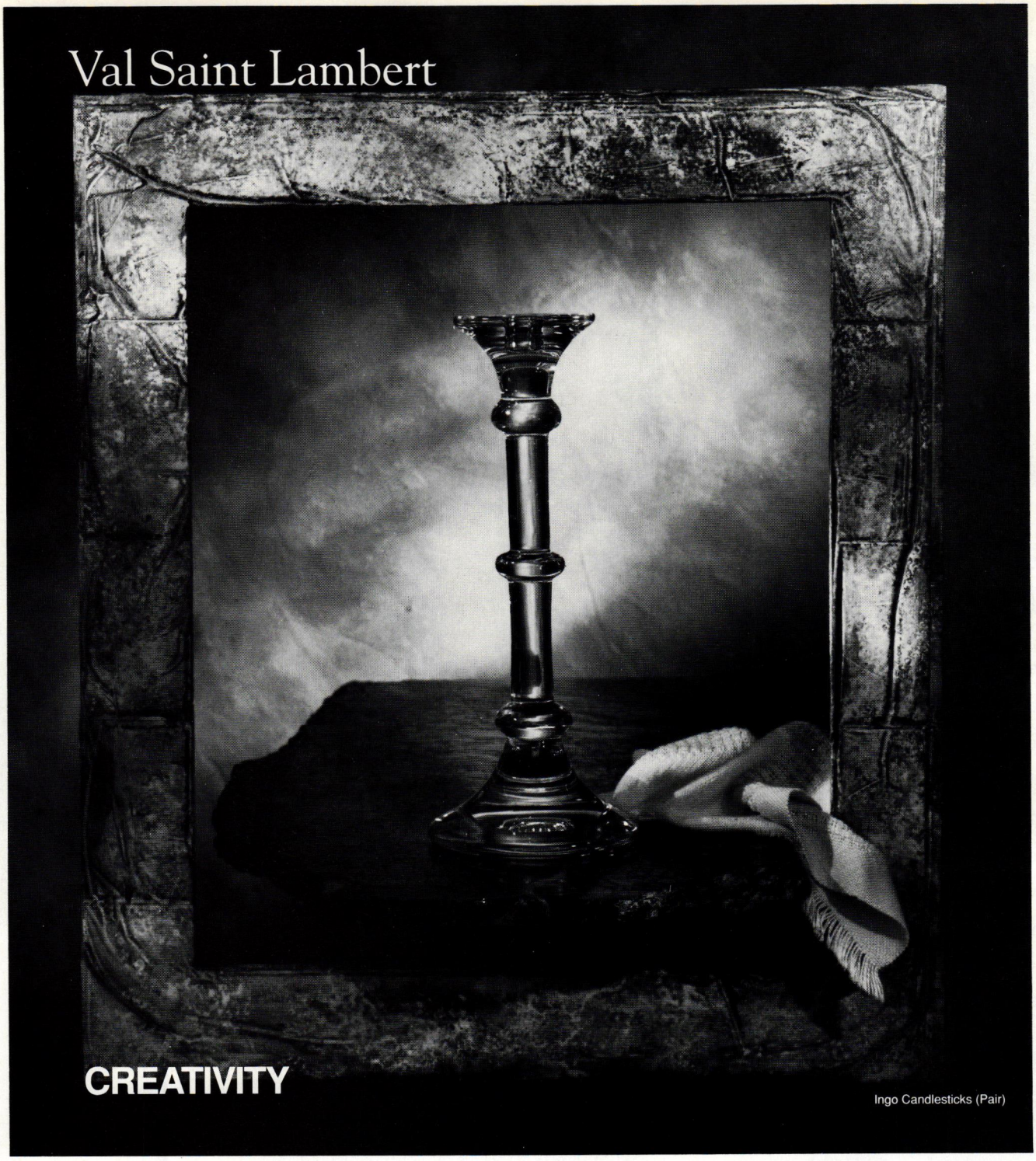
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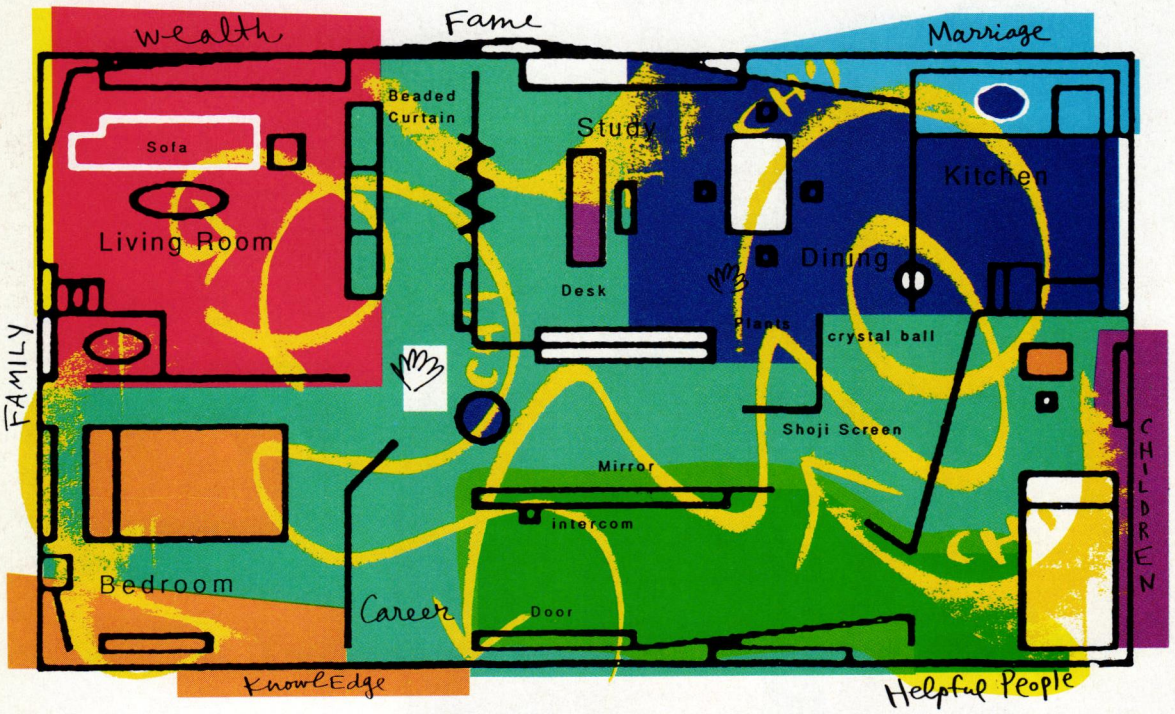
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Phooey Feng Shui

An ancient philosophy keeps a Western woman's furniture on the move

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK



To maintain healthy ch'i—the balance essential for well-being—feng shui teaches that every element in a building must be in harmony.

I had been back in New York a week, back for good, and my apartment resembled a faintly drafty Swedish schoolhouse. The floors were bare boards, the walls were white and sad. For years before leaving, and now upon return, I had resorted to the only solution, which was to move the furniture around so as to make the walls look less lonely. And this with the usual success, in that one wall would cheer up and the other three would instantly look bereft. The corners were in the wrong places, and at times the only thing that could furnish them appeared to be a punished Swedish schoolchild placed facing the angle. Following the Anthony Powell school of home improvement ("Books do furnish a room"), I went to Books & Co. to buy some more books.

By the register was a volume entitled *Interior Design with Feng Shui,* by one Sarah Rossbach. I opened it to read the following: "All permutations, from cosmic to atomic, resonate within us." That's it, I thought. A mystical Chinese approach to the problem that would use both the insights gained from subatomic physics and the wisdom of the East. Children sometimes get peculiar notions about certain rooms, certain closets, or angles that are bad, and other places—windowsills, often, and the space beneath tables—that are comforting and safe. I had seen no reason to outgrow this approach to my physical surroundings, one that is shared by Carlos Castaneda and indeed by most cleaning ladies.

Feng shui, as explained by Rossbach, turned out to be about ch'i—"the breath essential to maintaining physical, environmental, and emotional balance. The point of feng shui is to harness and enhance environmental ch'i to improve the flow of ch'i within our bodies, thus improving our life and destiny." Irresistible. Destiny through decor.

The main obstructions to the healthy flow of ch'i through a house, or in this case an apartment, are walls, beams, windows, corners, doors, steps, and the siting of the bed. Mine had all of these, as do most dwellings. I set out to inspect the defects, book in hand. The first thing I saw from the front door was the off-white plastic intercom set in a wall not five steps from the door. "If your entrance door opens onto a wall, then your ch'i will be blocked. Having to move around the wall as soon as you enter will affect your posture, and coming up against the wall will make you feel defeated, lowering your expectations in life." As my anxiety rose, I read that a mirror facing the door would help the ch'i to flow; it would also require begging the management company to move the damn intercom.

Now came the problem of protruding corners. Feng shui has it that a room is determined by the placement of the door, "the mouth of ch'i." The far right-hand corner is that of marriage, the far left-hand corner is that of wealth, and the point between the two is that of fame. The left wall seen from the door is family, the right wall is children. On a line with the door, the left side is knowledge, the center is career, and the right side is helpful people. This symbolic octagon applies to the total shape of the house as well. I scrutinized the living room; wealth and marriage had little corners jutting into them, not good. The book suggested putting wind chimes on either side of the protrusions, hanging a crystal ball or a plant in front of the angle.

The bed, said the book, should be catercorner to the door so that I could see intruders as they arrived, and the door should be hinged to open onto the room so that said intruders could not use the door to protect themselves from the blast of

LAURIE ROSENWALD

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my twelve-bore shotgun. My one objet de vertu is a sleigh bed with the foot as high as the head. Catercorner to the door, it would only obstruct the view of whatever was creeping in, though the wealth corner was not to be sneezed at. The marriage corner would mean being in front of the window, in the drafty American style that keeps chiropractors in business. Furthermore, if the bed were in the marriage corner it would be in a most inauspicious position, as my feet would be facing the door. Exactly, said the book, like a coffin in a mortuary. "In China, as in other countries, the corpse is traditionally taken out feet first." Forget it.

The spare bed in the study had long been the safest place in the apartment. When I bought the book, the bed faced the door; I moved it at once to a spot between the marriage corner and the children wall, which is occupied by floor-to-ceiling bookcases. I perched on the bed and read on: "Beams" was the heading. A beam over the head of the bed caused migraines; over the stomach, ulcers; over the feet, it "may limit the sleeper's mobility geographically and in life." I looked up; a beam crossed the head of the bed, and another crossed right over where my feet would be. I would move the bed to a more propitious site and replace it with one of the desks. But I read on: "Beams over a work space can be debilitating." Which was more important, work or health and happiness? Of course, it was imperative that in a study the desks should be situated for maximum energy and sense of conviction. On the other hand, the study bed was the safest place in the apartment.

The obvious answer was that the placement of the bed in the bedroom had to be perfected so that work could carry on in the study without the obligation of giving the secondary bed the best spot. I went back into the bedroom and saw that in terms of beams I had the choice of migraine, ulcers, colitis, or a lack of mobility should they run perpendicular to the massive mahogany sleigh thing, or estrangement from my mate should they run parallel; the third choice was simply to align my body with the beam above and risk no more than a constant oppression in my sleep. The book's solution: "Hang two bamboo flutes with red ribbons wrapped around them to create a ba-gua formation with the beam, thus imitating the auspicious octagon of the *I Ching*."

It was with some trepidation that I crept into the kitchen, to discover that according to feng shui, the fact that the stove faced away from the door would hurt my nerves as well as my finances. Mirrors behind the stove were the suggested cure. In the front hall I looked up to find beams bearing down on my ch'i; the book advised masking the beams with a shoji screen set into the ceiling, with "warm fluorescent lights" behind it. Next I checked the alignment of the doors and saw with feng shui eyes that the ch'i could get a little too speedy between the study and the bedroom. The book advised beaded curtains.

I moved the sofa so that it would make a ba-gua octagon in the living room, and carried the armchairs hither and thither until the shape created was at once convivial and auspicious. Then I read my list: mirrored wall, wind chimes, crystal ball, hanging plants, flutes wrapped with red ribbon, shoji screen for the ceiling, and beaded curtains. I envisioned the effect and realized that it would not appear so much Chinatown sublet as Swedish schoolhouse Chinese restaurant, and forgoing the wisdom of subatomic physics and the ancient East, I took a cab down to ABC Carpet to buy two Chinese rugs that almost looked like Victorian needlepoint.

I still move the bed every few months, gambling that a little bit of a stomachache is a small price to pay for true love or that, since I need to work hard, it's as well not to travel. I have discovered that I have only two fundamental rules: make sure that everywhere you might want to sit is soft and everywhere you might want to work is hard. Because wherever you can sit you can also sleep and wherever you can type you can also eat. From this evolve two simple rules. Do not sit on the stove. Do not type in bed. As for the rest, I shall simply have to wish for things to work out, like everyone else does. ▲

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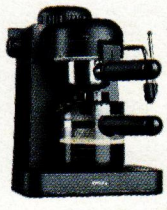
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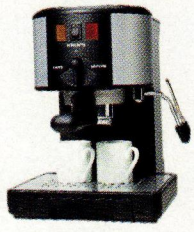
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A Princely Legacy *German patrons put their personal stamp on eighteenth-century court style*

BY OLIVIER BERNIER



Höchst porcelain chinoiserie, above, by Johann Peter Melchior, c. 1766, at the Metropolitan Museum. Above right: The 18th-century Residenz at Würzburg. Right: A painted and gilt rococo side chair made for the prince-bishop of Würzburg's Schloss Seehof, c. 1763.

Toy kingdoms, proud electorates, and an array of prince-bishoprics: Germany in the eighteenth century offered more rulers to the square mile than any other part of Europe. Of course, there could be no state without a court, no court without a palace, and, once built, the palace had to be adorned with the very best furniture and objects available.



Splendor was the keynote, the way you distinguished yourself from the highness next door, regardless of the extent of your dominion. One of the largest and most beautiful palaces in Europe was built by the rulers of the tiny ecclesiastical principality of Würzburg, whose prosperity depended on trade and the production of an excellent white wine. From 1755 on, Würzburg's prince-bishop was Adam Friedrich von Seinsheim, a member of one of the great German families and a patron of considerable ambition. If Seinsheim had a problem with the Residenz built by his immediate predecessors, it was that the palace was already nearly complete. Giovanni Battista Tiepolo had just finished the frescoes that may well be his greatest masterpieces, and the elaborate state apartments shone with new gilding; only the gardens could stand improvement.

Fortunately, one of Seinsheim's country residences, Schloss Seehof, needed modernizing. A formidable turreted late seventeenth century castle, it hardly seemed in keeping with the graces of the fashionable rococo. Still, because it was too new to tear down, the schloss was redecorated. Everything had to be splendid, of course, but being in the country, it had to be rustic at the same time. The ingenious solution to these apparently opposed requirements—alongside work commissioned by other important patrons—is now on view in the galleries of eighteenth-century Central European decorative arts at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

At a time when French furniture was reaching an extraordinary degree of sophistication, its German equivalent retained an appealing eccentricity. The Metropolitan's Seehof settee and chairs, for example, combine opulent carving and gilding with the most engaging naturalistic detail. A white trellis shapes their backs, entwined with lush golden leaves and framed in golden branches describing a double curve. Seat frames and legs are carved into twisting stems and polychrome flowers. The result, if a little startling, is wholly effective—and unmistakably German.

German woodcarvers were also capa-



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, GIFT OF R. THORNTON WILSON, 1950, IN MEMORY OF FLORENCE ELLSWORTH WILSON; COURTESY OF GERMAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE; METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, BEQUEST OF EMMA A. SHEAFER, 1973, THE LESLEY AND EMMA SHEAFER COLLECTION/PHOTO OBERTO GILI

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Both aristocratic and down-to-earth, German taste was appealingly eccentric





A Meissen hunting cup, right, made for Augustus III, c. 1741. Top: Tortoiseshell, silver, and ivory adorn an Augsburg mirror, c. 1710. Above: Oriental-influenced Meissen, c. 1730. Left: A gilded faience heating stove from Schloss Seehof, c. 1750.

faced man famous for his ability to drink anyone under the table, the elector enjoyed all the sybaritic pleasures: he had countless mistresses who bore a regiment of illegitimate children, he bedecked himself with jewels, and he made sure that everything around him answered to the same luxurious standard. Luckily, he was not content with trifles like his gold and diamond coffee set: an avid collector of oriental ceramics, he also founded the first European hard-paste porcelain manufactory at Meissen.

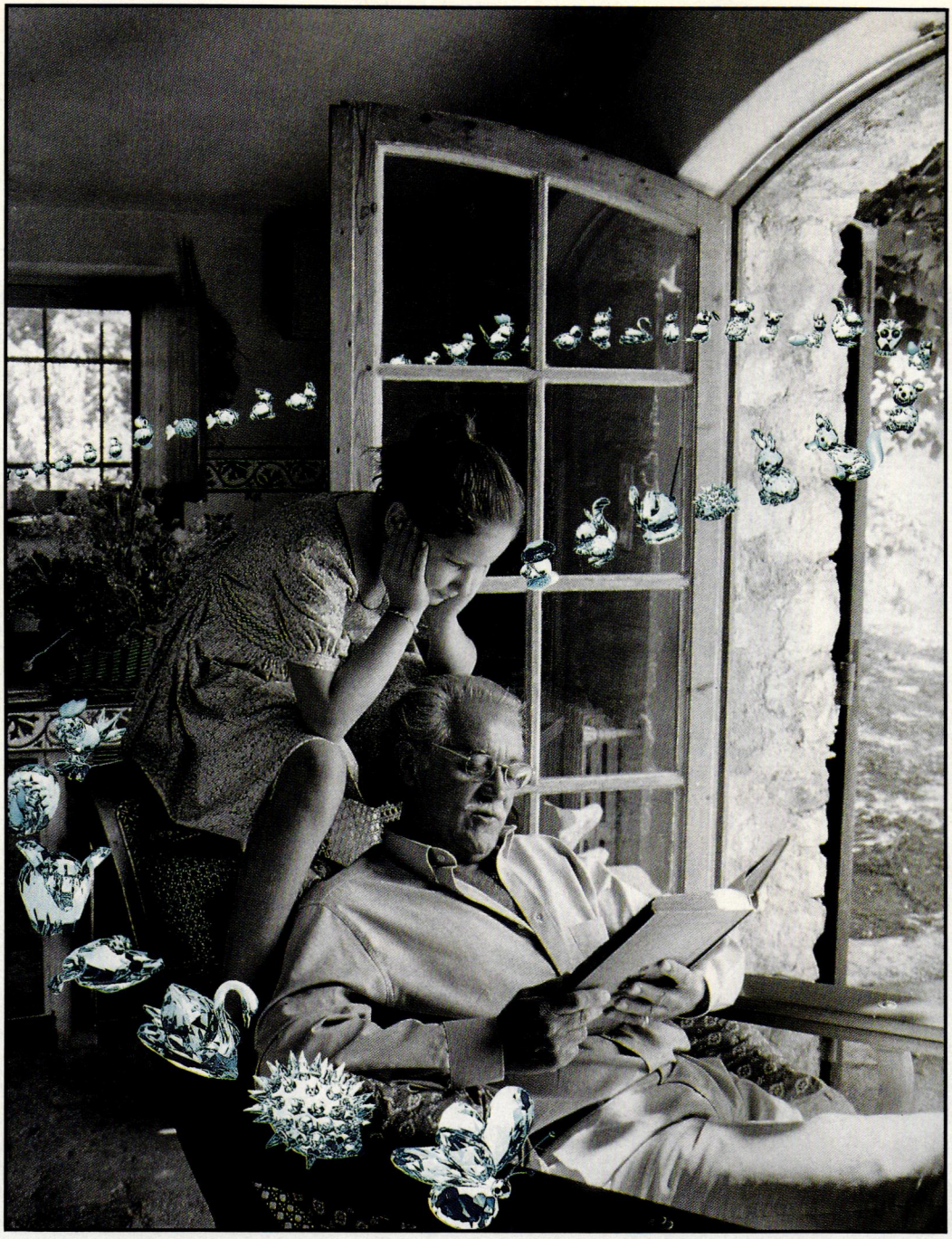
From the beginning, Augustus demanded that its output be of the highest quality. But since there was, after all, no Western tradition to rely on, some early designers turned to what they knew best and started making oriental-inspired porcelain. Simple harmonious forms, clear strong colors, and elegantly sparse decoration characterize this early phase of Meissen, before the European rococo prevailed. The factory also grew able to produce unusually large objects. A pair of glazed white lions, about half life-size, at the Metropolitan are a perfect case in point. Gently melancholy but wholly majestic, the lions have all the appeal of overgrown lap dogs.

Animals remained a constant subject. There is, for instance, the vast dinner service made for Count von Brühl, director of the Meissen factory, in which swans appear on everything from plates to life-size bird tureens. Stags were represented again and again: like all their fellow rulers, the electors of Saxony loved to hunt, and the hunting cup was a favorite motif. A particularly fine porcelain cup was made for Augustus III, who was elected king of Poland after his father's death. Designed by Johann Joachim Kändler, this covered vessel is topped by a stag at bay while a hunter in the yellow and blue livery of the Saxon court blows his horn at the base. The subject is typical of German princely taste: it manages to be both aristocratic—only nobles were allowed to hunt—and amiably down-to-earth.

The ingenuity of Central European designers did not stop at purely decorative objects. Great skill was lavished on faience stoves, for example, in a region where winters are cold. Usually fed from an adjoining room, so that you could stay warm without being disturbed by a servant, rococo stoves are imaginative and amusing. A classic example at the Metropolitan is embellished with trophies and garlands of flowers and crowned by an urn perpetually venting gilded puffs of smoke. Nothing could be more characteristic of the age the museum has set itself to represent, and because there is no attempt at re-creating an imaginary period room out of disparate elements, each object proclaims the aesthetic sovereignty of the court it once served. ▲

ble of supplying the grand white and gold panels that adorned palaces throughout Europe, but it is in less conventional objects that we see all the charm of regional baroque and rococo. Several of the Metropolitan's most exceptional pieces come from the court of Saxony. Although the electors of Saxony had always been among Germany's richest princes, they attained new heights of magnificence when, in 1697, Elector Augustus the Strong also became king of Poland. A large, loud, red-

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, WRIGHTSMAN FUND, 1989; METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, BEQUEST OF EMMA A. SHEAFER, 1973, THE LESLEY AND EMMA SHEAFER COLLECTION (2); METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, HARRIS BRISBANE DICK FUND, 1959/PHOTO OBERTO GILI



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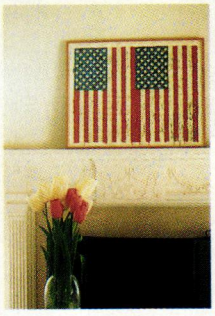
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Conventional Wisdom

A writer retreats from fantasy to a world of everyday comfort

BY MICHAEL CRICHTON



Many popular activities of everyday life seem to me inexplicable: I just don't get them. I've never been attracted to games or gambling, I don't know how to play most games, I cannot understand why anyone would want to gamble or go to Las Vegas. I find spectator sports dull and don't follow them. And I have never been attracted to the idea of designing and constructing my own living space, to the idea of making an environment for myself. I much prefer to adapt to a space that is already there. For most of my adult life I have rented houses, not wishing to be bothered with ownership, let alone the rituals of ripping out walls, custom-designing furniture, and doing all the other things that my friends inflict on their residences.

I'm sure these personality traits are explained by the fact that I spend my time writing fiction. Certainly that explains my indifference to games: after a day of bluffing, feinting, and scheming on the word processor, I have no desire to sit down before a chessboard. Similarly, the gambler's adrenaline rush comes often enough in work that it seems artificial to provoke it with a card game. And after spending all day in a world of my own devising—where characters, settings, events, and even weather are under my control—I have no desire to come home to a physical environment built to my specifications. The very idea strikes me as revolting.

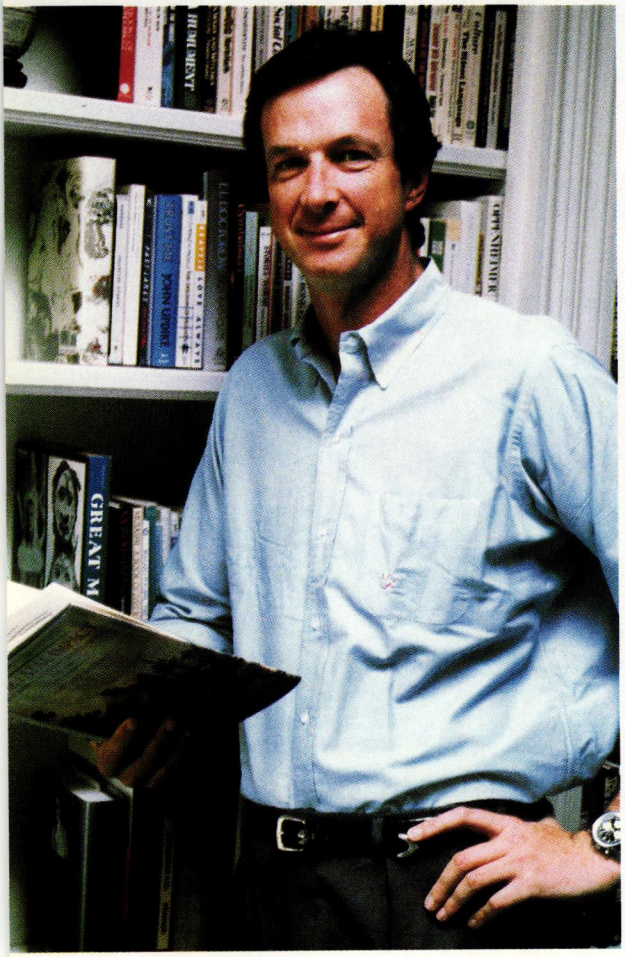
To me, a specially made environment does not imply security and stability but rather artifice and transience, as if a movie set had been erected for my residence. Occasionally in my mind I see time-lapse images of some poor house, each successive owner adapting it to his taste in turn, bemoaning the awful taste of the previous owner while ripping out floors and walls and windows, until a subsequent owner, similarly bemoaning his predecessors, puts it all back again.



Taylor Crichton plays with her mother, Anne-Marie, in a Joe glove chair between fertility masks from New Guinea. Details see Resources.

I want no part of this cycle. I want a house I can touch and say, "This was here before I came to it." My present house is typical: my wife, Anne-Marie, bleached the floors and planted the garden, but otherwise nothing has been done. Not even minor cosmetic changes. My office at home has a bare light bulb in the ceiling, and when I moved in, I thought, "I'll have to do something about that." Three years later the bare bulb is still there.

The last house I owned was designed by Richard Neutra. I did nothing to it, either, for a long time. It was an elegant bachelor pad, all jutting glass, waterfalls, and mountain views. In comparison, friends consider my present house to be, well, extremely conventional. Chuck Arnoldi calls it a "real grown-up's house." Jay Chiat calls it a "TV sitcom house." When architects visit, they say





Michael Crichton, above, in his library. Right: *Pilgrim Bottle* by ceramist Albert Green rests on a Thai lacquered chest beside the living room sofa. Claes Oldenburg's *Two Fag Ends Together*, 1972, hangs next to Thai temple doors. Top right: Jasper Johns's *Two Flags I*, 1973, on the mantel.

JEREMY SAMUELSON



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"Umm" and "Hmm" and sometimes cough. It's just so—conventional. But I've become fond of this conventional house. It has many virtues. It's not obtrusive. It doesn't shriek, "Look at me, I'm *designed*!" The rooms are comfortable, and we've furnished them minimally. When I look around, I see family and artwork, not the ghost of an autocrat who sculpted the spaces in a way that always reminds me of his presence, like a tombstone set in the living room.

Nor does this house exist to make a statement to visitors, proclaiming how hip and slick its occupants are. I'm tired of all that. Living in a house for show is like wearing shoes that always pinch. What's the point? This is an actual residence. My family and I live here. It's not styled Bauhaus bare, so the rooms can withstand a fair amount of clutter (as they must, with my two-year-old daughter, Taylor, and her friends running around). You can put your feet up on all the tables and chairs. You can put glasses on all the surfaces. No worrying about wet rings or scratches. I'm tired of that, too. You don't have to tiptoe through this house. And if Taylor paints the walls or furniture, it's not the end of the world. Anything I really care about is more than four feet above the ground.

I don't write much in this house, just on weekends. I have an office about a mile away, and I go there every day between five and six in the morning; I return around four in the afternoon. Often I come home for lunch. Most nights we all eat dinner together at six thirty. (Another of my eccentricities is that I like to eat dinner in daylight. My daughter is merely an excuse for a lifelong preference.) Anne-Marie and I don't go out much. It seems to us that family life is important, and we find most socializing lifeless and mundane.

> Chuck Arnoldi calls it a "real grown-up's house." Jay Chiat calls it a "TV sitcom house." Architects say "Umm" and "Hmm"

My work seems to spring from life in this house, sometimes in unexpected ways. Two years ago I found myself buying dinosaurs for Taylor, until Anne-Marie finally announced that we had one triceratops too many. Later, still preoccupied with dinosaurs and children, I began to write *Jurassic Park*. I've recently started a new book, *The Old World*, also suggested by events at home. This has been a happy house, during the time we've been here. I consider myself fortunate. Work has gone well and my family feels good here. We're all growing and healthy. There's not much else to say. I don't think much else matters. ▲



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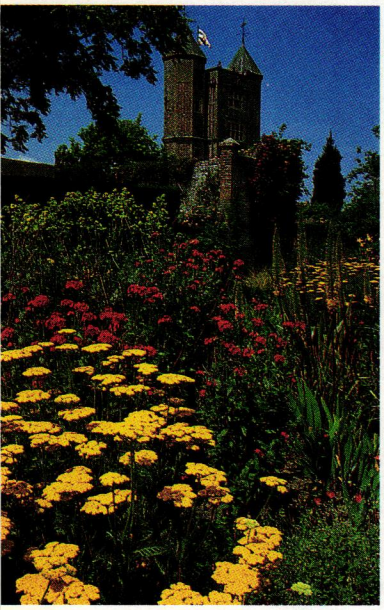
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Sissinghurst Grows Up

Nigel Nicolson writes about the celebrated garden created by his parents, Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson



The Lime Walk, top, beyond the yew Rondel and the Cottage Garden. Above: Vita Sackville-West wrote in the tower that rises above yarrow, Maltese cross, foxtail lilies, and meadow rue. Right: The White Garden.

Sissinghurst is not what it was," say a few knowledgeable visitors. No, it isn't, nor should it be. A garden is not like a painting—inanimate, ruined by alteration. It is a living, growing, changing work of art. Plants die, new ones are introduced. The soil welcomes or rejects. Drought, frost, tempest, plant disease, birds, insects, and old age do the damage at Sissinghurst; accident rarely does and vandalism almost never, not even by the picking of a flower.

The garden changes because we do not slavishly replace a plant that dies with the same plant in the same place. We experiment, as Vita Sackville-West always did, with new varieties and different groupings, carrying round a flower (as she did too) to try its color against others before planting it, and quite ruthlessly exterminate the failures.

But if the detail changes, the plan and color scheme remain the same. The shape is determined by the buildings, moat, walls, and hedges which enclose the six acres and divide them into the ten separate gardens Harold Nicolson designed in the early 1930s. His purpose, he explained, was to combine "expectation with surprise"—the expectation that there is a great deal more to find and the surprise of finding it. So he contrived vistas to cross the garden north-south and east-west, though they conceal more than they reveal, and you must walk down them toward a terminal statue or a view over the distant Weald to discover what he called his "succession of privacies."

He created all this in the intervals of his exceptionally busy life as writer, journalist, and member of Parliament. His execution of the garden was rather amateurish, for while he took great pains in drawing out the plan on paper, when he translated it to the ground, there could be, and were, errors of alignment. The Yew Walk, for example, kinks unalterably because we staked it out at night (he measuring, I, aged thirteen, torchbearing) and we could not see it from end to end.

Vita gratefully accepted his squares, oblongs, circles, and semicircles as canvases for her "paintings with flowers." He preferred symmetry, neatness, she irregularity, abundance.



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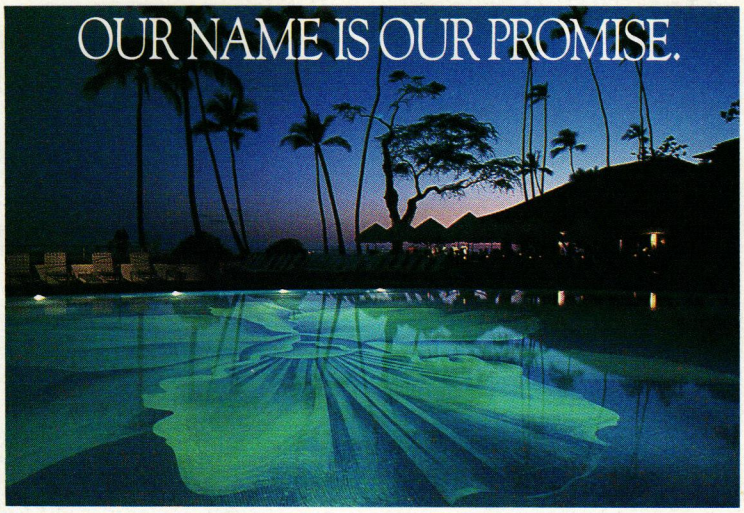
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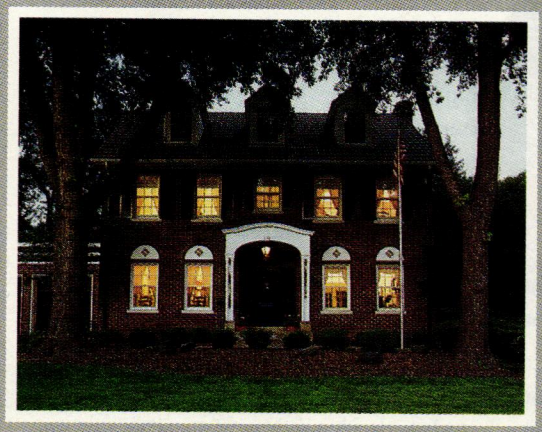
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But only one horticultural fight between them is recorded, when they disagreed about the massing of azaleas on one side of the Moat Walk. She wanted them spaced separately, he in a tight long block. "We part," wrote diarist Harold, "not as friends." But here, as elsewhere in the architecture of the garden, he got his way, though her contribution must be acknowledged as the greater, for the imaginativeness of her planting schemes. Sissinghurst is Vita's romantic version of Harold's classicism, and somehow it works, works superbly.

The garden has become one of the best known in England since the National Trust acquired it in 1967. Eleven thousand people came here in the year of Vita's death, 1962; 166,000 in 1989. Would she be pleased? Undoubtedly this amount of attention is flattering, though she would have been appalled by the apparatus it brings with it, the car park, lavatories, shop, and restaurant. In her day a visitor would occasionally drop a shilling into an empty cigarette tin at the entrance; today you pay £4 and are counted by an electronic eye. But Vita would have been happy to find her ideas and color schemes consecrated, the plants she loved (old roses, peonies, clematis) flowering in abundance, and those she disliked (rhododendrons, cabbage roses) expelled.

She would notice how ingeniously the head gardeners, Pamela Schwerdt and Sibylle Kreutzberger, who were here for the last three years of her life, have managed to extend the season at each end, April into mid October. Roses and colchicums flower in the orchard after the daffodils have had their day, tulips and wallflowers in the White Garden at the start of the season, dahlias and Michaelmas daisies at the end. The exception is the Lime Walk, which is so stuffed with spring bulbs that it is impossible to plant it for summer flowering, and only forget-me-nots and scarlet impatiens in urns provide a splash of July color.

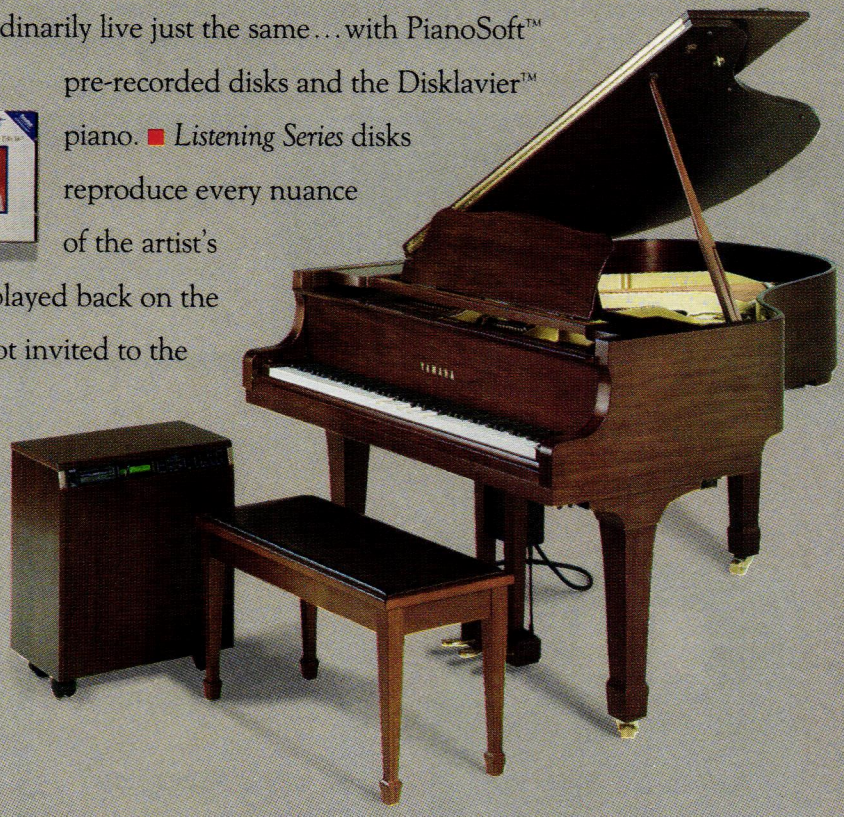
A garden is like a hospital. Its beds (how appropriate the term) are filled and refilled as the season progresses, and each occupant has its special needs. All that is lacking is a geriatric ward.



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A Lutyens garden seat in a yew crescent at one end of the azalea-lined Moat Walk.

Some roses planted in the 1930s require only an annual pruning. Acanthus, dictamnus, and peonies can flower happily for twenty years without attention.

A familiar criticism of Sissinghurst is that it is too tidy: "Vita would be horrified." She wouldn't be. She would welcome stone paths where she could afford only cement. It was always her delight to see hedges clipped to perfect symmetry, lawns like billiard tables, and tall plants staked against ungainly flopping. She allowed wildflowers to invade her garden. They still do. She fought an unending battle against weeds, using ground cover and spent hops as her adjutants, and the only change she would find today is the substitution of cedar bark for hops. No, she wanted her garden to be well kempt but not municipalized, and it isn't.

But the crowds. Do they destroy the serenity of Sissinghurst? Marginally. It is surprising how easily four hundred visitors can be lost in six planted acres, hidden from each other by walls and hedges, when the same number in an open stretch of ground might seem a multitude. A garden, after all, is not unlike a picture gallery. Visitors come to walk and look, not touch and play. The Tate Gallery is not thought overcrowded when it contains twice our numbers in half the space. Little annoyance or frustration is evident in either place. The garden scene is calm and tolerant; many people are making notes of what they might grow themselves.

We raise most of the plants in our own greenhouses and cold frames and sell the surplus to visitors, giving temporary lodging to new plants in the nursery area to watch their behavior for a year before admitting them to the garden or flower stalls. Some plants are renewed from root cuttings, others from stem cuttings or by division, and all annuals and perennials are raised from seed. The rotation reaches its climax just before we reopen to the public on April 1, or Easter if earlier.

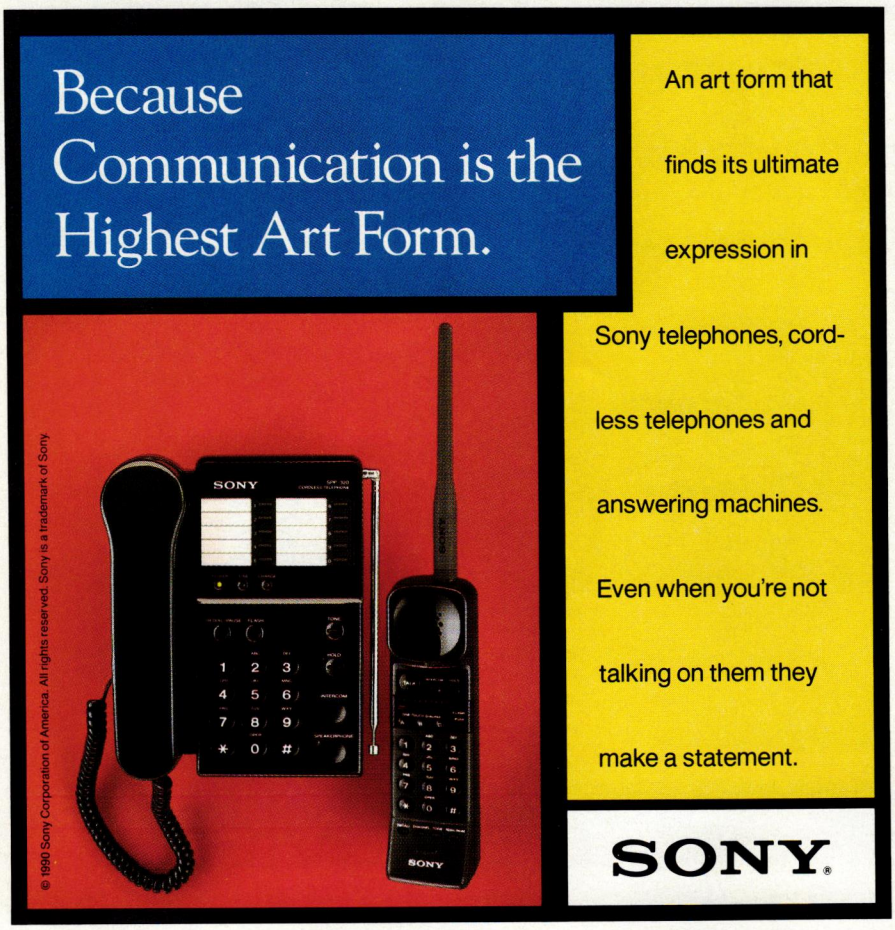
It is an event to which I always look forward. I am often asked if we who live here find the presence of strangers disturbing. No more than a city dweller minds pedestrians outside his window, and in a garden there is no other traffic. Without visitors the garden could not survive. They pay for its upkeep. With them we share a pleasure. To confine an elaborate garden to its family and their friends would be like leaving a book unpublished or a painting unexhibited. It demands an audience.

What do they leave behind? Litter? Very little. The grass is worn away where people funnel from one separate garden to the next or at what the gardeners call "admiration patches" where visitors stand and stare. These are almost the only indications after six in the evening that a crowd has siphoned in and out. Though some speak of limiting the crowd to four hundred at a time, I see no method of enforcing this except by raising the entrance fee to a level unacceptable to the National Trust or by turning people away when they may have come a great distance—it always seems to be California or New Zealand—to see what is advertised as open.

The law of averages is surprisingly consistent. The four hundred never surge beyond five hundred, and even five hundred are tolerable for rare and short occasions. Pam and Sibylle would not agree. They find a precious fragile plant squashed by errant feet, and who can blame them for saying that the more visitors we admit the fewer plants we shall have to show them?

For visitors information: Sissinghurst Castle Garden, near Cranbrook, Kent; (580) 712-850. Sissinghurst: Portrait of a Garden *by Jane Brown, foreword by Nigel Nicolson, will be published this month by Harry N. Abrams.* ▲

JOHN MILLER FROM *SISSINGHURST: PORTRAIT OF A GARDEN* (ABRAMS)

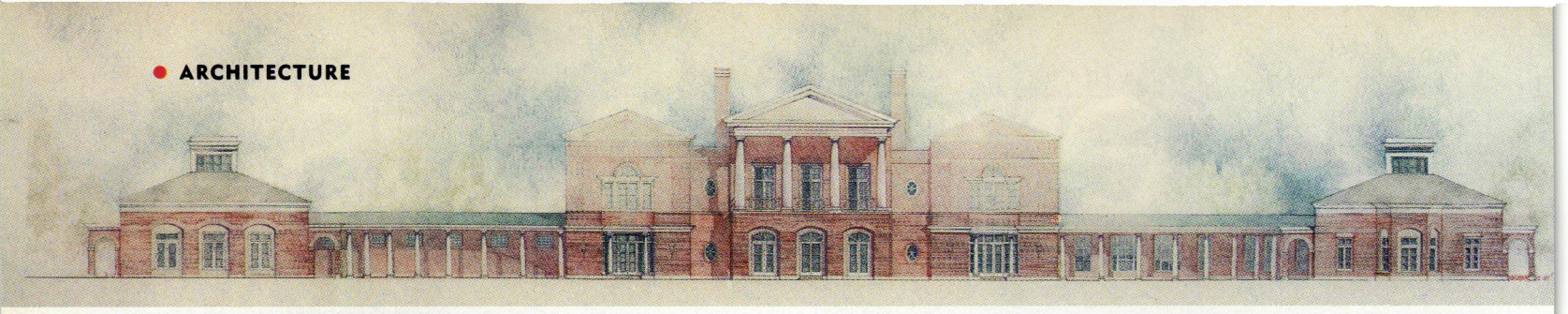


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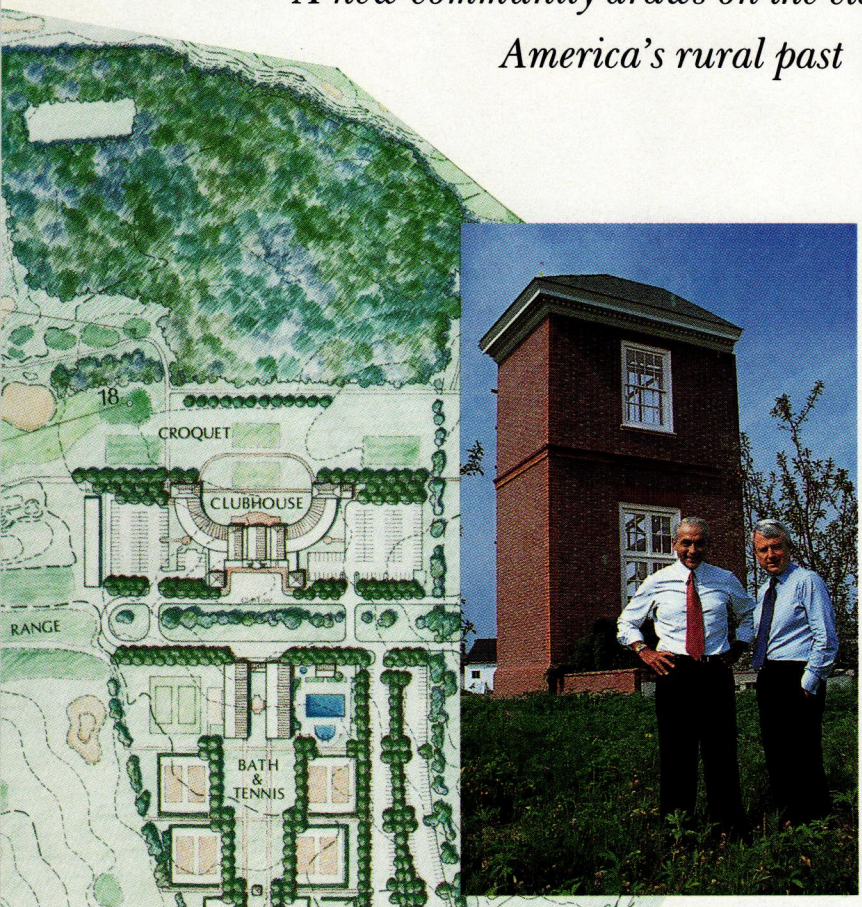


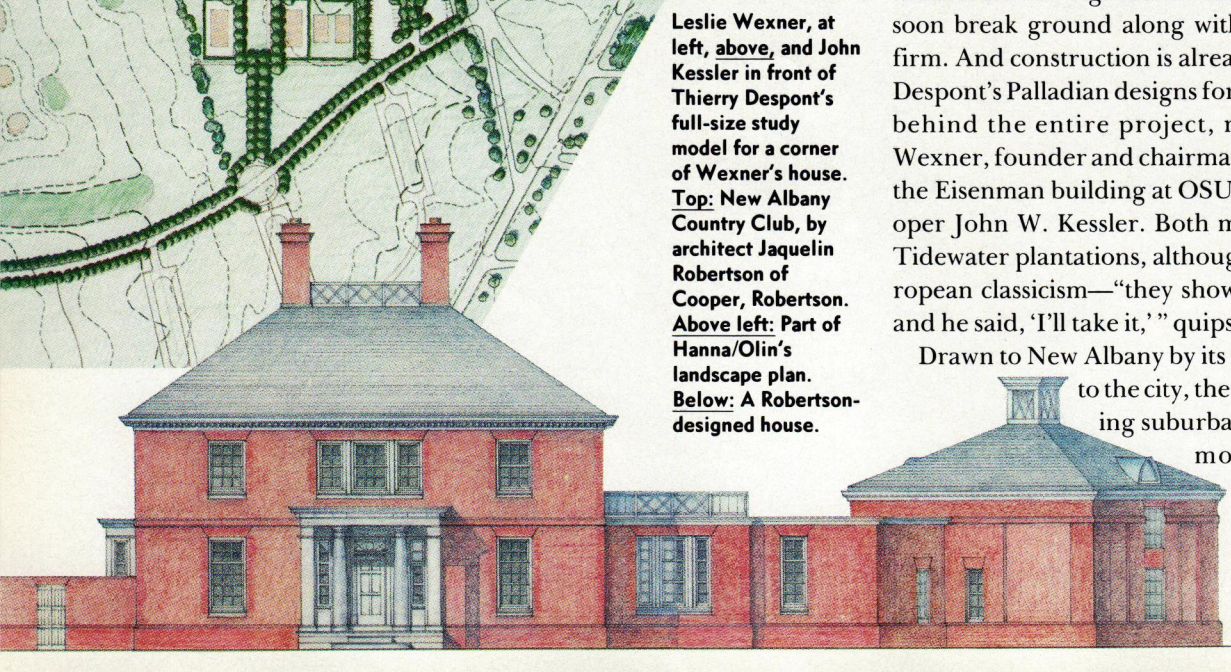
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Georgian on Their Minds

A new community draws on the classic architecture and landscape of America's rural past BY DOUGLAS BRENNER





Leslie Wexner, at left, above, and John Kessler in front of Thierry Despont's full-size study model for a corner of Wexner's house. Top: New Albany Country Club, by architect Jaquelin Robertson of Cooper, Robertson. Above left: Part of Hanna/Olin's landscape plan. Below: A Robertson-designed house.

You used to be able to take it for granted that when architecture buffs talked about a trip to Columbus, they meant Columbus, Indiana, the city where, for nearly half a century, a single patron has commissioned a varied roster of modern design stars to produce signature buildings all over town. Starting last year, though, when Peter Eisenman's controversial Wexner Center for the Visual Arts opened at Ohio State University, another Columbus was suddenly on the map. And now, with a nationally prominent team of designers creating a projected 5,000-acre community in and around the 153-year-old town of New Albany, Ohio, twelve miles from downtown Columbus, everyone's architectural Baedeker will have to be revised.

If Columbus, Indiana, is a landmark of aesthetic individualism, New Albany promises to be a monument to harmonious collaboration on a grand scale rarely seen since the 1920s. From apartment buildings, town houses, and free-standing houses at an average density of one dwelling per acre to mansions on sites of anywhere from 3 acres to 350, every new structure must be Georgian in style, preferably in the hallowed manner of Tidewater Virginia and the Carolinas. The country club, which architects Cooper, Robertson & Partners modeled after eighteenth-century plantation houses, will soon break ground along with several houses by the same firm. And construction is already well under way on Thierry Despont's Palladian designs for the estates of the two partners behind the entire project, retailing magnate Leslie H. Wexner, founder and chairman of the Limited (and donor of the Eisenman building at OSU), and Columbus-based developer John W. Kessler. Both men's houses were inspired by Tidewater plantations, although there are also echoes of European classicism—"they showed Kessler the Villa Rotonda and he said, 'I'll take it,' " quips Wexner.

Drawn to New Albany by its wealth of open farmland close to the city, the partners were intent on avoiding suburban clutter, even though the demographics and amenities of suburbia were essential if their twenty-year undertaking was to return a profit. Hence

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: COURTESY COOPER, ROBERTSON & PARTNERS; KEVIN FITZSIMONS; COURTESY COOPER, ROBERTSON & PARTNERS; COURTESY HANNA/OLIN, PHILADELPHIA



Tom Mangelsen

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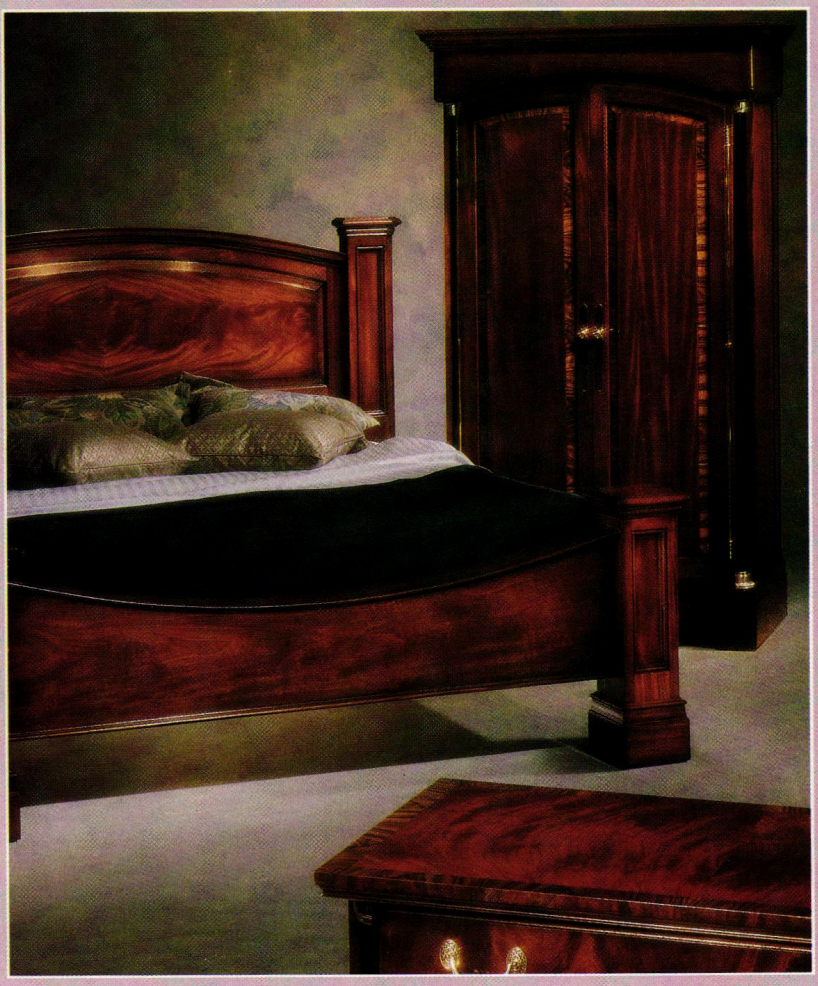
the choice of style evocative of horse-country Americana, and the use of handmade brick, slate roofs, and miles of white Kentucky fences. "We needed to reach for a vocabulary that had an internal integrity and consistency greater than what you find in most subdivisions," says Gerald M. McCue, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Design and the chief design adviser to New Albany's developers.

A complementary search for regional character led to a master plan that locates new structures in villages and estates based on early Ohio settlement patterns, and plots roads directly through the Jack Nicklaus–designed golf course, including its greens among the pastoral views available to everyone in New Albany. "We knew this was risky," notes McCue, "because there is still the prevailing idea that you can make a few more bucks by backing houses against the golf course. We saw something more like the great nineteenth-century houses that looked across the road to an Olmsted park."

Early on, landscape designers, planners, and architects such as Laurie Olin, Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, Peter Walker, and Robert Zion stressed the importance of conserving New Albany's old town center as part of the fabric of authentic rural life. Extensive areas have also been set aside for working farms, and Olin's firm, Hanna/Olin, will be planting a new forest and trucking in eight hundred apple trees for an orchard. Such sweeping gestures are matched by meticulous attention to detail—a full-size 45-foot-tall mock-up of one corner of Wexner's house was erected at the construction site to study proportions, color, and cast shadows.

"I see all this as a continuation of an ancient and well-established American tradition," says Jaquelin Robertson of Cooper, Robertson. "We came to this country in search of a rural arcadia with freestanding buildings. It is our ancestral home. Wexner and Kessler are playing a wonderful game of arcadian Monopoly." It's a safe bet that architects all over are brushing up their Georgian in the hope of passing go. ▲

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Beneficent Bugs

Squadrons of ladybugs, praying mantises, and other helpful insects can banish pesticides from garden borders

BY PATTI HAGAN

Though I came of gardening age in the DDT-delirious fifties, I enjoyed a strictly nonpesticidal upbringing. The House Un-American Activities witch-hunts in no way deterred my mother, the organic gardener, from her suspect horticultural ways. Still, the McCarthy era was about as bleak a time for garden-variety liberals as for political ones. The garden scribes of the decade took to the new petrochemical synthetic fertilizers, pesticides, and herbicides with the uncritical fervor of religious converts. *What's New in Gardening,* a 1956 book by plant pathologist P. P. Pirone, hailed the " 'Peter Pan' chemicals," which prevent insects from growing up, as the "latest and newest concept of insect control." Pirone was astonished that "some folks actually 'worry themselves sick' " about exposure to these modern wonders. "Merely because insecticides are toxic to man and animals," he chided, "does not mean they cannot be used safely!"

Thirty-five years later American politicians, gardeners, farmers, consumers, and pests are building up resistance to these quick-fix chemicals. Their safe use is much in question. The National Coalition Against the Misuse of Pesticides has warned the Senate of a "national pesticide exposure crisis." Billion-dollar-a-year sales of house and garden pesticides translate into forty to sixty million pounds of active poisonous ingredients applied to ensure brilliant green lawns and perfect perennial borders—free-fire zones where the life in the soil has been killed.

To find out what the pesticide acceptants among us are stockpiling, I recently completed a hair-raising read through the Chevron Chemical Company's Ortho Consumer Products Division's *1990 Product Label Guide.* The book's back inside cover is devoted entirely to "handling accidental spills of garden chemicals." These homey toxic spills—described by Chevron in the passive tense—involve "escape of the product from its container." Labels for the product carry "precautionary statements" spelling out the "hazards" and "danger" possible for consumers of Ortho's popular weed and pest chemicals. Could any rose be worth the risk of a Funginex Rose Disease Control spill?

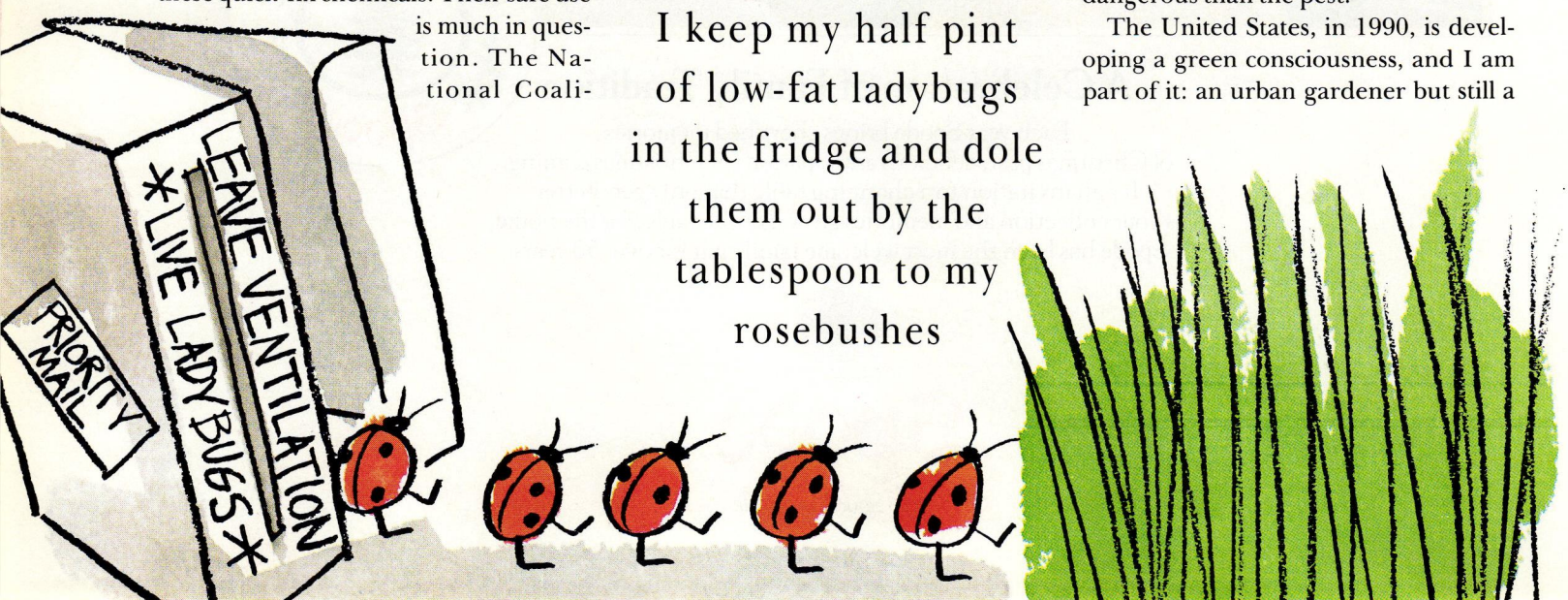
"DANGER: Causes irreversible eye damage. . . . Avoid contact with skin or clothing. Avoid breathing spray mist."

Or Diazinon Plus. "Environmental Hazards: This product is toxic to fish and wildlife. Birds . . . may be killed. . . . Highly toxic to bees. . . . Application should be timed to provide the maximum possible interval between treatment and the next period of bee activity" (whenever that is). Then there is Orthocide (Captan) Garden Fungicide—"DANGER: Causes irreversible eye damage," whereas Orthorix Lime-Sulfur Spray is merely "corrosive to eyes."

What about Bug-Geta Deadline Snail & Slug Killer? "Do not apply to foliage or other plant parts. Do not allow children or pets to contact treated areas until they are dry." To contact? Minus a work force of remote-control robots to apply these hot pesticides, it seems to be a dodgy proposition for humans to handle them safely. (The physician's emergency telephone number on the label is no comfort.) Nothing could induce me to have these take-home Love Canals at home. Clearly the pesticide is far more dangerous than the pest.

The United States, in 1990, is developing a green consciousness, and I am part of it: an urban gardener but still a

I keep my half pint of low-fat ladybugs in the fridge and dole them out by the tablespoon to my rosebushes



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practicing organic. A couple of years ago I treated myself to the "Cadillac of Composters," and to boost my soil's microbial count, each spring I treat my heap to five pounds of Compost Pile Recharger. I read *Garbage,* the year-old environmental magazine.

I am familiar too with numerous microscopic and near-microscopic forms of biological warfare. On occasion I have let loose a minihive of trichogramma wasps, confident that these positive parasites would lay their eggs within the eggs of two hundred plus kinds of offending bugs and doom them all. I am beguiled by the good juvenile-stage parasitic nematodes, which stand on their tails "waving their heads around, hopping to make contact with a passing insect," as the Natural Gardening Research Center catalogue describes them. Each spring, for $10.95, I become a nematode multi-millionaire, unable to resist the image of a chorus line of tail-dancers that are certain death to borers, root weevils, cutworms, and the like. I am in awe of the invisible workings of *Bacillus thuringiensis* and its ability to interdict insect blood flow, paralyzing and starving whole populations of gypsy moths, potato beetles, and mosquito larvae. But my involvement is stronger with bugs than with bacilli, especially those beneficial bugs whose battles I can witness.



A grown-up ladybug does in forty-five insects per day, but the larva, the "aphidwolf," downs forty per hour

I got into big-city bug farming about ten years ago, for several good reasons. With beneficials there is no chance of at-home toxic pesticide spills. Living in a bird, butterfly, dragonfly, and firefly sanctuary, I would not poison the food chain. I refused to nuke my small patch of the biosphere with the horticultural equivalent of atomic bombs. (Nor would I feed it junk-food fertilizers, synthetics that do nothing for the biological health and good tilth of the soil.) And bug patrols are convenient. These lightweight carnivores—1,500 ladybugs to the ounce—can be purchased through the mail. Rincon-Vitova Insectaries in California states: "All of our insects are guaranteed to arrive alive and ready to do their duty." They go on duty within hours of birth or release and require virtually no shepherding.

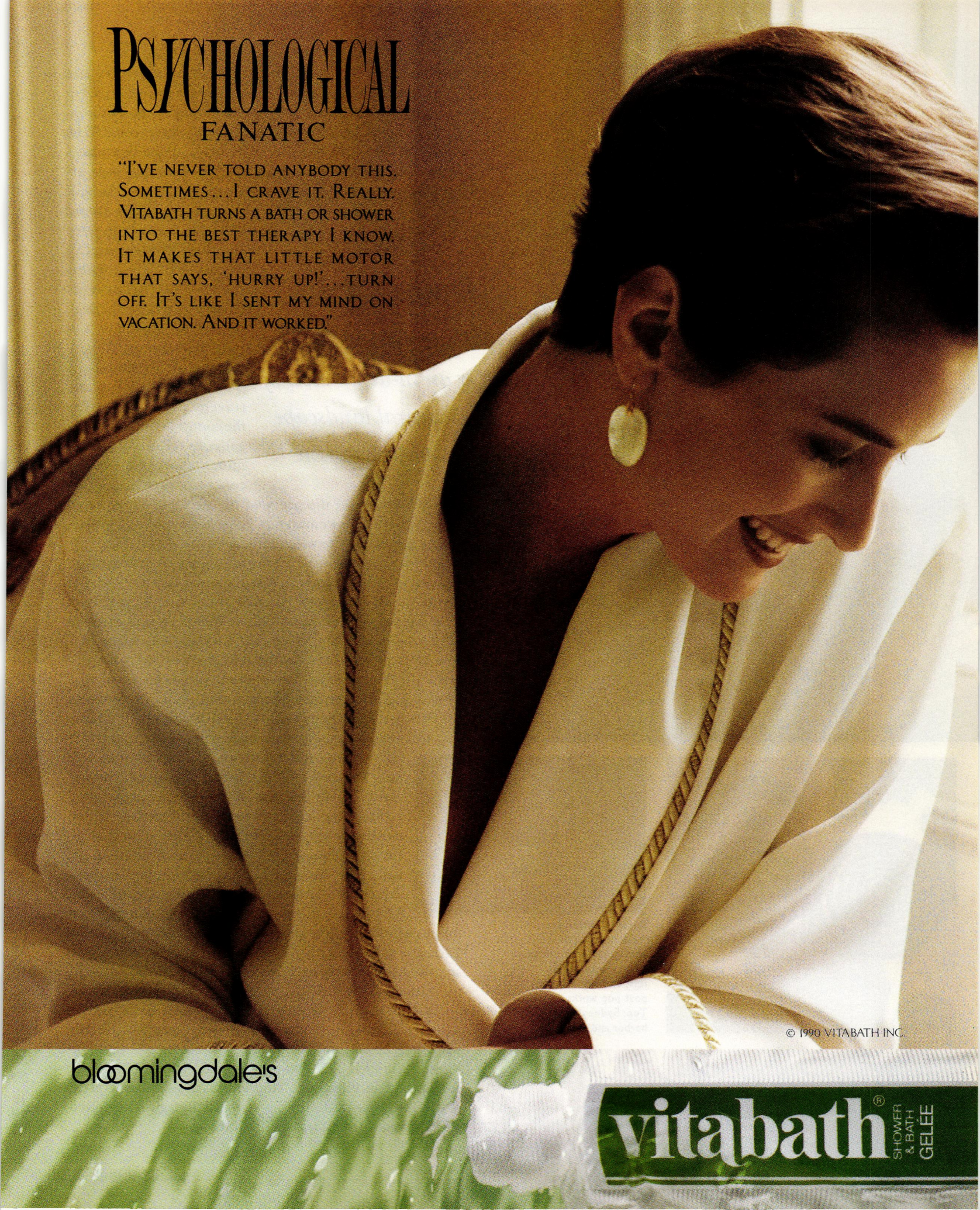
Placing my order has become a rite of spring. The first small white box arrives, stamped in red with urgent messages: LIVE LADYBUGS: KEEP OUT SUN, LEAVE VENTILATION. My half pint of low-fat ladybugs comes to me from California. An orientation sheet states that the ladies, who travel in cotton drawstring bags, "devour many times their own weight and prefer a limitless menu of aphids." (This I can offer, along with near-limitless portions of leafhoppers, thrips, tree lice, mealy bugs, and scale). I try, scrupulously, to follow the release instructions, keeping the ladies cool in the fridge and doling them out by the tablespoon—but not "during the heat of the day or while the sun is shining"—to my aphid-green rosebushes. A grown-up ladybug does in forty-five insects per day, but the larva, the "aphidwolf," downs forty *per hour*. I also usually order green lacewings (1,000 larvae for $6.95), those diaphanous, iridescent nerve-winged insects that the Natural Gardening Research Center in Sunman, Indiana, rates the "best all-purpose predator for your garden." The lacewing's aphidicidal instincts (the larva—"similar in appearance to an alligator with pincers like tiny ice tongs," as described by the Beneficial Insectary in Oak Run, California—eats one hundred a day) don't stop it from indulging in mealybugs, scale, leafhopper nymphs, thrips, mites, or caterpillar eggs.

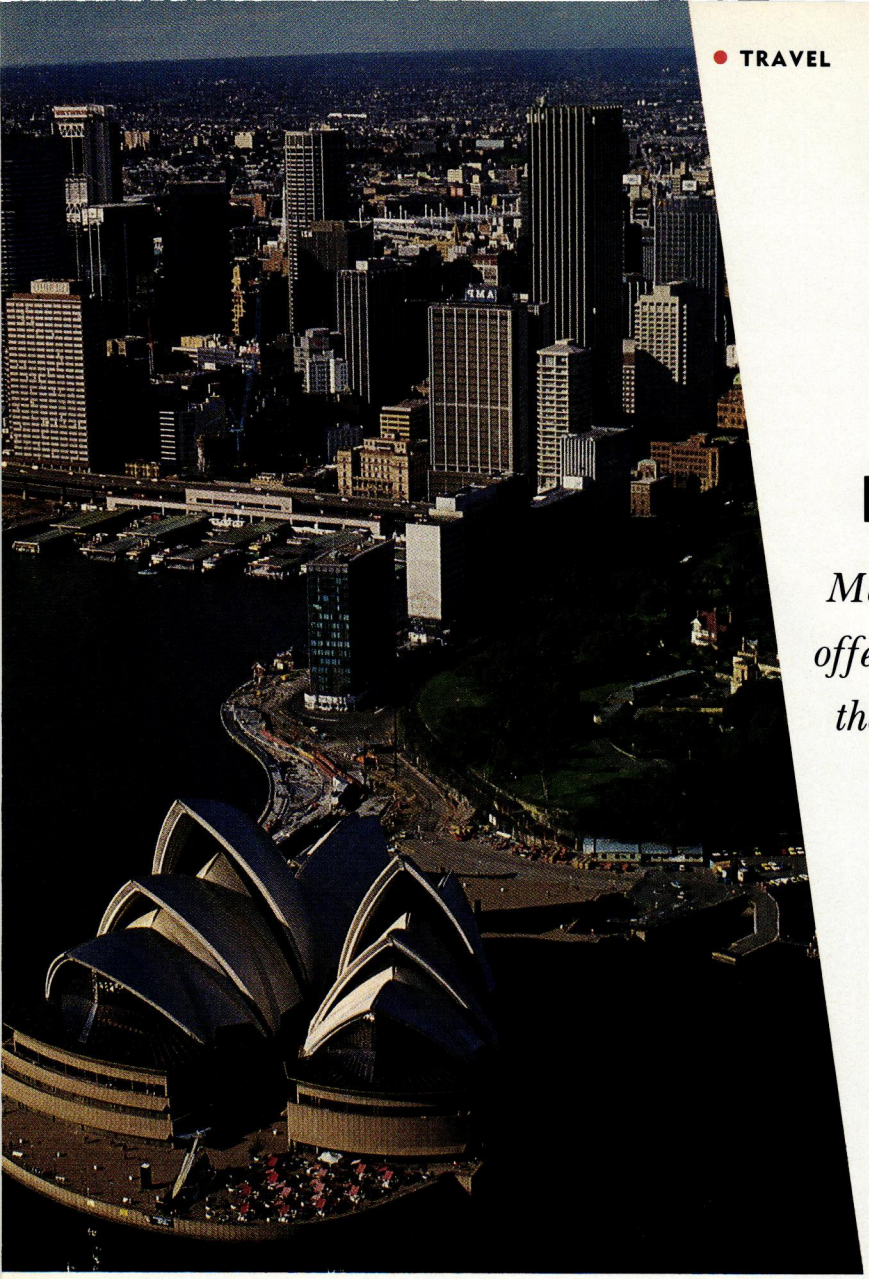
Some botanic gardens and extension agents do not recommend bug gardening because the animals cannot be confined. Such humbuggers obviously don't know the excitement of the praying mantis hatch: the morning you walk into your kitchen to find the range aswarm with ghostly mantid nymphs just out of the egg case you had left on the warming shelf in an open jar, hundreds of triangular heads swiveling to triangulate on *you*. Clearly, the antibug element does not know the charm of the nymph diaspora—"early morning with dew on leaves is ideal," one insectary directs—when you quickly put some distance between nymphs, which are "cannibalistic from about the second day." Then come the surprise encounters with the greening adolescents and, by summer's end, daily visits with your half dozen brilliant reddish green adult mantids, four to five inches long, each defending its chosen turf from high atop a gardenia bush, a hydrangea, or a Veronica spike. What drama in coming upon a mantis praying! Forelegs uplifted to catch the next high fly landing on a leaf, enormous centifaceted eyes alert, its single thoracic ear to the air. I have watched a mantis grab an aphid, eat it head first, then meticulously clean its own sawtooth foreleg of aphid crumbs. A praying mantis looks prescient—an insect intellectual.

This year the Natural Gardening Research Center's vastly entertaining *Gardens Alive!* catalogue has persuaded me that a battalion of spined soldier bugs is in order. A color photo shows how an "adult spined soldier bug harpoons Mexican bean beetle pupa." These insect Ahabs are said to enjoy a varied diet, and one unit—fifty spined soldier bug larvae—costs only $6.95. The NGRC is the exclusive source for this military mite, whose "only threat comes from man-made chemical pesticides."

Accepting bug control into your garden demands a knowledge of each bug's curriculum vitae—both beneficial and pest—and careful timing to set up the desired interactions among natural systems. Even so, it's impossible to control insect peregrinations. (Forget ladybug corrals.) These are free-spirited, free-ranging creatures, and there is simply no way to tie a good bug down. ♠

(For more information about gardening with beneficial insects see Resources.)


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Art Down Under

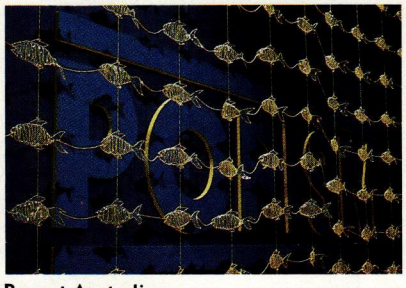
Melbourne and Sydney offer an in-depth view of the cultural landscape

BY PAUL TAYLOR

BRUCE CHATWIN CLAIMED THAT AUSTRALIAN MEN HAVE THE best legs in the world. True or not, the world has preferred to view Australia as a nation of men in shorts, as the sunny island-continent where endless stretches of desert relieved by endless stretches of beach provide some of the best places around for stretching a leg. In fact, Australia is the most urbanized nation in the world and legs are generally clothed: Aussies these days attend cultural events in greater numbers than sporting events. And the world is catching on. Arts events like the Adelaide Festival, the Sydney Biennale, and the Contemporary Australian Art Fair are increasingly international draws, and travelers are discovering the country's museums and galleries, eclectic treasure mines where ancient and contemporary aboriginal art—the art world discovery of the decade—is exhibited alongside works by Rembrandt, Pollock, Warhol, and indigenous impressionist, expressionist, and pop artists.

Sydney and Melbourne are the sun and moon of Australian culture. On the rectangular port known as Circular Quay in Sydney's brilliant harbor, two new museums are opening in time for the next art season down under (spring through fall): John Kaldor Art Project, with an emphasis on one-person shows, and the Museum of Contemporary Art, whose inaugural exhibition is a survey of recent German painting. Together with the Sydney Biennale and the city's commercial galleries in the Paddington and Surry Hills districts, its museums make Sydney the country's international art capital. Melburnians, on the other hand, like to suppose that their city is the fountainhead of national culture, and it is true that virtually all of the major movements in Australian art originated here. The grand nineteenth-century Exhibition Buildings in the Fitzroy district house the Contemporary Australian Art Fair every other June, a magnet for collectors from abroad as well as locals. And along and off Saint Kilda Road, the sweeping boulevard that connects the city's business district to the shops and galleries in South Yarra and its beaches, many of Melbourne's cultural institutions large and small can be encountered in a day's stroll, including the National Gallery of Victoria (the most well-endowed museum in Australia and particularly strong in old masters) and the Australian Center for Contemporary Art (a small but progressive alternative space). Galleries are concentrated in South Yarra, Richmond, and Fitzroy—respectively, the 57th Street, SoHo, and East Village of Melbourne. Each neighborhood can be covered by foot in an afternoon; for all the legwork involved, it's still advisable to pack a pair of shorts. ▲





Recent Australian art encompasses aboriginal paintings by Tim Leura Japaljarri, left, and Maria Kozic's post-pop works, above. Top: Sydney's brilliant harbor and skyline.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: JAMES POZARIK/GAMMA-LIAISON; HENRY JOLLES; SOUTH AUSTRALIAN MUSEUM, ADELAIDE



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A lattice-top fruit pie sweetens the last act of Thanksgiving dinner.

PETE McARTHUR/SFIDA

Savoring the Upper Crust

New pies join old favorites as the grand finale for holiday dinners BY GENE HOVIS

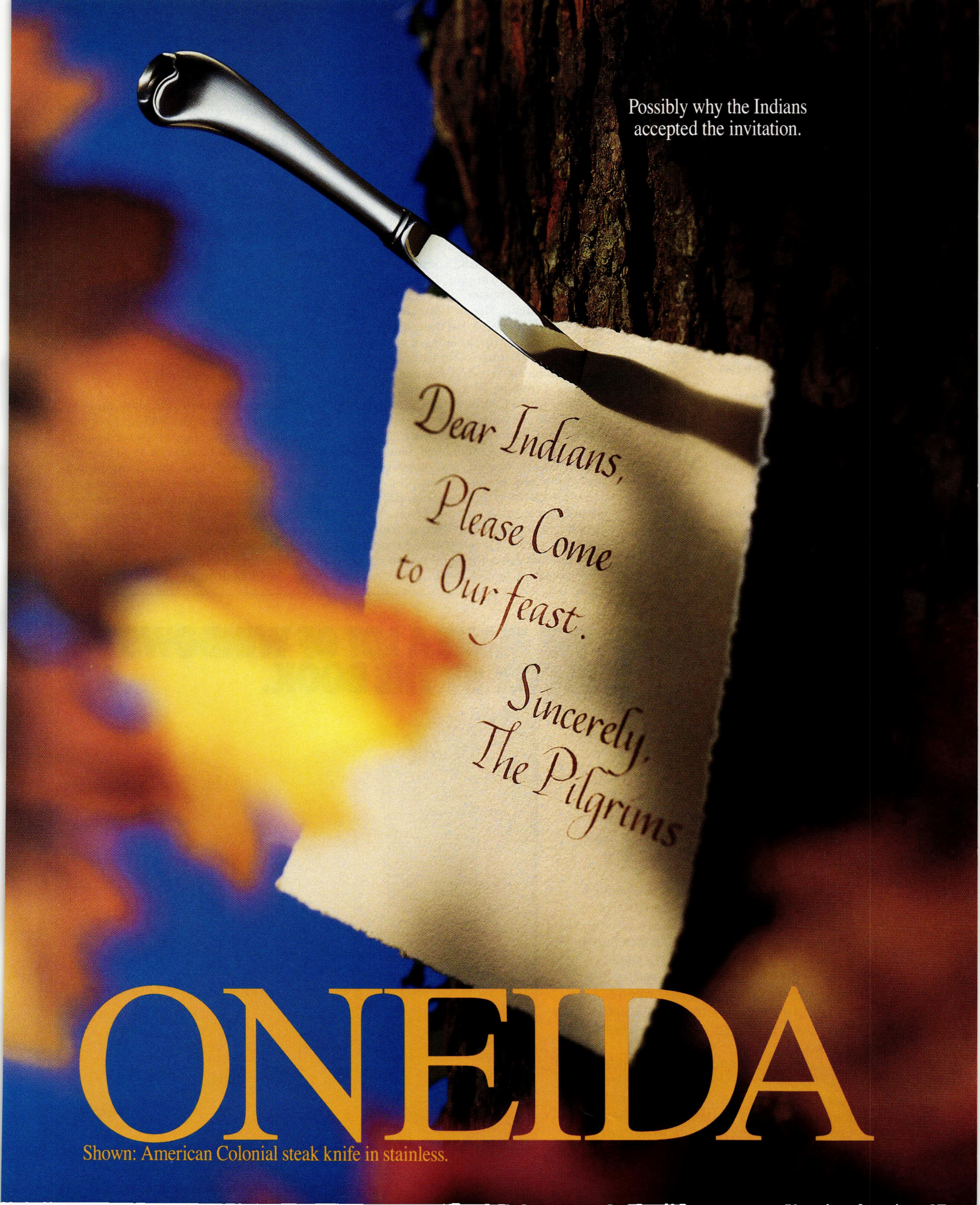
Thanksgiving is a wonderful holiday, one of the few still untainted by commercialism. With no presents to buy, no last-minute packages to wrap, it is simply a time for feasting, friendship, and fun. The only victim in the proceedings is the bird, an unappealing creature in its live state but one that fulfills its mission in life when it is brought to the table, brown and glazed.

For years Thanksgiving dinner has been my own personal project, a kind of tradition among my kinfolk and friends, but this year it occurred to me that even traditions can sometimes benefit from a new twist. Why not give others the opportunity to take a more active role—besides eating—in the proceedings? Why not make it a cooperative project, and an edible one at that? I broached the subject to a few of my Thanksgiving regulars, and they were delighted with the idea. One of my friends recalled a period in her mother's time when "progressive dinners" were in vogue. They were so called because the guests progressed from one house to another, each serving a different course. Everyone I spoke to felt this was a pattern worthy of being revived.

Dinner plans took shape quickly, turning into a kind of three-act play with a different setting and a new director for each section. The first act, hors d'oeuvres and drinks, went to Clyde, since he has a well-stocked wine cellar and liquor cabinet. With the help of the local gourmet food shop he has planned a fine assortment of appetizers. Brenda offered to orchestrate the next phase, the bird and all the fixings. Having sampled her first-rate cooking many times, we know this all-important second act is in good hands.

I'm taking the third act, dessert, which I've decided will be a medley of pies. According to *Cooks, Gluttons, and Gourmets,* a history of cooking by Betty Wason, fruit pies first became popular during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I in the sixteenth century. The word "pie" had come into use a couple of centuries before, when a popular spectacle at the conclusion of a royal banquet was a huge pastry shell filled with live magpies. When the crust was raised, the birds would fly out and begin to chatter. "Animated pies," as they were called, became a court favorite. But it took Queen Elizabeth to bring sense to the proceedings. Someone had given her preserved cherries as a New Year's gift, and she was so pleased with the taste that she ordered a huge tract of land to be turned into an orchard, marking the first time that cherries were planted in England. She ordered that the fruit be baked in a pastry shell, and thereafter cherry pies were a specialty at English royal banquets.

My choice of pies for Thanksgiving dinner include an apple crumb, a chocolate brownie, and a cranberry chutney. I'm also slipping in a lemon chess pie, a lovely dish as native to the South as magnolia blossoms and honeysuckle vines. It is to be found in many varieties, each household featuring its own recipe. One story goes that it was named at a dinner party in one of the large plantation


Possibly why the Indians
accepted the invitation.
Dear Indians,
Please Come
to Our feast.
Sincerely,
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ONEIDA
Shown: American Colonial steak knife in stainless.

houses after the cook had carried it into the dining room. "What's the pie?" asked one of the guests. The cook, unprepared for the question, murmured, "Jus' pie." Another guest, with a mouth full of the delicious stuff, boomed with delight, "Chess pie! Heavenly."

The desserts should be displayed on the sideboard, and a place should be set at the table for each person to avoid the awkwardness of guests having to use their laps to balance their plates. Depending on the size of your gathering, you can choose any or all of the following pies for the final act of your own Thanksgiving production.

APPLE CRUMB PIE

Crust
- ½ cup (1 stick) butter
- ⅓ cup sugar
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Topping
- ¼ cup light brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
- 3 tablespoons chopped pecans
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 3 tablespoons butter

Filling
- 3½ cups Granny Smith apples, peeled, cored, and thinly sliced
- ⅓ cup sour cream
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¼ cup all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- Whipped cream or vanilla ice cream (optional)

Crust. Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Grease a 9-inch springform pan. In a small bowl blend together butter, at room temperature, and sugar. Mix in flour and vanilla until a soft ball forms. Pat dough over bottom and halfway up the sides of pan. Bake 10 minutes. Remove from oven and let cool. Reduce oven to 350 degrees.

Topping. Combine all ingredients and mix together with a fork or your fingertips until crumbly. Set aside.

Filling. Fill pastry crust with the Granny Smith apples. In a small bowl, blend sour cream, lightly beaten eggs, sugar, flour, and cinnamon. Spoon over apples. Sprinkle top with the crumb topping. Bake 40–45 minutes, until custard is set. When cooked, remove sides of springform pan. Serve at room temperature, garnished with unsweetened whipped cream or vanilla ice cream. Serves 8–10.

CHOCOLATE BROWNIE PIE

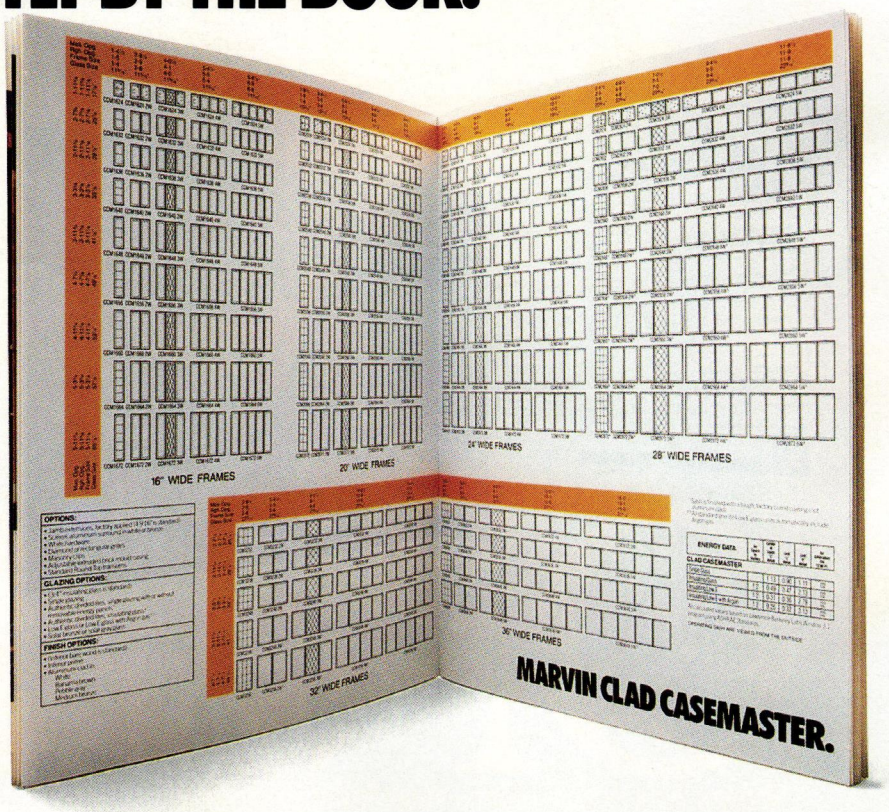
Chocolate Crumb Crust
- 1½ cups finely ground chocolate wafer crumbs
- 5 tablespoons melted butter
- 2 tablespoons brown or white sugar

Filling
- ½ cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 cup tightly packed light brown sugar
- 2 large eggs, lightly beaten
- ½ cup (1 stick) butter, melted
- 1 cup toasted pecans, coarsely chopped
- 1 cup semisweet chocolate morsels
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ cup Kahlúa
- Whipped cream

Crust. Grease a 9-inch pie plate and set aside. Prepare crumbs by rolling chocolate wafers between two sheets of waxed paper or whir them in a blender or food processor until uniformly fine. Place crumbs in a bowl and mix with melted butter and sugar. Pat crumbs evenly and firmly over the sides and bottom of pie plate and place in freezer 15–20 minutes.

Filling. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. In a medium-size bowl, combine flour and sugar. Add beaten eggs and mix well.

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Blend in cooled melted butter. Mix in chopped pecans, chocolate morsels, vanilla, and Kahlúa.

Transfer filling to crust and bake 45–50 minutes. Do not overbake. Cool and serve with whipped cream. Serves 6–8.

LEMON CHESS PIE

Crust
- ½ cup (1 stick) cold butter
- 1½ cups all-purpose flour
- Pinch of salt
- 3–4 tablespoons ice water

Filling
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
- 1 tablespoon ground cornmeal
- 4 eggs at room temperature
- 4 tablespoons (½ stick) melted butter
- ¼ cup light cream
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
- Whipped cream

Crust. Cut butter into ¼-inch cubes. Mix flour and salt in a mixing bowl. Add butter and blend with fingertips until mixture resembles coarse meal. Sprinkle with ice water, using only enough to make a dough, mixing with fingertips until mixture forms a ball. Do not overwork. Flatten ball of dough slightly and cover tightly with plastic wrap. Refrigerate 30–40 minutes. Let dough come to room temperature and roll out on a lightly floured surface until it measures about 12 inches in diameter and about ⅛ inch thick. Ease dough into a 9- or 10-inch buttered pie plate and press gently into sides and bottom of pan, leaving a 1-inch overhang along outside rim. Turn edge under to make a rim of double thickness. Flute edge or press rim with the tines of a fork. Refrigerate. Preheat oven to 375 degrees.

Filling. Sift sugar, flour, and cornmeal into a mixing bowl. Add eggs, melted butter, cream, lemon juice, and lemon rind and beat until well blended and smooth.

Pour into unbaked pie shell and bake 45–50 minutes or until set. Let cool. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 8.

CRANBERRY CHUTNEY PIE

Crust
- 2 cups flour
- Pinch salt (optional)
- 1 cup (2 sticks) cold butter
- ⅓ cup cold water

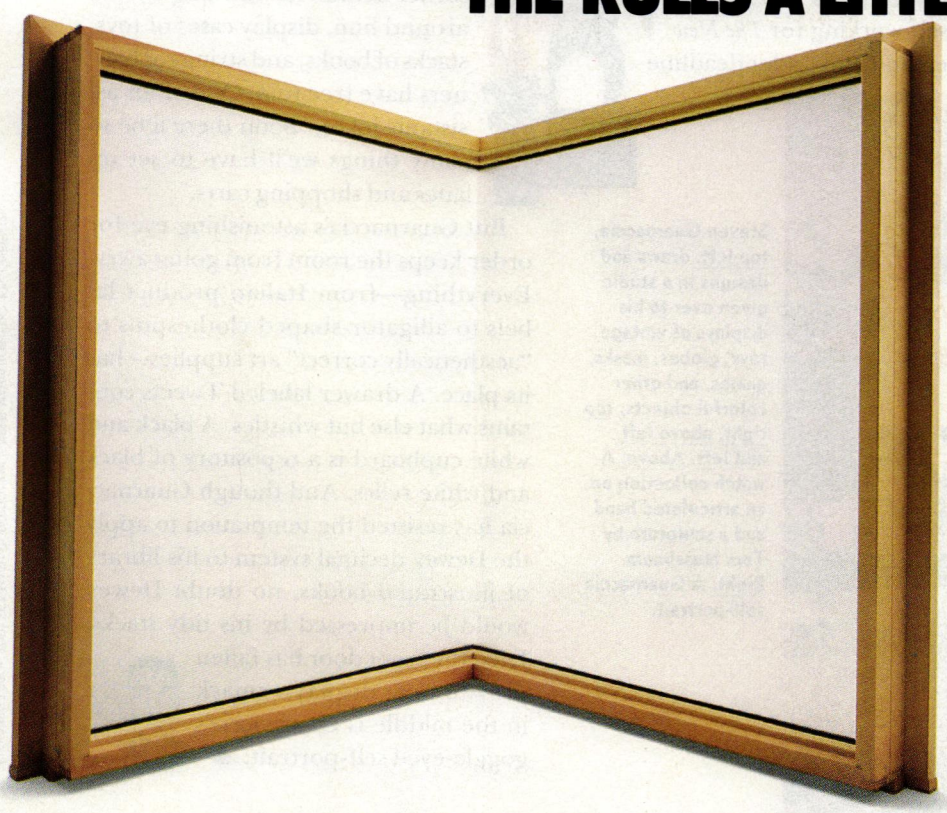
Filling
- ½ cup dried currants
- ¾ cup orange juice
- 3 tablespoons tapioca
- ½ cup sugar
- Grated rind of 1 orange
- 1 pound fresh cranberries
- 1 Granny Smith apple, peeled, cored, and coarsely chopped
- ½ cup Major Grey's chutney
- ½ teaspoon ground cardamom

Crust. Mix flour and salt. Cut butter into small cubes and combine with flour, using fingertips until mixture resembles coarse meal. Sprinkle water over mixture a small amount at a time, adding just enough to make pastry hold together. Press into ball. Flatten slightly, cover in plastic wrap, and refrigerate 30 minutes.

Filling. Soak dried currants in ¼ cup of the orange juice. Stir in tapioca and set aside. In a medium saucepan, combine the remaining half cup of orange juice, sugar, and grated orange rind and bring to a boil. Add cranberries and cook 5 minutes or until cranberries soften a little and begin to pop. Do not overcook. Remove pan from heat and add chopped apples, the currant and tapioca mixture, and chutney. Mix well and add cardamom. Let cool.

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Remove dough from refrigerator. Divide into two balls. Roll bottom crust 2 inches larger than an 8- or 9-inch pie plate. Ease crust into pan, without stretching. Fill with cranberry mixture. Roll out remaining dough and cut into strips about ¾ inch wide. Use strips for a lattice over the top of pie. Crimp or flute edges. Bake 40–45 minutes or until brown. Serves 8. ▲

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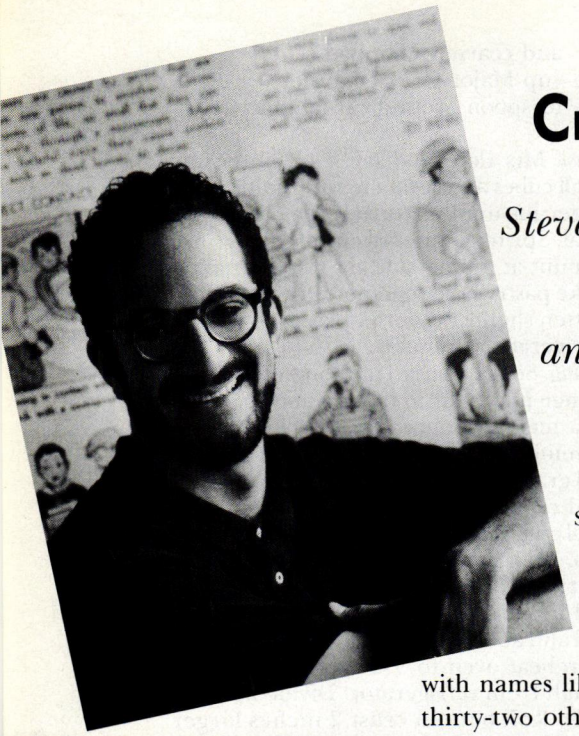
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Creative Playthings

Steven Guarnaccia finds kindred spirits among the toys and books that surround him

BY MARGOT GURALNICK



STEVEN GUARNACCIA SAYS THE SIGHT OF KIDney-shaped tables makes him queasy. He loathes whisky jug lamps and wagon wheel tables. But he does have a nostalgic streak: flip books, masks, Rooster brand ties, games with names like Rich Uncle, stackable ring toys, and some thirty-two other categories of playful collectibles from the twenties to the fifties inspire emotions that are equal to, if not the same as, love. "I remember how these things made me feel as a kid," explains Guarnaccia, who at thirty-seven has done well by trusting his early instincts.

Growing up in Fairfield, Connecticut, Guarnaccia knew when he was "embarrassingly young" that he wanted to become a commercial artist. In college at Brown University, he took a part-time job assisting a rare-books dealer and discovered there was also a shopkeeper and a librarian lurking within him. It was as an illustrator, however, that Guarnaccia moved to New York in 1977 and within a week found himself working for *The New York Times*. He's been in demand and under deadline ever since. His jaunty, intelligently comic drawings can be seen in magazines and books; he also designs greeting cards for the Museum of Modern Art, teaches at Parsons School of Design, makes toys that are shown in art galleries, and has a batch of book deals brewing.







All these projects take shape in a one-room studio a quick bike ride away from the Fifth Avenue apartment he shares with his wife, graphics designer Susan Hochbaum, and their two-year-old son, Jasper. Home is where Guarnaccia, a maximalist, Hochbaum, a minimalist, and Jasper, "a budding artist," mix sensibilities. The studio is where Guarnaccia, free of all tempering influences, piles as he pleases. "I feel like I run a store without ever having to sell anything," he says, happily wedged in a corner behind his drawing board; around him, display cases of toys, stacks of books, and strings of banners have free rein. One of his assistants jokes, "Soon there'll be so many things we'll have to set up lanes and shopping carts."

But Guarnaccia's astonishing eye for order keeps the room from going awry. Everything—from Italian product labels to alligator-shaped clothespins to "aesthetically correct" art supplies—has its place. A drawer labeled Tweets contains what else but whistles. A black and white cupboard is a repository of black and white relics. And though Guarnaccia has resisted the temptation to apply the Dewey decimal system to his library of illustrated books, no doubt Dewey would be impressed by his tidy stacks. Even the front door has fallen prey to neat display—smack in the middle is Guarnaccia's goggle-eyed self-portrait. ▲



Steven Guarnaccia, top left, draws and designs in a studio given over to his displays of vintage toys, globes, masks, games, and other colorful objects, top right, above left, and left. Above: A watch collection on an articulated hand and a sculpture by Tom Nussbaum. Right: A Guarnaccia self-portrait.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MARIA ROBLEDO; JON JENSEN; MARIA ROBLEDO; JON JENSEN (2)


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Eminent Victorians

Only the most distinguished nineteenth-century designs are welcome in Margot Johnson's gallery

BY EVE M. KAHN

Anyone convinced that Victorian furniture is big, dark, and heavy will feel enlightened in Margot Johnson's Manhattan gallery. "I concentrate on museum-quality American pieces that are refined, airy, and elegant," she says. "A lot of the best furniture of the period looks like that, only most people don't know it yet."

Her showroom's offerings sparkle with pale marquetry and gilding, and none would overwhelm even a modest room: not the faux bamboo vanity that balances on delicate-looking legs, the chair with arms ending in gilded Cleopatra heads, or the sinuous grandfather clock. All of the major late nineteenth century styles are represented—Egyptian and Renaissance revival, neo-Grec, modern Gothic, Moorish, and aesthetic—as are all of the major cabinetmakers, including Pottier & Stymus, Kimbel & Cabus, Alexandre Roux, Léon Marcotte, Louis Comfort Tiffany, and Herter Brothers, the firm that is Johnson's all-time favorite.





Margot Johnson in her boiserie-embellished gallery, above and right, among 19th-century rarities, including a prize Herter Brothers library table and an armchair by Gustave Herter.



The Herter Brothers cabinet, above, 1870–75, is detailed with elaborate inlay and carved sphinxes, below.

Since Johnson opened her gallery in 1981, prices in the field have risen dramatically, thanks in part to the enthusiasm she has inspired among collectors and curators. She lectures to students from Sotheby's and the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York, and she frequently sets auction records—last year she spent $280,500 on a Herter Brothers piece that she describes as the "finest known library table in the aesthetic style." She also lends masterpieces in her own collection to museums for exhibitions. (The Metropolitan featured her spectacular Herter Brothers gilded-wood and leather screen in its 1986 show, "In Pursuit of Beauty.")

But it is not the soaring value of Victorian furniture that holds Johnson's attention, it's the remarkable craftsmanship and the sense of adventure. "There's so much detective work left to be done in this period," she says. "Who knows what's hiding in somebody's attic?" ♠

Margot Johnson Gallery, 18 East 68 St., Apt. 1A, New York, NY 10021; (212) 794-2225

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: ELIZABETH NAPLES; DAVID PHELPS (2); COURTESY MARGOT JOHNSON GALLERY


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LIVING WITH

style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

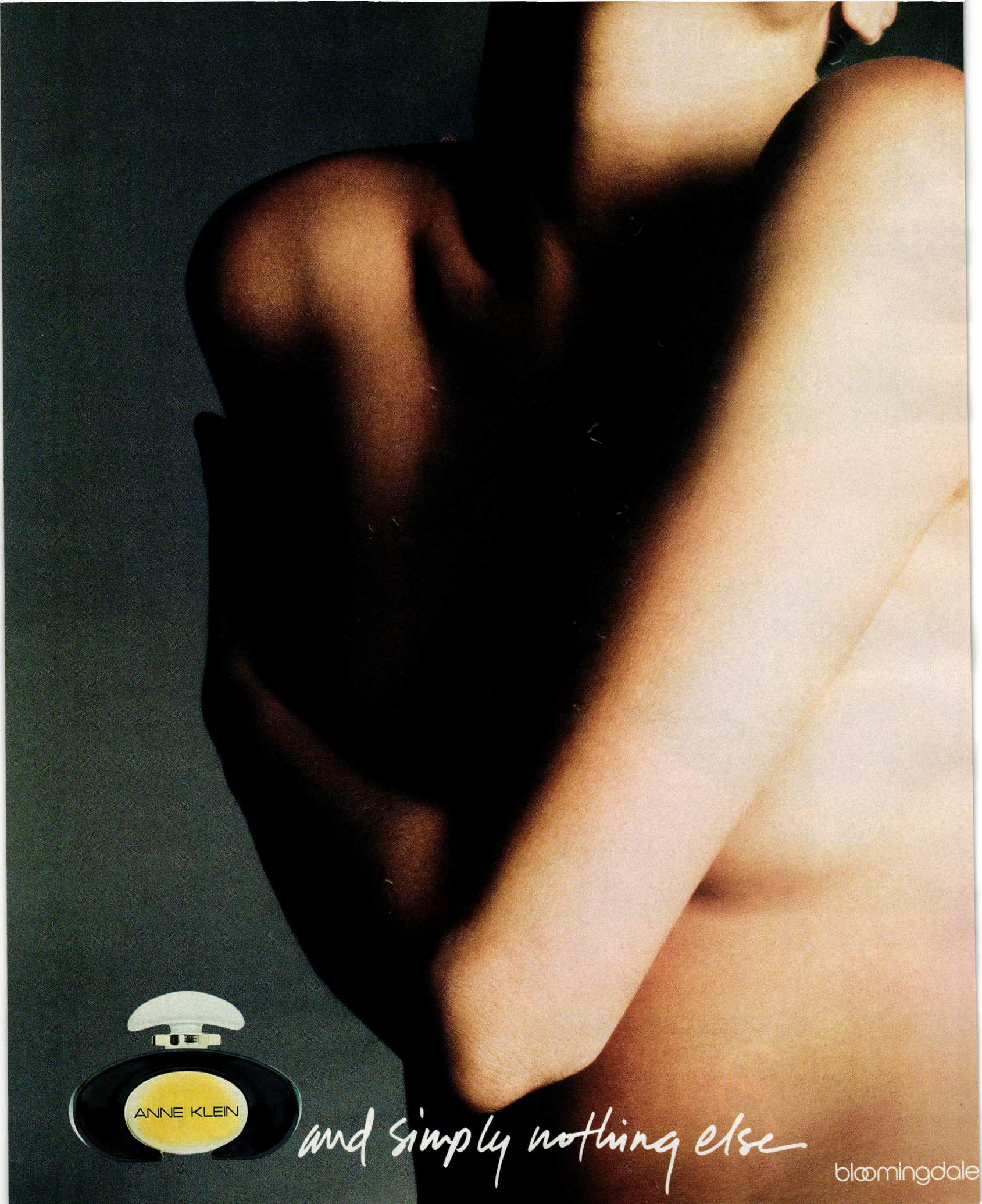
From ostrich-trimmed pillows to plumed brackets, feathers are tickling designers' fancies



Feathered frenzy. Clockwise from above: Pillows by Adrienne Landau; mirror, c. 1880, from Kentshire Galleries, NYC; 1920s sconce from Newel Art Galleries, NYC; penholder, c. 1890, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Tiffany & Co.'s quill pen; clothes by Jackie Rogers Couture; gloves by Tally and earrings by Eric Beamon, both at Showroom Seven; scarf by Hermès; bracket, c. 1860, from Newel; chair by Dish-Ta-Henge at Showroom Seven. Details see Resources.

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INTERESTING THAT the nature or nurture debate—that building block of the liberal arts education—can be applied even to decorating. Certainly a family legacy of fine furniture and beautiful houses is an advantage. I am proud to be illustrating the point in HG this month with the recollections of Mrs. Henry Parish II, the doyenne of American decorators, who was born into a world of comfort and discernment. Long before collecting became a weekend sport, Mrs. Parish's childhood Saturdays were spent bicycling around to country shops with her father in search of the unusual antique. From this grounding, invention took flight—painting a wood floor in bold red and white checks, for instance, which Mrs. Parish did as a young wife, before the rage for faux finishes and decorative paint. The November issue also presents the Milan palazzo of noted fashion designer Gianni Versace. His flair for drama and his daring variations on classical silhouettes take on a new light when one considers that Versace's childhood romps were among Roman busts. That Nigel Nicolson, son of Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson and chronicler of their marriage, has presided over the enduring wonders of Sissinghurst, the family garden, is no surprise; here again the weight of history was on his side. Of course, not everyone follows in family footsteps—American photographer Peter Beard has chosen a camp in the Kenyan bush as a place to lead his life. And the English artist Howard Hodgkin's collections are founded on wide-ranging personal tastes rather than family influences. Then there's Sherman and Judy McCoy—shortly to make their way from Tom Wolfe's novel to the film *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. The set of the McCoys' Park Avenue duplex embodies both their abundance and their acquisitiveness. Does it tell us anything about nature or nurture? Perhaps that in decorating, as in life, we should nurture only the best aspects of our natures.

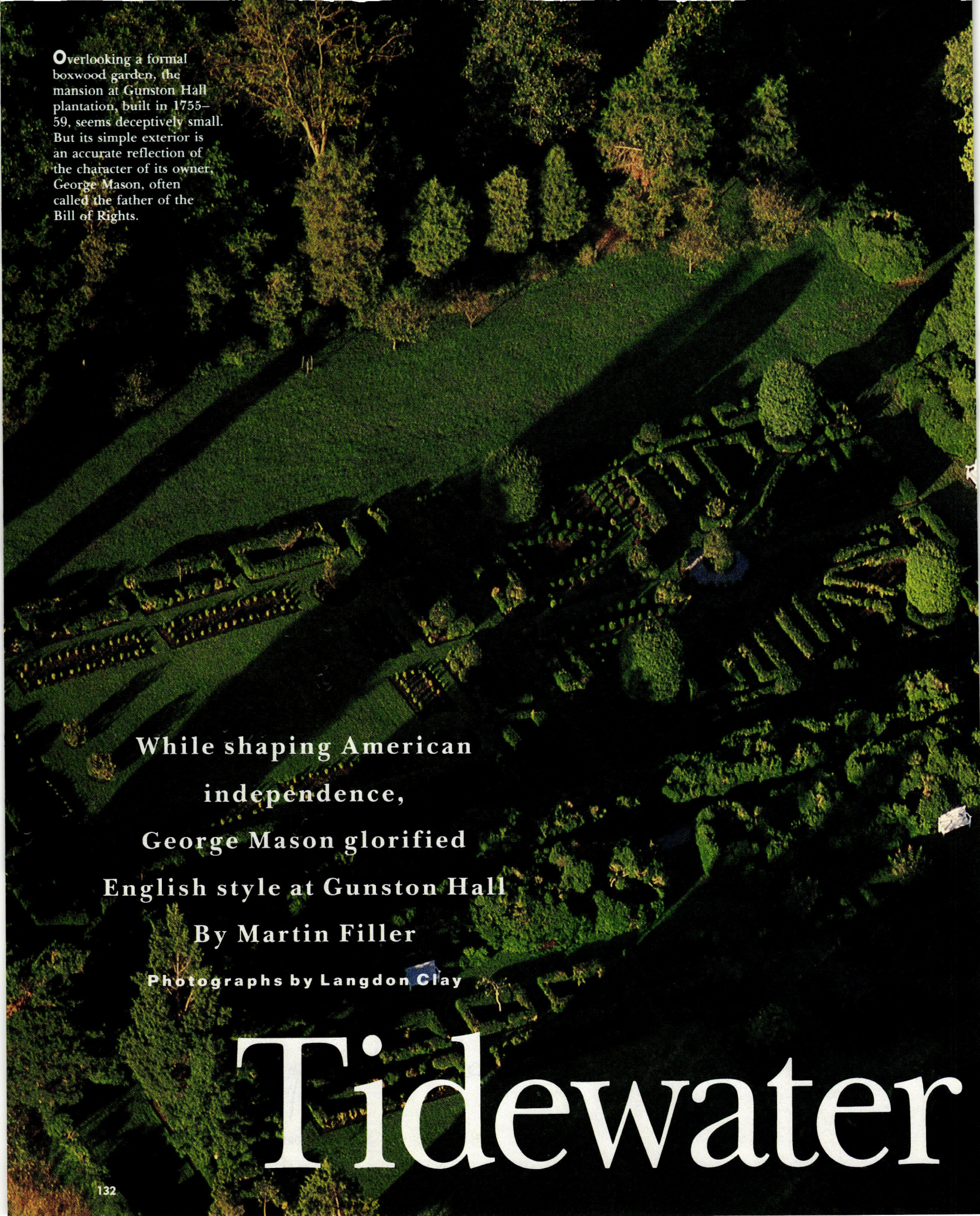


The library of Gianni Versace's 17th-century palazzo in Milan displays the richly detailed woodwork of master craftsman Balbo.

OBERTO GILI

Nancy Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



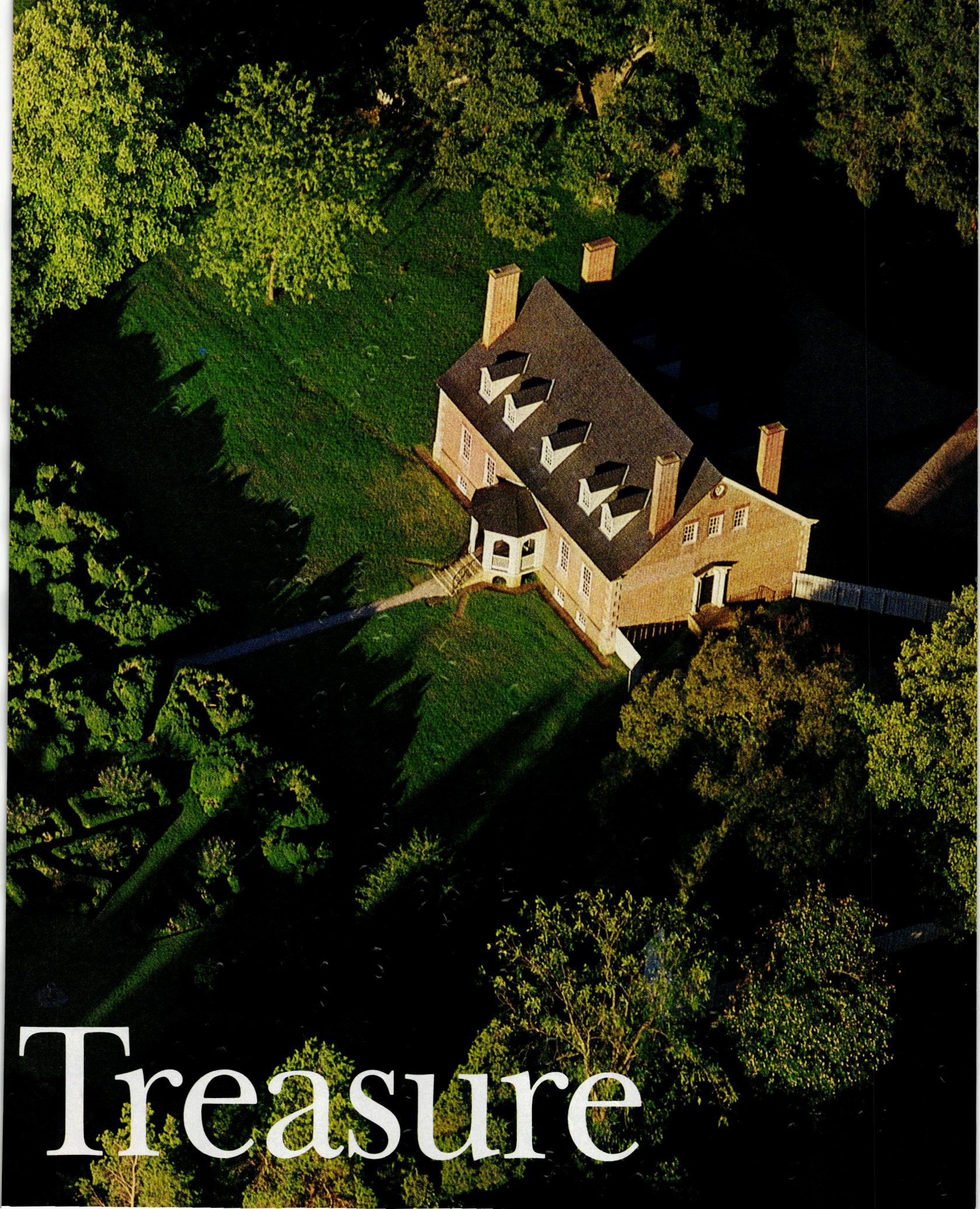
Overlooking a formal boxwood garden, the mansion at Gunston Hall plantation, built in 1755–59, seems deceptively small. But its simple exterior is an accurate reflection of the character of its owner, George Mason, often called the father of the Bill of Rights.

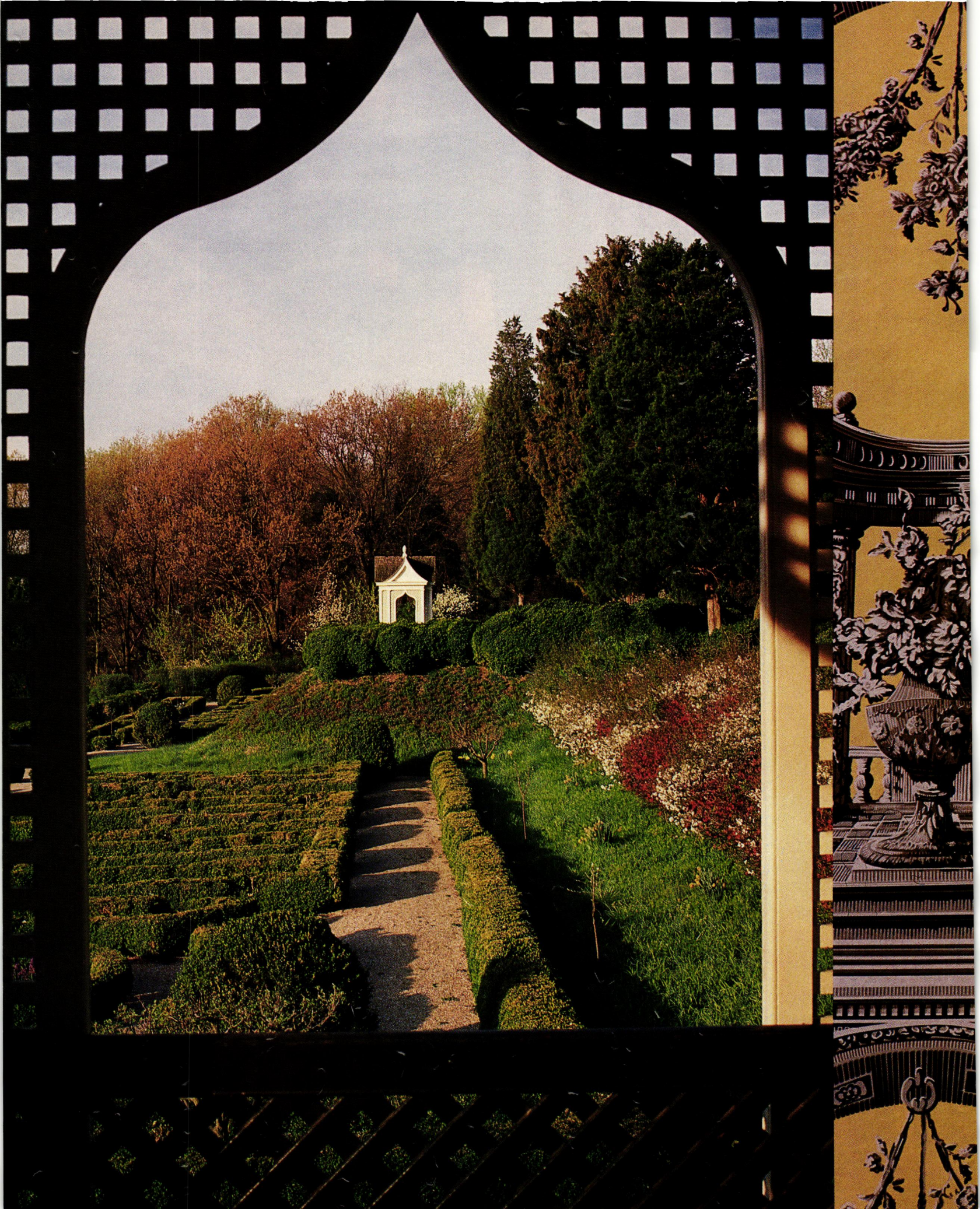
Tidewater

While shaping American independence, George Mason glorified English style at Gunston Hall

By Martin Filler

Photographs by Langdon Clay


Treasure



FIRST IMPRESSIONS CAN BE AS TELLING IN ARCHITECTURE as they are in human relations. And if initial appearances do not always accord with inner qualities, then a carefully planned façade is at least some indication of how one wants to be seen by the world. No American house of the colonial period presents a more characteristic portrait of its owner than Gunston Hall, the Tidewater Virginia home of George Mason, one of the most paradoxical figures of the American



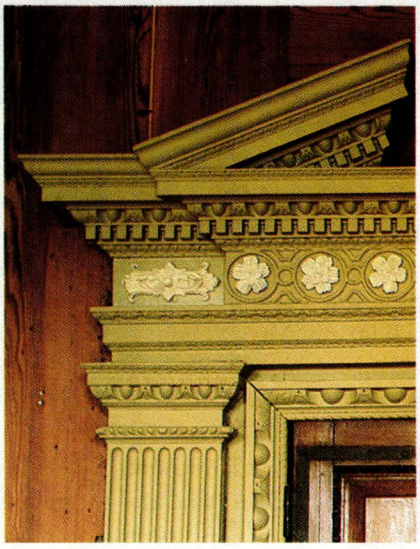
Revolution. Mason's house is as outwardly plain and unpretentious as he was. Unlike Mount Vernon, the nearby estate of George Washington, Gunston Hall never became a seat of national affairs, and Mason saw no need for the kind of improvements Washington added to his mansion as his role as leader grew. But it would be a mistake to assume that Mason's solid brick farmhouse was built by a man solely concerned with his crops. After 231 years, this little-known landmark still sums up the contradictions between the public and private selves of a most uncommon patriot.

A fourth-generation landowner who inherited extensive holdings on both the Maryland and Virginia sides of the Potomac River, Mason built Gunston Hall in 1755–59 on a fertile peninsula twenty miles south of what is now the city of Washington. Grateful for the kind of material blessings he would never have attained in England, he was eager to ensure the liberties that made his success possible. Mason held various official posts, but he disliked political life and took part in the unfolding drama of the Revolution mainly to protect the new system of government from the failings of the old one. He played a pivotal role in shaping the principles on which the

Gunston Hall is a fine example of the tendency of 18th-century Virginia landowners to model their estates on those of the English aristocracy. *Opposite:* A pair of latticework gazebos with Gothick arches based on the mansion's south porch flanks the boxwood garden. In the center hall, *above,* a classical arch and colonnade wallpaper, *left,* reproduced from an 18th-century design in the Victoria and Albert Museum.



Gunston Hall's most distinguished architectural feature is its magnificent wood carving, executed by the English craftsman William Buckland. *Left:* His Palladian Parlor is undergoing extensive restoration. Over the hearth hangs the blueprint for a chimneypiece to replace the lost original. The new design is the collaborative effort of architect Charles Phillips, historian Paul Buchanan, and carver John Bivins. *Below left:* Detail of overdoor. *Below:* The Chinese Dining Room, an exuberant chinoiserie scheme, is the mansion's most fanciful interior. Rough plaster walls await reproduction Chinese-style wallpaper.







The classical detailing of the pedimented front porch, *left,* suggests that architectural pattern books circulated during the 18th century were consulted. *Right:* A portrait of George Mason in the Palladian Parlor. *Opposite top:* Detail of center hall woodwork shows close attention to the classical orders. *Opposite center:* Boxwood planted by Mason still flourishes. *Opposite bottom:* A temple garden folly, a later addition.



VIRGINIA MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, RICHMOND. GIFT OF DAVID K. E. BRUCE



The design is as sophisticated as anything at the time in London

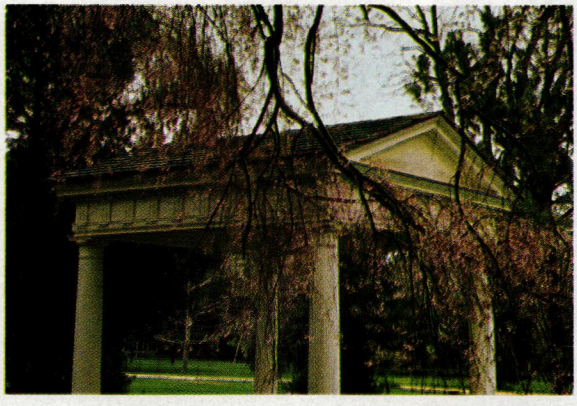
republic was founded, but his inherent distrust of institutions and inability to accept the compromise of his ideals led to his ambiguous place in American history.

Mason was the author of the Virginia Declaration of Rights, the 1776 document that became the prototype for America's Bill of Rights—the first ten amendments to the Constitution—as well as France's Declaration of the Rights of Man. But he took no major assignment in the revolutionary war (partly because of the pain inflicted by his chronic gout), and his aloofness from the fray exasperated his activist friends. As Washington pointedly wrote to Mason in 1779, "Where are our men of abilities? Why do they not come forth to save their country?" Four years later a no less disapproving Thomas Jefferson wrote of Mason to James Madison, "Is he determined to sleep on, or will he rouse and be active?"

After the war had been won, Mason agreed to become a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia, determined to insert safeguards akin to those he included in the Virginia Declaration of Rights. But his stubborn, if principled, refusal to endorse the Constitution primarily because it did not at first include a bill of rights led him to be stigmatized forever after as a spoiler, "the man who didn't sign." Now, on the eve of the bicentennial of the Bill of Rights, both the man and his beautifully preserved estate overlooking the Potomac deserve closer attention.



In 1755, George and Ann Mason had been married for five years and had produced two of their nine children. Prosperous at thirty, he was ready for a plantation house equal to his status as owner of more than 5,000 acres of tobacco, corn, and wheat. As one approaches that story-and-a-half mansion along a splendid allée of magnolias (there were cherry trees in Mason's day), it appears to be a small structure, more Dutch than English in its simplicity. The steeply pitched dormered roof diminishes the house's actual size. The only hint of anything other than rural practicality is the perfectly proportioned, exquisitely carved Palladian porch framing the front door.

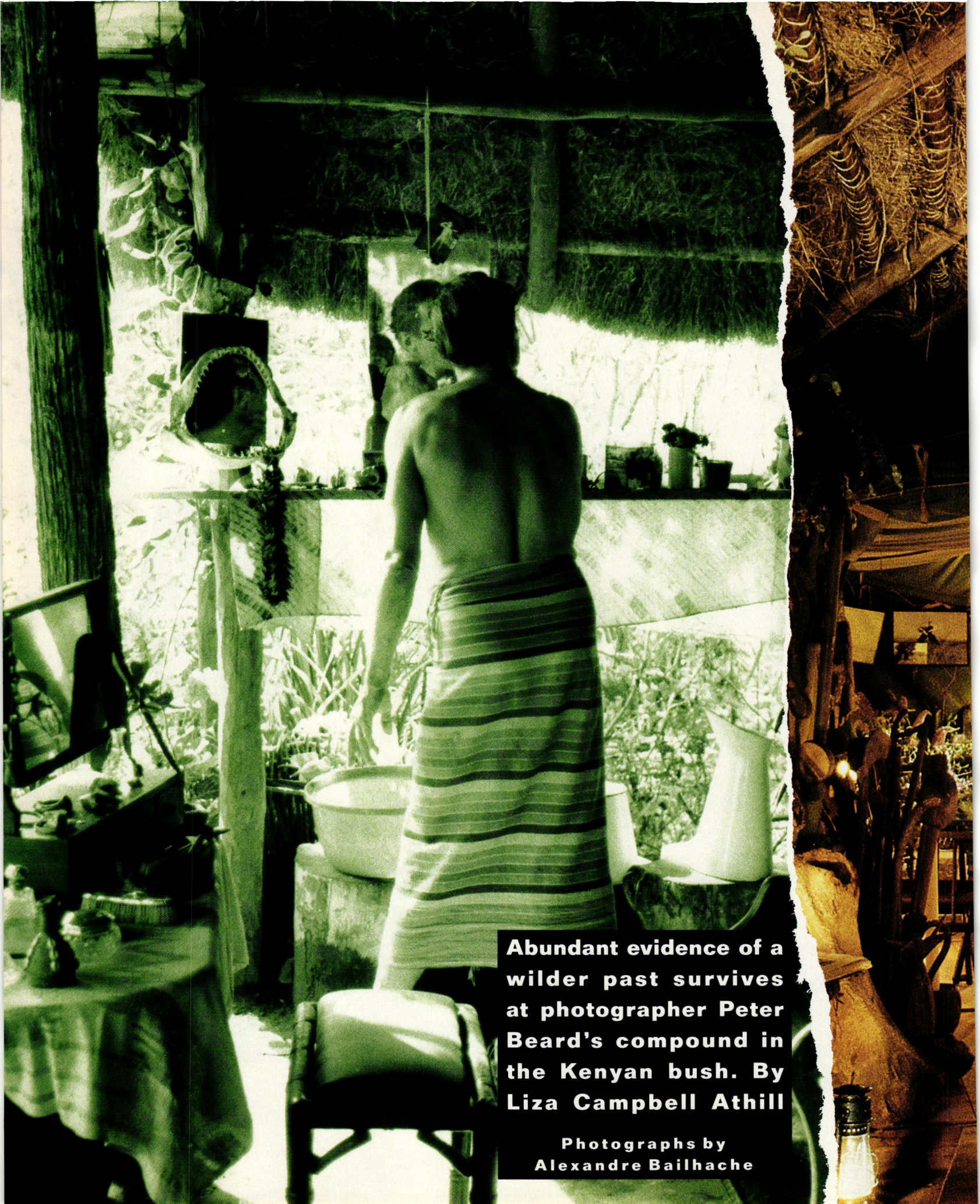


Once inside, however, one instantly recognizes that the exterior is a skillful exercise in the concealment of wealth. It is startling to find that such grand interior spaces are hidden within an almost unadorned brick box. By far the most extraordinary feature of the rooms at Gunston Hall is the wood carving, the finest in any American house of its time. In 1755 an English craftsman named William Buckland was signed on as an indentured servant to Mason for four years, in return for which he received "Meat, Drink, Washing & Lodging" and a salary of £20 a year. Mason got more than his money's worth. Using the *(Text continued on page 231)*



The bedroom shared by George and Ann Mason is on the main floor of the house; their nine children occupied the upper story. Over the mantel is a portrait of Mary Mason Selden, the owner's sister.





Abundant evidence of a wilder past survives at photographer Peter Beard's compound in the Kenyan bush. By Liza Campbell Athill

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache

Into Africa



Peter Beard, *opposite*, dressed in a Swahili kikoi, shaves on the veranda off his sleeping tent at Hog Ranch. *Below:* In the evening the stylishly chaotic mess tent is aglow with the light of storm lanterns, Dutch colonial oil lamps, and candles. A giant buffalo skull hangs from the rafters.







DRIVING WEST OUT OF NAIROBI a muddy little track leads to Hog Ranch, the magical camp that is home to Peter Beard and his extended family. Hidden away in thick bush, only yards from creeping suburbia, the camp is a romantic time warp that its owner nostalgically describes as the "last refuge of rustic authenticity in Kenya."

A turbulent blend of photographer, environmentalist, heartthrob, high-society party boy, and obsessive diarist, Beard, now fifty-two, first left New York for East Africa in the mid fifties. He had gone to retrace the footsteps of his heroine Karen Blixen, aka Isak Dinesen, the writer, whom he later tracked down in her native Denmark. Blixen took him under her wing, and in return he took on responsibility for her former household staff of six after she died in 1962. This friendship with one of Kenya's best-known pioneers left Beard with an all-consuming passion for Africa's dwindling wildlife and a desire for life lived in disheveled elegance.

In the mid sixties, a time when foreign ownership of land was discouraged, Beard set out to build himself a permanent camp. Two years of sweat, charm, and stubborn resolve finally secured him President Jomo Kenyatta's permission to lease forty-five precious acres. Bordered by an ancient cattle track, the camp lies in sight of the fist-shaped Ngongs—the towering hills where Blixen's lover, Denys Finch-Hatton, is buried—which surround the Masai grazing lands. Beard named it Hog Ranch after the amiable family of warthogs that inhabit the area and can be spotted through the trees in the evening light.

Previously married to Newport socialite Minnie Cushing and model Cheryl Tiegs, Beard now divides his time between New York, Montauk, and Hog Ranch with his third wife, Najma Khanum Beard, a strikingly beautiful young Afghani woman, and their two-year-old daughter, Zara. Days at Hog Ranch are anything but routine. An avid equestrian, reed-thin Najma often spends the early morning hours on horseback. Other times she might fly to Zanzibar for a few days, accompany her husband on a trip to the tiny island of Lamu, or collect Zara and her two nannies and go off on a safari to Lake Baringo. Beard may hole up in his studio to work on his myriad projects or pack up and leave unexpectedly to photograph a Masai circumcision ceremony.

When the Beards are home, the camp hums with fellow conservationists, writers, old white hunters turned wardens, soul-eyed giraffes (that wander in from a nearby sanctuary), leggy models, big game fishermen, and hangers-on, all of whom come to eat under the stars and listen to their host's impassioned diatribes on any given subject. Only a handful of guests have ever been known to get in more than a word or two during

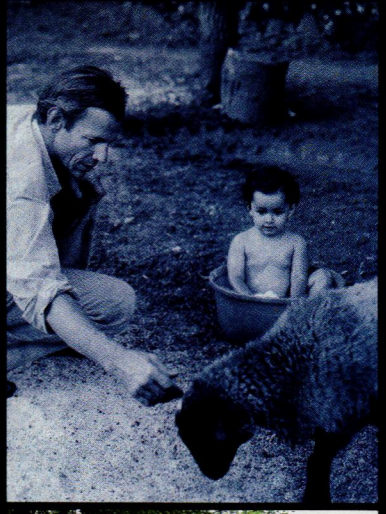




The rustic kitchen, *left*, is the work of Mwengi, the resident carpenter at Hog Ranch. *Right:* Najma Khanum Beard at her dressing table. *Above from left:* Three Masai who are helping Beard and writer Gillies Turles gather material for a book on Masai art; a sampling of Beard's collection of Masai and Turkana walking sticks; two members of the family of warthogs for which the ranch was named. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Beard photographing Wambui, the wife of Kamante, who was Karen Blixen's majordomo; bathing his daughter, Zara, in a basin; working on his diaries; a crocodile carved by one of the staff at Hog Ranch; the thatched entrance to one of the tents; Beard in 1962 with Kamante; a shark's jaw that decorates a mirror; Beard carting his diary materials to his studio; a sheep in front of a *Euphorbia candelabrum* tree; a British tea service, c. 1900, with warthog tusk handles.

OPPOSITE BOTTOM LEFT: PETER BEARD/VISIONS





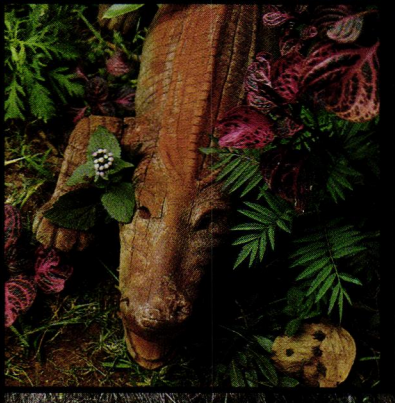

















9
SUNDAY
JULY
Montauk
AERO CLUB OF EAST AFRICA
Bristol



Beard describes his impressionistic diaries as "a time capsule collage of the past thirty years."



From the floor of his bedroom, Beard works on his diaries as his friend Saitoti relaxes in a wicker chair. *Right:* Zara, dressed as a fairy, perches on an accommodating warthog. *Far right:* A drawing of the animals at Hog Ranch by Kivoi Mathenge, Kamante's scribe.







the course of an evening when Beard is in full flow.

Shelter is provided by traditional Low & Bonar safari tents that have wooden floors and simple thatched roofs to protect the occupants from the summer monsoon rains. Each tent is separated from the others by stone paths and screened by banks of flowering shrubs. There is no modern plumbing except for a thunderbox in the studio, the few electric lights are powered by a generator, and the refrigerator runs on gas. Still, Beard hasn't relinquished many creature comforts: each morning he wakes up to hot tea and honey-buttered toast, fires are lit to take the chill out of the mountain air, and someone is always there to draw his bath, even if only in a tin tub painted white and placed inside a blue canvas bathing tent. Sleeping tents offer beds draped with muslin mosquito nets made in Mombasa and traditional folding camp chairs of mahogany with buffalo hide seats. The interior of the mess tent, which serves as dining room and living room, is the three-dimensional equivalent of Beard's famous collage diaries. Stuffy old table lamps with fat tasseled shades—which wouldn't look out of place in a maiden aunt's Victorian parlor—are surrounded by rocks, shark's jaws, and the bones of elephants, crocodiles, and warthogs. Other tables are cluttered with skulls (one human) and candles made by the local Dominican nuns. Beard's photographs of Iman (the statuesque model he discovered), beaded necklaces, and Picasso prints crowd the canvas walls; guinea fowl feathers protrude from empty gourds once used to mix blood and milk (components of the Masai diet); books and maps spill out of shelves; a massive buffalo head, lit by the russet glow of storm lanterns, hangs in the rafters. And in the middle of this existential magpie's nest sits Beard, cloaked in a saronglike cloth called a kikoi, hunched over his diary, gluing and scribbling and talking.

Beard is a man with prodigious quantities of nervous energy and a wealth of opinions and theories which he issues forth with scant regard for the formality of pauses. Similarly compelling and riotous, the pages of his diary are a mélange of hand-prints, dead insects, mud smears, newspaper cuttings, and doodles. *(Text continued on page 232)*

TOP RIGHT: PETER BEARD/VISIONS



Beyond the Pale



The subtlety of the Scandinavian palette lights up the work of Boston decorative painter John Andersen

By Alexandra Enders

Photographs by William Waldron

DECORATIVE PAINTER JOHN ANDERsen's two-bedroom apartment on an unassuming street in Boston's South End is a paean to light. And not New England light either, though he's tamed that harsh white glare admirably. When Andersen moved from his native Copenhagen seventeen years ago, he brought a mastery of the gentle glow of Scandinavia to Boston. "Where I come from, people tend to develop a sixth sense about light because it's so precious," he says. In a land of long winters Andersen learned to coax the sun, to draw rays through a window and pull them across a room. You can see it in the color of his walls, in his choice of curtains, and in the antique furniture he paints.

As an eight-year-old, Andersen biked to Copenhagen's National Museum where he discovered the Swedish manor house tradition—simple crisp interiors with subtle painted details developed as

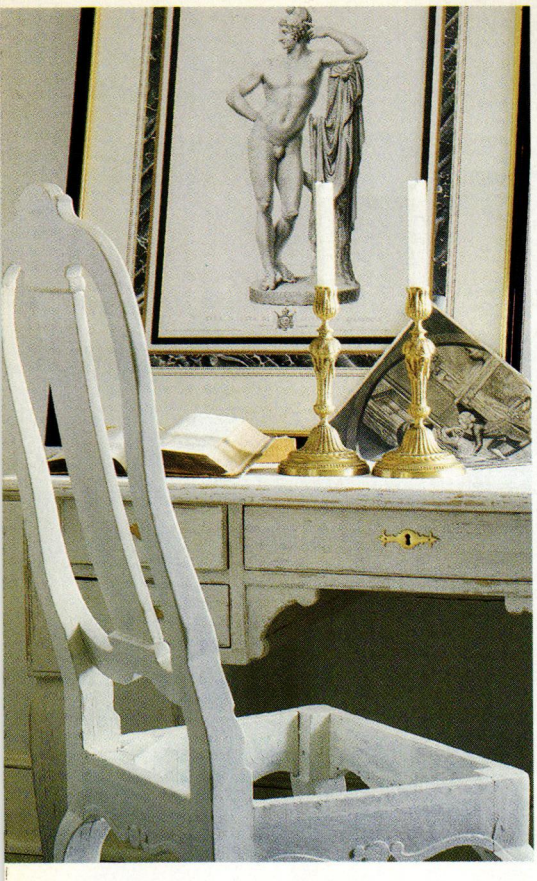


Light plays off muslin curtains and streaked shell pink walls in the bedroom, *left*, furnished with a classic Swedish four-poster and other antiques, all of which bear evidence of Andersen's painterly touch. *Right:* A covered urn, c. 1880, from Andersen's collection of Danish porcelain. Details see Resources.



To create the ambiance of a traditional Scandinavian library, Andersen built a wall of bookcases and embellished them with gray and white pilasters. The showpiece of the room is a tiled and painted table of Andersen's own design.


NAPOLEONS FAMILY
FRENCH FAIENCE
INTERIOR DECORATION





When Andersen found his white dining chairs, they were covered in "gold radiator paint," and his crimson velvet library chair came to him a "homely brown wreck"



an antidote to the gloomy weather. His passion for eighteenth-century Scandinavian design—"French rococo made human"—mystified his family of tradesmen, but Andersen knew he had found his calling. Growing up in an environment where art school wasn't an option, he worked a series of odd jobs and slipped away to museums every Sunday, notepad in hand, to copy ornamental motifs, furniture styles, and colors. Through intense looking, not only in Scandinavia but all over Europe, Andersen taught himself the complex techniques of water gilding (laying gold leaf in gesso and burnishing it) and decorative painting in the eighteenth-century Gustavian fashion. When he opened his Copenhagen studio to the public, he was amazed by the demand for restored and hand-painted furniture.

After an auspicious introduction to Boston as a tourist in 1972—scouring the antiques shops with a friend, he discovered a corner cupboard he'd painted a month before in Copenhagen—Andersen moved to the United States for good. He opened a shop, now located on Wareham Street in an old furniture showroom, and began brightening Brahmin interiors with his distinctive palette. For his own living quarters he set about converting a Beacon Street apartment into a miniature Swedish manor house and bumped headlong into Yankee opportunism: when his landlady realized what could be done with her dingy walk-up, she promptly upped the rent. Undaunted, Andersen moved on, revitalizing a series of spaces before he found his current home.

A perfectionist when it comes to color, Andersen spent days dropping paint in a bucket until he hit upon the exact shades for these rooms. The results are gloriously subtle: highlighted by a white ceiling, moldings, and pilasters, the living room appears peach until a closer

Andersen's Boston studio and shop, *left* and *above left*, is filled with his signature painted furniture, much of it battered antiques that he has resuscitated. *Above right:* In the entrance hall of his apartment a French table stands in front of portières of Stroheim & Romann silk, which Andersen designed with Boston decorator Ingrid Goulston.

look reveals elements of brown, taupe, red, and mauve; across the room the library's pale lavender walls comprise layers of purple, red, and gray; and the guest bedroom breathes pink delicacy.

Blessed with a scavenger's instinct for buried treasure, Andersen rescues battered antiques from junk heaps and flea markets and transforms them into "what I imagine they could be." He first glimpsed his pristine white dining chairs covered in "gold radiator paint" atop an antiques picker's truck. His 1770s console was painted "kitchen blue" and languishing in a Charles Street shop before he restored it to a regal shade of gold. And his crimson velvet armchair, resplendent with gilding, came to him a "homely brown wreck." Andersen's tampering doesn't always stop with furniture—he bought an unsigned eighteenth-century English landscape and, noticing it had no warm colors, added some daubs of red. "I know restorers would object," he says, "but I can always paint it out."

Assisting Andersen in his battle against dull brown furniture is decorative painter Roberto Figueiredo, who sees to it that every wooden piece entering the studio is washed with ammonia and stripped before the slow process of layering with milk paint begins. Andersen is particularly adept at imagining how something would have aged and, once the desired paint effect has been achieved, giving it the patina of time—rubbing bare a tabletop, a desk drawer or, in the case of a tea *(Text continued on page 232)*



Under an 18th-century Danish chandelier, *above*, a Danish dining table keeps company with a pair of English dining chairs painted a soothing white. *Right:* The gray tabletop brings out the polish in a pair of Swedish brass candlesticks and an English silver vase and sauce pot.



Chicago Modern

Art comes to the fore in a Gold Coast apartment designed by architects Ronald Krueck and Keith Olsen. By Pilar Viladas

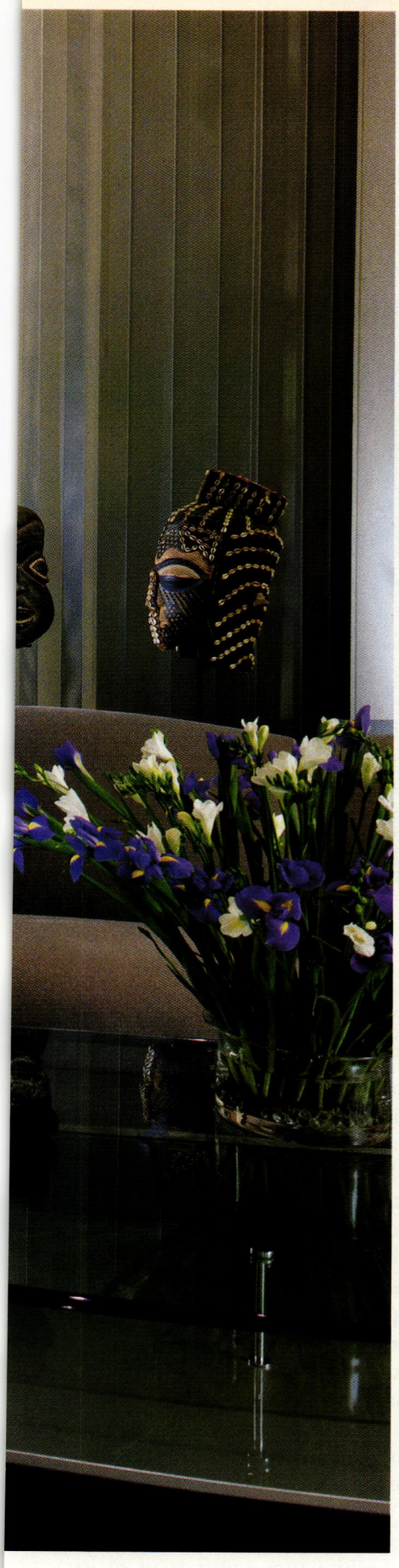
Photographs by Timothy Hursley



In the living room a mohair velvet banquette, Barcelona chairs from KnollStudio, and a custom carpet from V'Soske help create a subtle backdrop for a Miró figure and works by Giacometti, Dufy, Dubuffet, Rouault, and Calder. Details see Resources.



Krueck & Olsen have done more highly colored interiors, but here, in a bow





A motorized curtain of perforated metal slats screens the living room, with its architect-designed banquette and coffee table, *left*, from the dining room where a diptych, also motorized, by James Rosenquist doubles as a movable window covering. *Below:* A Sol LeWitt sculpture points the way to the study where a bracket-mounted Léger "floats" against mushroom-colored silk curtains. *Above:* In the entry, paintings by Miró and Chagall hang on a wall upholstered in silk satin.

IN CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURAL circles, the Chicago firm of Krueck & Olsen defies easy categorization. Stylistically, Ronald Krueck and Keith Olsen are descendants of Mies van der Rohe, a pioneer of the international style, who not only made Chicago his adopted home after fleeing Nazi Germany but also made it America's modernist bastion.

Krueck and Olsen, however, have pushed and pulled Mies's rather puritanical right-angled steel and glass boxes into startling compositions of taut curves, layered planes, and quietly opulent materials assembled with the precision of Fabergé eggs and nearly as expensive. In the Windy City, the name Krueck & Olsen is a household word, but only in very select households.

A recent case in point is this 3,500-square-foot apartment, with a breathtaking view of Lake Michigan, in one of the city's Gold Coast buildings. The owners, a couple prominent in Chicago arts and civic circles, thought it would be the perfect place to house their impressive collection of twentieth-century and African art. And they thought Krueck & Olsen would be the perfect architects to design that place.

But the architects didn't get to design quite as much as they might have somewhere else. This apartment had been renovated in the early 1970s in a distinctly contemporary mode, with "punched" windows, white marble floors in the living and dining rooms, and teak cabinets. A low white marble ledge in the living room concealed indirect lighting. A motorized curtain of fabric strips screened the dining room from the living room. And a diptych by Robert Motherwell had been designed to double as a window covering in the dining room. The Motherwell went with the previous owner (eventually to be replaced by a James Rosenquist diptych), but everything else stayed behind. "What existed was relatively good," explains Ron Krueck. And, just as important, it constituted a suitably neutral backdrop for the owners' Légers, Mirós, Rouaults, and other treasures. So, apart from reconfiguring the bedrooms and study to create a more open flow of space, the architects concentrated mainly on creating "more subtle divisions" among the boxy spaces of the apartment—or, as Krueck puts it, they "tried to break those rectangles down."

While the architects have in the past accomplished that end by creating undulating partitions of metal mesh or faceted walls of glass, here the walls were left alone to accommodate works such as a cobalt blue George Segal figure or a brightly colored Eric Fischl painting. So Krueck & Olsen's signature curves were introduced to the art, "our palette was pulled way down"





with furniture (the sinuous banquette and glass and steel coffee table in the living room), fabric (the raw silk curtains that soften the window walls), and details (the soft bevel that marks the edges of doors and the stone and glass tabletops).

The architects' sensuous spin on modernism owes a great deal to their sense of color and texture. In the entry a Miró and a red Chagall hang on a wall covered in silver gray satin. Two of Mies's Barcelona chairs, in the living room, are upholstered in an iridescent gray green textured silk. His Brno chairs, surrounding the dining table, are in a pewter-finish leather. In the study a Léger seems to float against mushroom-colored raw silk curtains (it is actually mounted on wall brackets). The fabric strips in the dining room partition were replaced by slats of perforated metal. Built-in furniture and cabinet doors are coated in metallic auto-body paint.

The architects have designed much more highly colored interiors, but here, in a bow to the art, "our palette was pulled way down," explains Krueck. However, their propensity toward shiny surfaces allows them to walk on the wild side without falling off the edge: "The higher the finish, the more color you can add because with the reflection a lot of color goes away." In this apartment they created a broad spectrum of color within the given range of neutrals by adding accents—like the blue granite on the living room banquette—that bring out the hues inherent in the grays.

All this understated luxe and volupté might be a bit much were it not for the calme imposed on it by the architects' rigorous geometry. For them curves are not arbitrary but relate instead to practical concerns: the banquette winds around to respond to the flow of conversation; the edge of a carpet veers away from a straight line in deference to the flow of traffic. If the time-honored modernist dictate "Form follows function" (which, after all, was coined in Chicago) has come to connote the merely utilitarian, Ron Krueck and Keith Olsen's architecture reminds us of its original, more elegant, intent. ▲

Editor: Charles Gandee

Quietly opulent materials put a spin on the modernist dictate "Form follows function"



An Étienne Hajdu sculpture in the bedroom, with an Eames lounge chair from Herman Miller and a Cedric Hartman lamp from Jack Lenor Larsen. *Opposite:* A George Segal figure, paintings by Gris and Léger, a Barbara Hepworth bronze, and an African mask in the living room. Cab chair from Atelier International.



Mrs. Henry Parish II with her Pekingese, Yummy, in a 1968 portrait by Aaron Schickler. *Opposite:* Mrs. Parish's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hermann Kinnicutt, combined Georgian antiques, Lowestoft porcelain, and chintz upholstery in the living room at Mayfields, the country house they built at Far Hills, New Jersey, in 1920.

Mrs. Parish

EVEN MY AUNT JOAN, HOPELESSLY sentimental about every member of our family, admitted that I was a hideous baby. After staring for days at my scrunched-up face and straight brown hair, my father finally pried my eyes open only to discover that they were dull brown. "We'll always dress her in brown," Mother is reported to have said. "It's our only possible hope." My birth certificate read Dorothy May Kinnicutt, but the name Sister was immediately hung on me by my three-year-old brother, Frankie. It has not been an easy cross to bear. I often receive calls from religious groups asking me if I'd meet refugees at the dock. And when I was asked to help "do" the White House, a newspaper headline announced KENNEDYS PICK NUN TO DECORATE WHITE HOUSE.

I was born by mistake in our house in Morristown, New Jersey. I was supposed to have entered the world properly in our New York house, but Mother and I didn't quite have time. The date was July 15, 1910, and my premature arrival was one of the last occasions when the timetable of our lives would be interrupted for many years to come. Fifteen days later I was aboard the Bar Harbor express, heading towards the first of my eighty summers at Dark Harbor on the island of Islesboro, Maine. I traveled in the same white wicker bassinet that had carried my mother and her mother, the same bassinet that would carry my daughter and her daughter. I was receiving, quite unconsciously, my first lesson in good things. Even the simplest wicker basket can become priceless when it is loved and cared for through the generations of a family.

After the short ferry ride to our beautiful island, surreys and buckboards took us through the pine woods to my grandparents' house on the point. It is owned by my brother Gory's family now,



and nothing about it has changed over the years. Today, on the porch of my own house on the island, with the smell of jasmine, lilies, and heliotrope in the salt air, I sometimes take it for granted that the clock has stopped.

Nothing around me is without a story. There are a hundred pieces of golden oak—now painted white and decorated with roses and pine trees, cats and dogs—that my husband, Harry, and I bought with the house for $100. And there are my mother's chaise piled with fluted linen pillows from the Parish family; my father's chair with a book holder attached by a swinging brass arm; pastels of my brothers; and pictures of my grandmother's great-grandchildren on the parlor mantel, where a needlework border of blue and yellow roses takes the place of lace that had sadly been washed once too often. Upstairs, I sleep in the maple four-poster I was born in.

At night, wherever I am, I hear the waves lapping against the rocks and the seagulls calling. None of us who grew up in Dark Harbor, who knew the beaches, the coves, the sailing races, the picnics, the little movie house, the only store, the dances in the grand ballroom, will ever forget it. It has formed a bond between us. No words have to be spoken.

A sense of continuity is extremely important to me, and it is, I hope, implicit in my decorating. As a child I discovered the happiness that familiar things can bring—an old apple tree, a favorite garden, the scent of a fresh-clipped hedge—simply knowing that when you round the corner, nothing will be changed. That lucky part of my life I try now to instill in each house that I do. Some think a decorator should change a house. I try to give a house permanence.

Expressing personal feelings and memories is the essence of decorating. I find that people who can abandon all their old possessions or uproot the first rosebush they ever planted are lacking in a sense of what I call "home." Hundreds of new roses can't make up for the loss of that first bush. The same is true of your first room, your first house. The first thing I ever bought on my own was a cobbler's bench. My pride in that purchase is still with me, and the bench is right there in my barn in Maine. It is a memory, not a cobbler's bench.

The memory that emerges strongest from my childhood is the strict, reassuring pattern of our family life. It worked like clockwork. We would leave Dark Harbor for Morristown the day after Labor Day. No questions. We would leave Morristown for the house in New York City the Monday after Thanksgiving.

The legendary decorator reflects on the lessons she learned growing up in her family's houses and striking out on her own

By Mrs. Henry Parish II

Remembers



May Appleton Tuckerman, later Mrs. G. Hermann Kinnicutt, at left, with a friend outside J. P. Morgan's house in Murray Hill during the 1880s. As a girl, May's daughter, Dorothy May (Mrs. Parish), roller-skated on the same sidewalks.

No questions. We would leave New York to return to New Jersey on the Thursday before Good Friday. No questions. We would leave the country to board the Bar Harbor express for Maine on July 2. No questions.

Upon returning each fall, our only fear was that school would soon be starting. But at least that, too, was a certainty. Every morning Mademoiselle would sponge the Boston waterproof around the soles of our shoes so they'd be black and shiny. Mealtimes were sacred, and if you weren't on time, you didn't eat. Bedtime was on the dot. Manners, of course, were always correct—the boys bowed and I curtsied, elbows were never on the table—and family tradition was instilled in us from the beginning. Our American forebears included Cotton Mather and Oliver Wolcott, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and we were told that a strong wire of character stretched from them through all generations of our family. If the wire was strong enough in us, anything we might do would turn out right.

Our New York neighborhood for the first six years of my life was Murray Hill. The houses were mostly large comfortable brownstones, but with the exception of J. P. Morgan's, there were few mansions to rival those on Fifth Avenue. When I roller-skated around the block, I knew the family that lived in each house. And I didn't have to venture more than two blocks in any direction to find a treat at one of my grandparents' houses.

Just around the corner were my Kinnicutt grandparents. He was Dr. Francis Kinnicutt, one of the foremost physicians in the country. When patients summoned him to their bedside, they often sent their private railway car to ease the trip. One of his patients and closest friends was Edith Wharton. My grandmother Eleonora Kinnicutt was a woman of distinct character and frozen expression—all bust, bustles, and severity. (Her principal charity was placing No Spitting signs in subways.) I'm afraid that the Kinnicutts had appalling taste: polar bear rugs, moose heads, and antlers everywhere, golden oak furniture, and dreary pastoral paintings.

My maternal grandparents, the Bayard Tuckermans, were much more social. Annie Tuckerman was a pretty, frail woman of enormous charm. My mother, who was to inherit her charm—and her sharp wit—was the object of many of her more notable remarks. On one occasion, Grandmother Tuckerman introduced her to President Cleveland by saying, "I'm sorry, but today May looks like a piece of tissue paper." Another time she explained, "May is rather plain, but she always has a pure heart and a clean handkerchief." Bayard Tuckerman was a gentle, adoring husband whose occupation was first to minister to his wife's real or imaginary needs—principally the latter—and second to write books on American history. He was a lecturer at Princeton until Grandmother made it quite plain that she couldn't bear living there.

My father was G. Hermann Kinnicutt. He went to Harvard and, several years after graduating, with his uncle formed the brokerage firm of Kissel, Kinnicutt, which later merged with Kidder, Peabody & Co. An avid sportsman, my father was also learned and well traveled. He became a collector and connoisseur of English and American antique furniture, and I am sure that much of my knowledge of furniture originates with him. We used to bicycle all over the New Jersey countryside exploring out-of-the-way antiques shops, and whenever we tinkled the bell on another shop door, Daddy would invariably buy me a Staffordshire figure. Thus collections are born.

I could never repay his love and kindnesses, of course, but once, soon after I was married, I tried as hard as I could. It was the depth of the Depression, and in addition to his firm's financial troubles, Daddy became deathly ill. On impulse, I took a check for all the money I had in the world, $1,000, went to the hospital, and pinned it to his pillowcase, saying, "I've put something under your pillow so you will never have to worry again." It never occurred to me that my offering wouldn't be his salvation.

The knowledge of furniture that I received from my father is essential to decorating, but without taste, all the knowledge in the world won't help you make a room look right. My father had good taste in a scholarly sense. My mother had instinctive good taste. He would find an important eighteenth-century desk. She would know that the crystal candlestick should go on it, that this figurine and porcelain bowl would balance the family photographs that brought the desk to life. She knew precisely how that desk should look in a morning room and how it should look in a living room. She knew it instinctively.

Mother was gentle but strong-willed. She never raised her voice to make her point. More often than not, she would say nothing at all. She had a way of looking at a spoon, and the maid would instantly whisk it away and get out the silver polish. She would turn her gaze to a corner of the garden and the gardener would know exactly which rose to prune. When she wanted to use leftovers for dinner, she would ask the cook what was in the kitchen and he would invariably answer, "Nothing." She would say, "Then make something very very good out of it." And he would.

Everything in its place was almost an obsession with Mother. When she came

into a room, her eye might spot a tiny object an inch out of place, and without diverting her attention from the person she was greeting she would manage to put the object back where it belonged. When she came home from the hospital just before she died, she had the orderlies carry her on a stretcher from room to room, and wherever she went she would find something an inch out of place and put it back. That is perfection.

Naturally the rooms I lived in as a child put pictures in my mind that have stayed with me and influenced my decorating. The first room I can recall is one that was taken away from me when I was six. It was my family's sitting room in Morristown. The walls were white, the floor covered with pale yellow matting and a needlework rug of strewn white roses, tattered and worn. The furniture was wicker painted white and the cushions and curtains were of a heavy white cotton printed with vines and roses that looked like the flowers in my mother's vases. The doorstop was an iron dog painted black. Family pictures in silver frames were everywhere, and atop the white mantel, which had a deep organdy and lace ruffle tucked onto the edge of the shelf, was a gold clock under a glass dome which struck on the half hour. On the round table next to the sofa was a silver bell. To this day I can see and hear it summoning someone in the house. Maid or child, we came.

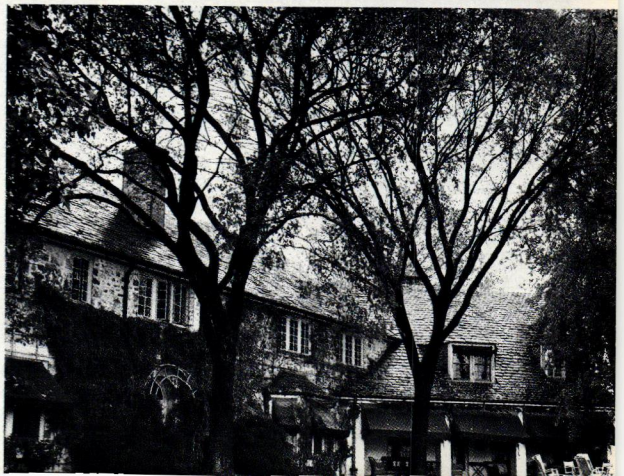
The lamps were twisted glass with paper shades that my father had made using lacy cutouts of flowers, birds, and clouds. I remember my mother saying, "Please put a wash of pale pink inside them." Years later, in Paris, I was to hear those words echoed when Madame Ritz conducted me on a tour of the Hôtel Ritz. She said, "In doing a room, you have only one rule to remember: always line your lampshades with pale pink." White wicker crept back into my life when I was nineteen and decorating my own first house in New Jersey. And today my house in Maine feels like home to me because it looks like the first room that I remember.

In my mother's day decorators, as we know them now, were not in evidence. People did their own houses, and if the job was a large one, they enlisted the services of grand upholstery shops like Lenygon & Morant, Mrs. Hooper, Schmitt & Co., or French & Co. When my parents decided to move our New York home from East 36th Street to 65 East 82nd Street, they hired Schmitt & Co. I was then six years old, and though not deeply touched by the new house, I



I can still hear Mother's silver bell summoning someone in the house. Maid or child, we came





Awnings shade a porch at Mayfields, *right*. *Above:* In Mrs. Kinnicutt's bedroom, 18th-century Tuckerman family furniture stands near the four-poster in which Dorothy May, nicknamed Sister, was born. Mr. Kinnicutt found the bedspread in a New Jersey antiques shop. *Top:* Lydia Emmet's portrait of Hermann "Gory" Kinnicutt hangs between Lowestoft figurines above his mother's maple desk. Both the desk and the painted valance are now at Mrs. Parish's house in Maine.









Georgian paneling in the Mayfields library, *below*. *Above right:* The Queen Anne secretary from the library in Mrs. Parish's Fifth Avenue apartment. *Top right:* The front hall at Mayfields. *Top left:* The same mirrored late Georgian girandole against aubergine walls at Mrs. Parish's in the 1970s. *Above left:* The mirror and a Mayfields chair at her present residence, with painted chairs from the Kinnicutts' Paris apartment.



was impressed. It was six stories tall, with a great curving stairway and an elevator. The people from Schmitt installed a pine-paneled library from England, a white and gold paneled drawing room, mahogany doors, old parquet floors, and Queen Anne mirrors. My father traveled to England to inspect each paneled room before it was shipped. "English, all English," were the words I was to hear so often. And across the sea they came: inlaid sideboards, a breakfront secretary, lacquered consoles, Adam chairs that stood around a very old card table—even the paintings were all English. The only exception to my father's command was my bedroom. I had two canopied beds and a highboy which were distinctly early American. They are now in my granddaughter's bedroom in Boston, looking as warm and beautiful as they did when I was a child.

The most momentous event of my young life occurred in 1920. It was the day we moved from Morristown to Mayfields, our new stone house set on miles and miles of rolling country in Far Hills, New Jersey. Designed by John Cross, it had taken three years to build and Daddy was absorbed by the project. We had a swimming pool and a tennis court, a bathhouse and a tennis house, and a barn. My own room was the only French one in the house. It was done in yellow flowered chintz and painted furniture, gay but very sophisticated for a ten-year-old. I had white wallpaper with little gold stars and a parquet floor from Paris, glowing with wax and age. Before the fireplace was an Aubusson carpet, brown with pale flowers and blue ribbons. When my parents showed the room to me with pride and joy, I hurled myself on the bed and sobbed, "You promised me pink!" I think it was the only time I ever saw Mother cry. But of course, I did learn to love the room, and almost everything that was in it remains with me today.

Mayfields was to be my parents' most fulfilling house, and I think it was there that I absorbed my standards for perfection. But if Mother and Daddy were striving for perfection in their only daughter, I'm afraid they were desper-

TOP LEFT: HORST. CENTER LEFT: OBERTO GILI. CENTER RIGHT: OBERTO GILI

ately disappointed. By the second grade they discovered that I was a hopeless child, untalented, uninterested, and not at all graceful. Together they did everything in their power to salvage what they could of me. Nothing went untried—fencing lessons, ballet class, sewing instruction—but every attempt was doomed to failure. The most wasted efforts of all were the journeys to Europe "for education." We toured in a Hispano-Suiza followed by a second car bearing our luggage. We visited all the great palaces and museums and I never learned anything. I kept my eyes closed tight in every cathedral.



G. Hermann Kinnicutt, c. 1914, with his eldest son, Francis (Frankie), Sister, and their poodle, Monsieur Beaucaire.

Of course, my parents laid their greatest hopes in the schools they sent me to, and this must have been the bitterest disappointment of all. If I have very few memories of my first schools, it is probably because I allowed so few thoughts to enter my head there. Somehow I managed to make it through until it was time for Foxcroft. No other boarding school was considered. My principal accomplishment at Foxcroft was the method I developed for avoiding exams: all I had to do was press a tender spot on the bridge of my nose and I would get an uncontrollable nosebleed. I won a prize for punctuality and was runner-up for the good manners prize. But no diploma, not even a certificate.

> Daddy and I bicycled all over the New Jersey countryside to out-of-the-way antiques shops. Thus collections are born

At one point the school became so alarmed at my utter lack of progress that they took a step unheard of in those days. They suggested that I be analyzed by a doctor. Mother took me to Dr. Draper. He was a psychiatrist, but he was also a relative and that made it all right. He asked me, "Do you like school?" and Mother answered, "No." He asked, "Do you like riding?" and Mother answered, "Yes." He asked, "Do you believe in God?" and Mother answered, "No." Finally he told me that I could leave. He asked Mother to stay.

By the time I was seventeen, nature had begun to change its mind about me. I was beginning to look somewhat attractive and a series of beaus paraded through my life. Mother and Daddy, who were horrified at my seeing a Yale man, decided that the time had come to introduce me to society. My coming-out party was held in New York after the 1927 Harvard-Yale game. We had Lester Lanin at one end of the ballroom and Meyer Davis at the other. Predictably, quite a few guests arrived slightly drunk after the Harvard-Yale festivities, but my brothers were effective bouncers and the party was a huge success.

I finally had enough of dances, and the next summer I went again to Paris, this time with a close friend. My parents had an apartment at 23 quai d'Orsay. I'd seen the apartment before, of course, but when I entered it this time, eighteen years old and feeling very grown-up, something stirred inside me. I marveled at the delicately carved fruitwood tables. I sensed the romance of Louis XV and XVI fauteuils covered in exquisite stripes and damasks. I began to feel the love of painted furniture that has followed me through all my decorating. I knew I was discovering something important, but I didn't know why. The rest of the trip was spent touring French houses. This time my eyes were open, and so was my heart. I was at last beginning to understand beauty and the role it would play in my life.

My parents' goal for me at eighteen was marriage, as quickly and as honorably as possible. Honorably did not include any of the Yale sophomores I had been seeing. Mother became more convinced than ever that Yale was not really a college and that those who went there had little justification for being alive. She felt the same way about Princeton. The only man for me would be a Harvard man, and then only if he were a member of the Porcellian Club. The Porcellian elected fewer than ten members a year, so this considerably narrowed my prospects. With that in mind, Mother sent out invitations to a black-tie dinner party. I didn't have to ask any of the men where they had gone to college or what club they had joined. They were all at least three years out of Harvard and settled in good jobs in either banking or finance. I thought they were ancient. They thought they were gods.

We girls were all in a state of excitement and dread, and I doubt that any of us would have said more than two intelligible words to the men if one of them hadn't been so innately polite that he saw his duty to make an effort with us. He was Harry Parish. He was wonderful looking with bright blue eyes and broad shoulders, and I soon learned that he was gentle and sweet as well as perfectly mannered, and, best of all, we had the same taste in music. This led naturally to dancing to the bands at the Casino in Central Park, and soon we were dining there two and three times a week. I knew I was bound to marry him.

Another family trip to Europe had been planned for that summer and I was

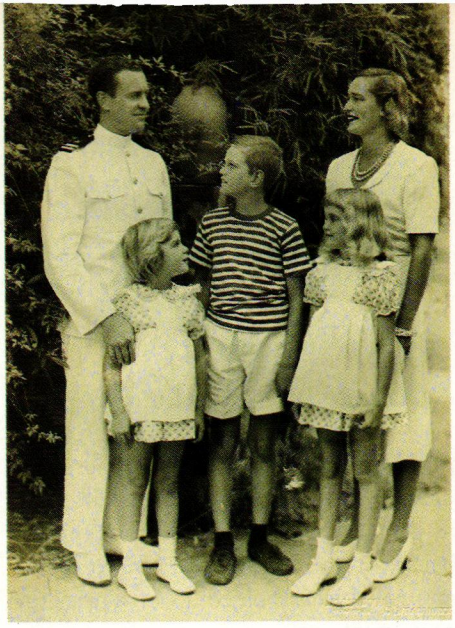
miserable about leaving. But to help take my mind off Harry, I did have Paris and trips to châteaus. When I came across anything especially pretty, I would imagine it in "our" house. I would wander past the shops, slyly buying small flower drawings or a porcelain bowl with garlands of ribbons. We returned home in September, and from then on Harry and I were hardly ever separated. It became apparent to both of our families that formal discussions would have to be held soon.

Harry's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Parish, were older than my parents and of another world. My mother and father were racy by comparison. At the time I was falling in love with Harry, his family was living with his grandfather, the banker Henry Parish, whose house on East 79th Street was one of the grandest in New York. Most of the furniture came from Paris in suites made to order, and the Parish children learned to roller-skate on an Aubusson carpet.

When the time came for the two families to talk seriously about our marriage, my mother met Mrs. Parish at the Tea Court of the Plaza. As soon as tea arrived and the waiter was gone, Mrs. Parish, with a trembling voice, announced that she had a confession to make that might stop our wedding. Mother waited with dread to hear her out, fearing syphilis, insanity, or worse. With tears in her eyes, Mrs. Parish confessed that her daughter Eliza was "contemplating divorce." She added that she would understand completely if Mother didn't want such a thing in her family.

Despite other hurdles, Harry and I were married on Saint Valentine's Day, 1930. Everything would have been perfect if I hadn't come down with a serious case of chicken pox on the day of the wedding. I broke out head to toe, developed a 102-degree fever, and as I walked down the aisle, my only thought was, "Thank God for my veil." Throughout our honeymoon in Nassau poor Harry had to handle a sick patient instead of a happy bride, but we were both radiant upon our return.

Harry had a promising job at Loeb, Rhoades, and fortunately for us our



My husband's uncle and aunt concluded that even marrying a Democrat was preferable to marrying a woman in trade

families believed that if you brought your children up in the grand manner, you should help them start their own married lives in the same style. My parents provided a beautiful house at 146 East End Avenue, which had been done entirely by Mrs. Brown of McMillen—with Mother's help and suggestions, of course. Wedding presents provided almost all of the furnishings. We had to buy only one upholstered chair, at Macy's, and I was appalled at having to pay $40. (I still have that chair in my apartment.) We had a couple who worked for us and a laundress twice a week, and we slept on linen sheets and big square pillowcases with monograms so prominent that I often woke up to see DMP stamped on my cheek.

When I was told that I was having a baby, the competition between the grandparents-to-be was keen. The Parish bassinet was starched up and out came the Parish christening dress with its yards of frills and pleats and lace. My parents produced the basket that had carried me to Dark Harbor twenty-one years before, along with silver rattles and bowls. Harry brought home fishing tackle and a baseball bat and was rewarded with a boy. Little Harry's first word was "birdy," which to us meant that it was time to move to the country. We found a small farmhouse in Far Hills—and the first stirrings of my career were about to begin.

OUR HOUSE WAS A THING OF WONDER. IT was white with yellow shutters, a picket fence, and apple trees all around. Young, in love, and full of confidence, I wasn't the least bit afraid of what I would put in the house or of what people might say about my taste. When the Parishes offered to give us furniture from their town house, I chose, of all things, a suite of black ebony. The sofa and chairs were covered in blue tapestry with pink flowers. There was a carpet to match, a bit ragged since it was the one the Parish children used to skate over. I then proceeded to do something no one had ever heard of: I painted the ebony white. I soon discovered that Harry's mother would choke before allowing that the effect was "interesting." But I knew what I was after, and I was delighted with the result. I then put white striped paper on the walls, added two white sofas, a papier-mâché table with fringe, and two white and gold console tables with marble tops, and used white mattress ticking for the curtains. Mrs. Parish thought they were sheets and wondered why I hadn't left the windows bare until the curtains arrived.

Off the living room we built a small greenhouse with an old brick floor, which we furnished with a huge sofa covered in yellow canvas and two white wicker chairs from my Morristown days. This is where we really lived, with the flowers, the pots of bulbs, and the trailing vines. (Thirty years later my daughter Apple turned a greenhouse into the same kind of enchanted living room, and some of my happiest memories returned.) I had our bedroom walls painted dead white, and then decided to paint the floor as well, another daring innovation. I wanted it cherry red with white diamonds, and Harry spent much of the

summer on hands and knees, making sure the diamonds came out right. I had the bedroom mantel made from structural blocks of Steuben glass applied to the wall which I had painted red just there. Over our bed, white silk taffeta flowed downward from a crown. The first night we spent there we kept the lights on because it was so beautiful.

I suppose all of this looked strange in a little farmhouse, and it did puzzle people. But I could sense something in their response beyond the usual hollow compliments. Soon friends came seeking advice. It never occurred to me that I wasn't qualified to give it. The living room at the Essex Hunt Club was looking shabby—could I do something about it? I decided to replace the stiff overly masculine furniture with comfortably upholstered sofas and chairs—a risky thing to do since this was primarily a men's club. I improved the lighting and had mirrors installed so people could see themselves dancing in their pink coats and evening dresses. The compliments were genuine. Then one day our friend Senator Frelinghuysen told me of a new restaurant that needed some decorating help. The place was called Howard Johnson's. I immediately saw the waitresses dressed in aqua and the walls and placemats in aqua, which I must have thought was chic. I haven't done a thing in aqua since, but I still have a love for Howard Johnson's.

I had never known a woman who worked. Certainly not a married woman with a child at home. It was impossible. I had decorated the hunt club for pleasure and advised Howard Johnson's for little more than free ice cream. But the Crash had come, both my father's business and Harry's were coming upon hard times, and any further help from Mr. Parish was suddenly out of the question. Without telling Harry, I decided to go to work. It never occurred to me to start anywhere but at the top, so my first move as a would-be professional decorator was to arrive unannounced in the New York office of the president of Stroheim & Romann, the venerable fabrics house. He gave me a charge account and begged me, for heaven's sake, to leave. I had become a decorator, but I still hadn't worked up the nerve to tell Harry.

A few weeks later I found a small room in Far Hills. I painted it myself and hung out a sign that said MRS. HENRY PARISH II, INTERIORS. When I brought Harry inside, he missed the sign and I had to explain twice before he comprehended that this was my shop. There was a long silence, a slow shaking of the head, then finally a smile full of love and admiration. *(Text continued on page 234)*





Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parish II, *opposite*, in the early 1940s, with their children, Dorothy Bayard (D.B.), Henry III (Harry), and May Appleton (Apple). *Above:* The beds and dressing table shown in a guest room at Mayfields were brought to Dark Harbor. *Left:* Mrs. Parish uses her mother's four-poster and chaise in her own bedroom in Maine. She had rag rugs similar to her own made for Caroline Kennedy at the White House. *Below:* The Parish retreat at Dark Harbor.



CENTER: TED HARDIN. BOTTOM: HORST



Showing His Colors



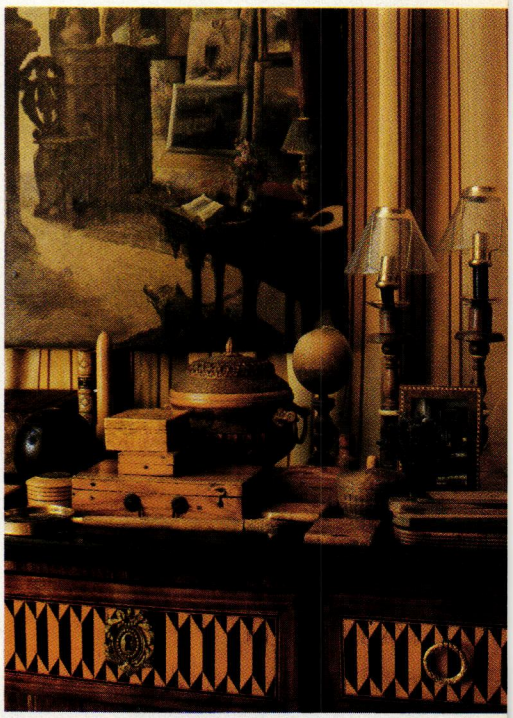
The bold designs of Patrick Frey break the greige barrier of conventional French taste

By Andrew Solomon

Photographs by Pascal Chevallier

PATRICK FREY IS TO COLOR AND CLOTH WHAT LISZT was to the piano: someone who constructs the most exacting challenges and meets them with an apparent ease that leaves you thinking they were not difficult at all. His eye is impeccable: he can vary his way across a hundred shades of blue in one room and then use all the colors of the rainbow in another. Frey is the owner of a fabric design house, and his interest in the use and effects of material is everywhere manifest in his apartment; though he has good furniture and some fine paintings, the place is about cloth. And despite its look-ma-no-hands quality, it is also humorous, unpretentious, and stylish: virtuoso extravagance need not by any means result in fussiness or excess.

Tucked into the sixteenth arrondissement in Paris, the Frey residence is a wonder of devastatingly smart effects. "In France people are afraid of color and pattern," says Patrick Frey. "Everything is beige or cream. I wanted to show that it was possible to do something different." That he has. "I went to visit some friends, and when I went into their dining room, there was a pair of curtains at the window, and one of these was red, the other blue. They apologized. 'We had our curtains rehung today, and the left one was not quite long enough, so it's gone back and we're left with this terrible situation.' But I thought, Why should both curtains in a pair be always the same color?" In the living room of Frey's house there are three big windows and six hues for the curtains: green, red, blue, yellow, purple, and turquoise. Moiré fabrics in these colors have been put on the part of the drapery facing the window so that from the street you see the six shades in all their stark drama. Inside, they come around the edges and form ten-inch-deep rainbow borders on otherwise beige curtains.



I wanted to see how many variations on red and green I could use," says Patrick Frey of his bedroom, *left*, where daughter Johanna snuggles up. *Below:* Bibelots cover an 18th-century commode. Details see Resources.

You get enough color in the room itself for the effect and enough beige not to be driven mad by it. Frey has upholstered the right side of one chair in yellow moiré, its left side in blue, and has covered a pair of sofas in a single striped moiré but in tones so different (the blue and yellow of the chair) that only when you study them do you realize that the fabrics are one and the same. In fact, the apartment is swathed entirely in different shades of these two moirés.



"I found that a lot of my paintings were red and green," says Frey, "so I decided to make my bedroom also red and green." The room is upholstered, curtained, and otherwise clothed in striped and solid shades of these colors. There is a desk and the furniture necessary for a room in which life unfolds; it's cool and quiet and welcoming. "I wanted to see how many variations on red and green I could use without making the room uncomfortable," Frey says.

Frey, *left,* his wife, Lorraine, and Johanna, Vincent, Amandine, Matthieu, and Pierre sit for a family portrait in the living room, *below,* where a two-toned bergère echoes blue and yellow sofas in the same Pierre Frey moiré pattern, available from Brunschwig & Fils. The painting is an homage to David Hockney. *Bottom:* A clock dressed in laurel leaves by Jule des Prés sits on the mantel. *Right:* Amandine and Johanna set the table. All the fabrics in the house are made by Pierre Frey. The rug is from Casa Lopez.





Comfort is a crucial concept in this house. Frey and his wife, Lorraine, have between them five young children, who run free throughout, flopping on the various fabrics with no undue anxiety. In fact, the apartment was chosen and designed to accommodate them—it is near the best school in the area, and it is as appropriate when their friends come to play as when Lorraine and Patrick's come by for supper. "When they are older, we will live in a different place in a different way, but for right now we are all very very happy to live here as we live," says Frey.

Frey's father opened Pierre Frey, the fabric house, in 1935 and still keeps an eye on the company. As owner and chairman, Patrick employs over a dozen staff and freelance designers, selecting patterns now from one, now from another. "Sometimes, of course, they are perfect as they come, but more often I discuss them with the designer, and we come up with new colors and variations for them," he says. "Usually we try to come up with some that French people will buy, some others that Americans will buy, others for the Swiss, the English, the Italians, the Scandinavians. I try to make things that are beautiful by each set of standards. Do you know how many things you can do just with solid colors? But what works in cashmere does not work in silk, and what can be woven into one texture dies in another. I've sometimes spent weeks coming up with the right colors for a particular range of fabrics."

The relation between weave and color is Frey's great obsession. He has also launched collections of luggage and household goods, but these are really variations on the same theme, extensions of the career of a fabric man. Everything he does depends on the idea of fabric, on the way a surface can be tinted or printed and made beautiful, on how that surface can be turned or twisted into something altogether fascinating. When the Freys *do* move, they will move to the country. "I want a big house with every kind of light in it," Patrick Frey says fondly. "To see what it does to all the colors." ▲

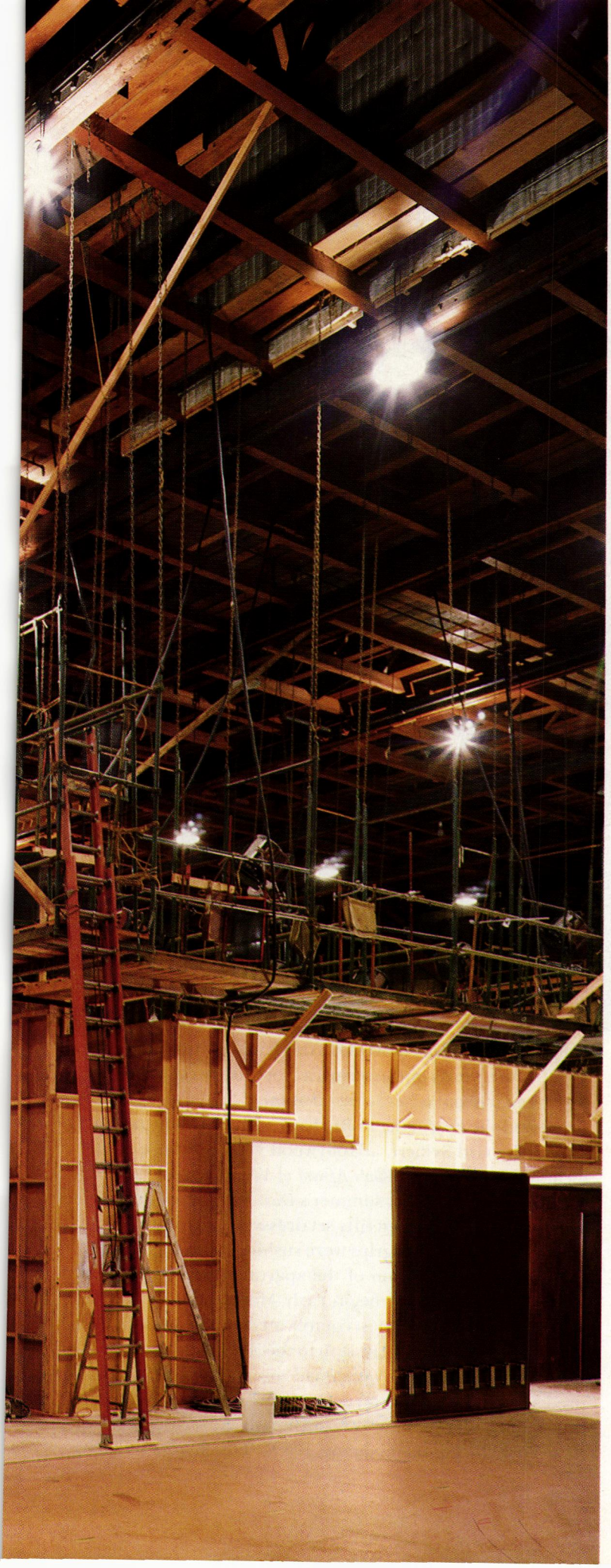
STYLIST: MARIE KALT



Patrick Frey can vary his way across a hundred shades of blue in one room



Stage 22 at Warner Brothers' Burbank lot is home to a two-story set that represents the Park Avenue duplex of Wall Streeter Sherman McCoy and his wife, Judy, an aspiring decorator. *Opposite:* Production designer Richard Sylbert employed looming pediments, burnished red walls, and a George Stubbs hunt scene to convey the McCoys' overweening Anglophilia. Details see Resources.





The Unreal McCoy

Hollywood sends up the pretensions of New York society on the set of *The Bonfire of the Vanities*

By Donald Albrecht

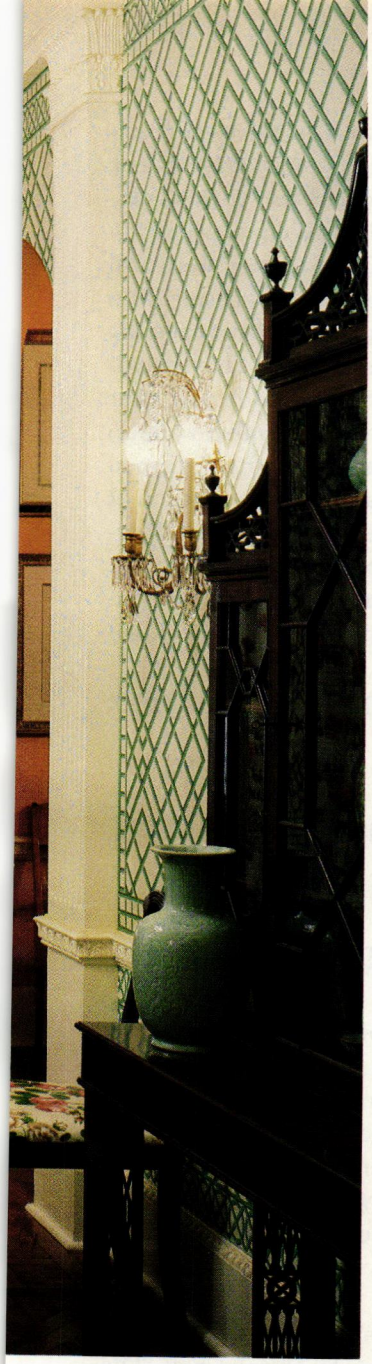
Photographs by Grant Mudford



THE RISE AND FALL OF SHERMAN McCOY'S LAVISH PARK Avenue duplex has come to represent the rise and fall of Ed Koch's New York and even, perhaps, Ronald Reagan's America in the imaginations of the millions who read Tom Wolfe's 1987 best-seller, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. "It was the sort of apartment," wrote Wolfe, "the mere thought of which ignites flames of greed and covetousness under people all over New York and, for that matter, all over the world." Now a new, definitive version of the apartment has been created by Hollywood for Brian De Palma's movie based on the novel. This parable of metropolitan life, played out among the "sleek hides," "golden hillbillies," and "social X-rays" of Manhattan's Upper East Side, is planned for release in December by Warner Brothers. It stars Tom Hanks as Sherman McCoy, a flush Wall Streeter who is arrested and accused of running down a black teenager in the Bronx. Melanie Griffith plays McCoy's headstrong mistress. Bruce Willis is the slimy journalist who causes his downfall. And Kim Cattrall is his wife, Judy, in the words of the script, a "socialite/decorator." The McCoy apartment is her latest creation.

I visited the *Bonfire* set in Burbank with its production designer, Richard Sylbert, a Hollywood veteran whose credits include *The Graduate, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, Chinatown, Reds,* and this past summer's *Dick Tracy*. It was late Friday afternoon, and about fifty set dressers, decorators, scenic artists, carpenters, and grips were rushing to finish their two-story seven-room version of the apartment where the final days of shooting would begin early Monday morning. The vast apartment was the most complicated *Bonfire* set built, and De Palma chose it as his last stop in the filming process.

Sylbert and his crew, which had numbered nearly a hundred at the height of construction, were now engaged in the final stretch of a six-month marathon to capture the look of New York during the booming 1980s. The *Bonfire* script by





The rooms lack outside views to suggest the McCoys have cocooned themselves from the realities of New York life



Trellis-patterned wallpaper and chintz from Brunschwig & Fils surround an ensemble of Chippendale designs in the dining room, *above*. *Above right:* Intended to look upright and intimidating, the living room is furnished with 18th-century antiques and traditional sofas. *Right:* The Russian Biedermeier breakfast room features a parquet floor and walls bearing four layers of yellow lacquer.







Michael Christofer had required a total of thirty-nine settings. These were realized on screen with fourteen New York City locations, such as the Winter Garden at the World Financial Center and the exterior of 800 Park Avenue, which appears as the McCoys' apartment building. There were also nine locations in Los Angeles, where the Natural History Museum stood in for the one in New York, and sixteen specially designed sets built across three big soundstages. They included a French restaurant, which Sylbert modeled in part after New York's posh La Grenouille, a rent-controlled walk-up apartment for McCoy and his mistress, a box at the Metropolitan Opera House, and even an opera set for a production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni,* which in the film anticipates Sherman's descent into the hell of New York's judiciary maze.

Of all the *Bonfire* sets the McCoy apartment was Sylbert's favorite, if only for the sheer thrill of creating something that cost $500,000 to construct and $350,000 to dress with Chippendale furniture, Chinese Coromandel screens, and Georgian silver rented and purchased from local antiques shops and prop houses.

> To capture the look of the 1980s, the designer concocted a "chopped salad" of English classics

Designing the apartment gave Sylbert the chance to play the role of society decorator and to bring to the screen a quintessential 1980s style that he describes as a "chopped salad" of English country classics—canopied beds, overwrought draperies, Georgian end tables, and chintzes on top of chintzes. Sylbert says he conceived the set both as a reinforcing backdrop to De Palma's stylish social satire and as his own satire on the contemporary designs of such Colefax & Fowler disciples as Mark Hampton, Melanie Kahane Associates, and Mario Buatta.

Few corners were cut in the process. The parquet floors are complete, even when partially covered by oriental rugs. The George III desk and Venetian blackamoors that furnish the starchy living room—"the kind of room you walk into and you turn your voice down to a whisper," noted Wolfe—are the real McCoy. Scenic artists brushed four layers of lacquer onto the walls of the breakfast room to achieve the right lustrous shade of yellow. And McCoy's library, where he has attempted to fashion himself as an English gentleman, comes complete with a George Stubbs hunt scene and an oiled-walnut and green-felt armory of guns and fishing gear. The only visual ingredient noticeably *(Text continued on page 232)*

Fashionably old-fashioned white cabinets and Italian white tiles are offset by a matte-black floor in the expansive kitchen, *top left. Center:* Gold faucets, an exercise bicycle, and an impressionist painting mingle in the wall-to-wall carpeted bathroom. *Left:* The master bedroom, accented with chinoiserie wallpaper, an 18th-century Aubusson, and yards and yards of silk moiré, is Judy McCoy's version of an 18th-century bedchamber. *Opposite:* Late 19th century bronzes stand in the windows of the English-style library, seen here from the outside of the set.





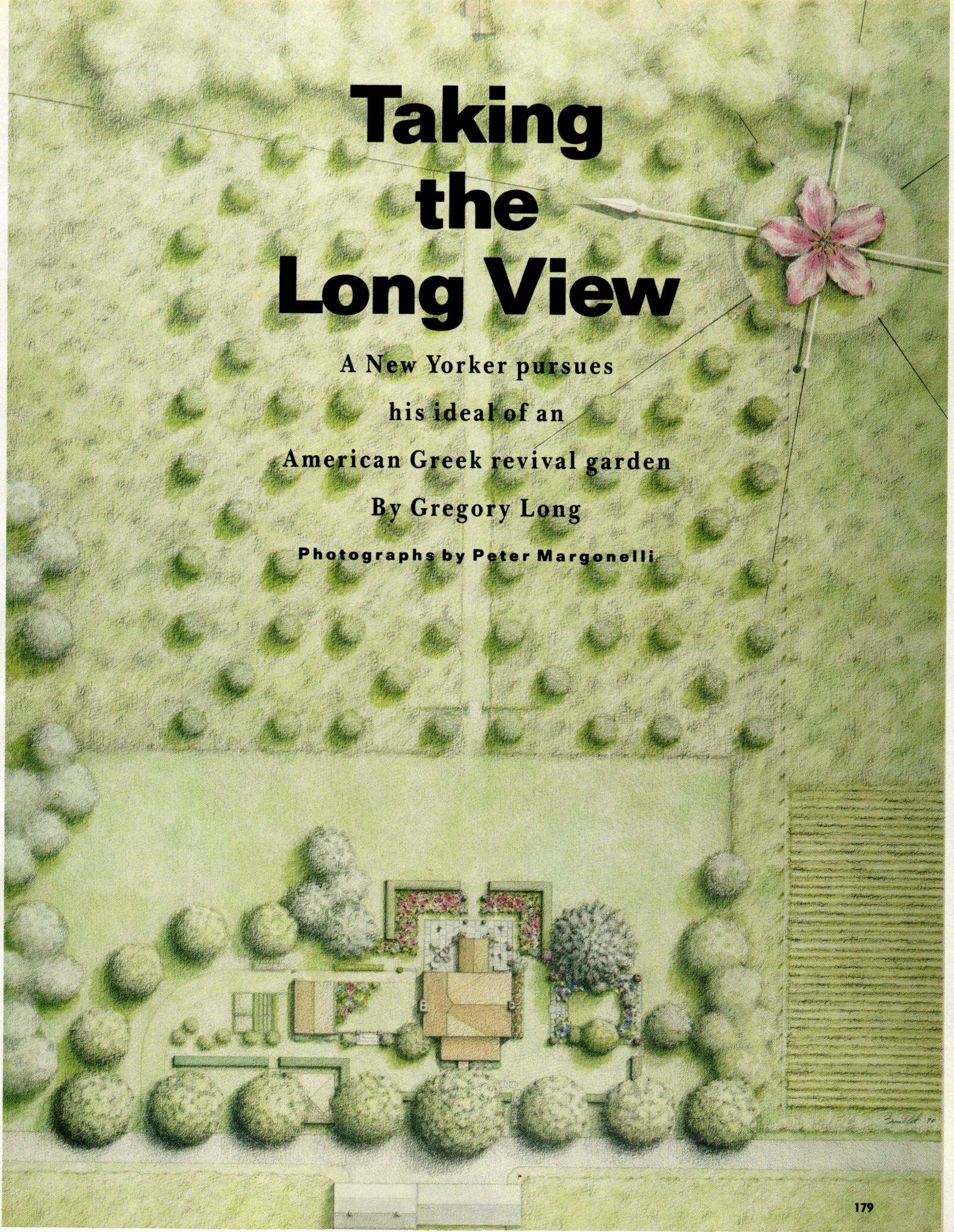
Walls of green hemlock and white clapboard define outdoor rooms with beds of roses, garden heliotrope, lamb's ears, and artemisia bordering terraces of grass and slate. *Opposite:* Perry Guillot's bird's-eye view projects fifteen years' growth in the new orchard.

Taking the Long View

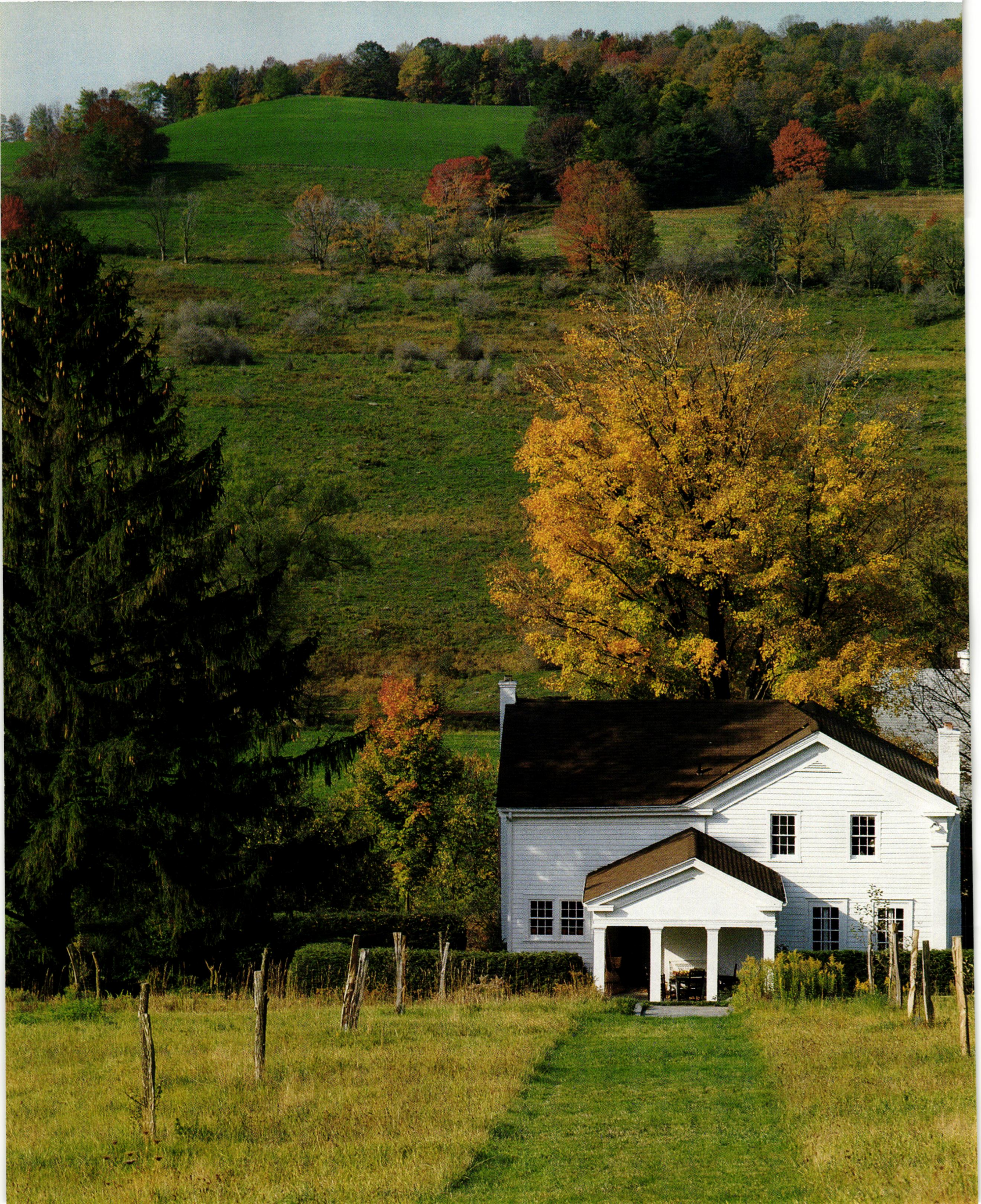
A New Yorker pursues his ideal of an American Greek revival garden

By Gregory Long

Photographs by Peter Margonelli



PERRY GUILLOT





THE GREEK REVIVAL HOUSE SITS quite correctly, square and white and plain, on a west-facing slope above Briar Creek in a small dairy-farming valley just north of the Susquehanna River valley of central New York State. Built circa 1835, the clapboard structure is not large, but its views in all four directions from all eight rooms are vast. The views are directly east, up the hill behind the house to about thirty open acres of hayfield; south, past the big red barn and down the valley to the distant blue hills beyond the Susquehanna; west, across Briar Creek Road and cornfields to the hilly patchwork of more hayfields and meadows dotted with black and white cows and brown speckles which turn out to be wild turkeys; and north, up the road and the valley to the woods.

The property was derelict when I came here in the 1970s, but the house was full of light and promise and has since mostly returned to its original self. Because I love the American Greek revival aesthetic, especially in its vernacular expression, I decided to make a Greek revival garden, with connecting garden rooms at about the same scale as the rooms and porches of the house. Of course, no modest nineteenth-century homestead on a country road would have had much of a garden. And of course, no one making a garden in the 1830s or '40s would have had the visions in his mind's eye that I had in mine—the garden rooms at Sissinghurst, the long allées up the center of sixteenth-century Italian hillside gardens, the stone-floored terraces of Pompeii and those of the twentieth-century country houses of Lutyens in England and Delano & Aldrich here. Knowing that I was too full of this high-style imagery, I took only a few ideas from such historical sources—particularly in laying out my plan—and I have tried to create the garden entirely with the native plants and trees and the simple architecture and building materials that might have been used by my Briar Creek predecessors. It was important to me that the garden feel old and blend into this American scene.



ELIZABETH NAPLES

On the west side of the house I restored the big porch with Doric posts that had been patched onto the original façade around 1910. The porch does not flatter the house, but it has a thrilling 400-acre view, and since the sun setting across the way at ten on a June evening is my favorite sight, I decided to keep it. The front yard was long and narrow and too exposed to the road below, so, parallel to the façade, I planted a row of ten sugar maples next to an old pair I had inherited and installed a 200-foot-long hemlock hedge above the road, creating a shady green compartment. An immense hundred-year-old clump of lilac graciously lends its historic and fragrant presence to this space.

On the south side of the house, where the weedy hayfield slopes down to the road, I made a rectangular sunken garden. Seen from the upstairs windows of

Some of the eighty apple saplings, *left,* march downhill to the terrace and the back of the house in late fall. The Doric temple porch, formerly a woodshed, faces the mown walk, which marks the central axis through the orchard. On the far side of the house, across Briar Creek Road, is the Victorian barn. *Above:* Gregory Long, president of the New York Botanical Garden, among the Botanical Garden's orchids.



No gardener in the 1830s would have had the visions in his mind's eye that I had in mine





The blue and white garden, *above*. *Above right:* The back porch after the first frost. ***Right:*** The gate to the vegetable patch. ***Below:*** Bee balm, *Filipendula rubra*, and cosmos in the pink and white border at midsummer.



the house, the stone walls surrounding the rectangle look like the foundation of an old barn. Four large Italian flowerpots sit on the wall at the corners, and I leave them empty; they are architecture. A flight of stone steps descends one of the retaining walls to an octagonal lawn with five-foot-wide borders. This sunken garden was conceived by Hitch Lyman, the landscape painter and garden designer, who planted the beds with blue and white perennials, old roses, various shrubs, and a *Magnolia × loebneri 'Merrill'*. The only other color comes in the spring, when yellow and white narcissus and a few small bulbs such as *Fritillaria meleagris* bloom with the blue squill and the white snowdrops.

This blue and white garden room is at its height in late June and early July with the last peonies, the *Campanula lactiflora*, too many delphiniums, lilies, white roses, and *Aruncus sylvester*. I have a penchant for tall plants—even at the front of the border—and these beds are crammed with things growing to six or eight feet. By the Fourth of July, when you sit in a low wicker chair on the octagonal lawn, below grade on two sides, you are in a secret garden—alone with the fragrant boxwood, the roses, the bees, and the chipmunks, which have a grand hotel in the stone walls.



the stone outside, this colorful terrace border becomes one of the rooms of the house—a room wallpapered with hollyhocks and bee balm.

To the north, where the driveway formerly ascended the hill, I made a flat grass terrace, again level with the main floor. A white shed was put up on the north end of this yard, and against it is a big triangular flower bed full of tall white phlox and pink roses and *Thalictrum rochebrunianum* and plume poppy and lilies and lots of other things that I could never find room for in the other beds. My little grass car park is below the garden, at road level, because I do not believe in looking out the windows of one's farmhouse to see cars in the driveway. Visitors *(Text continued on page 230)*



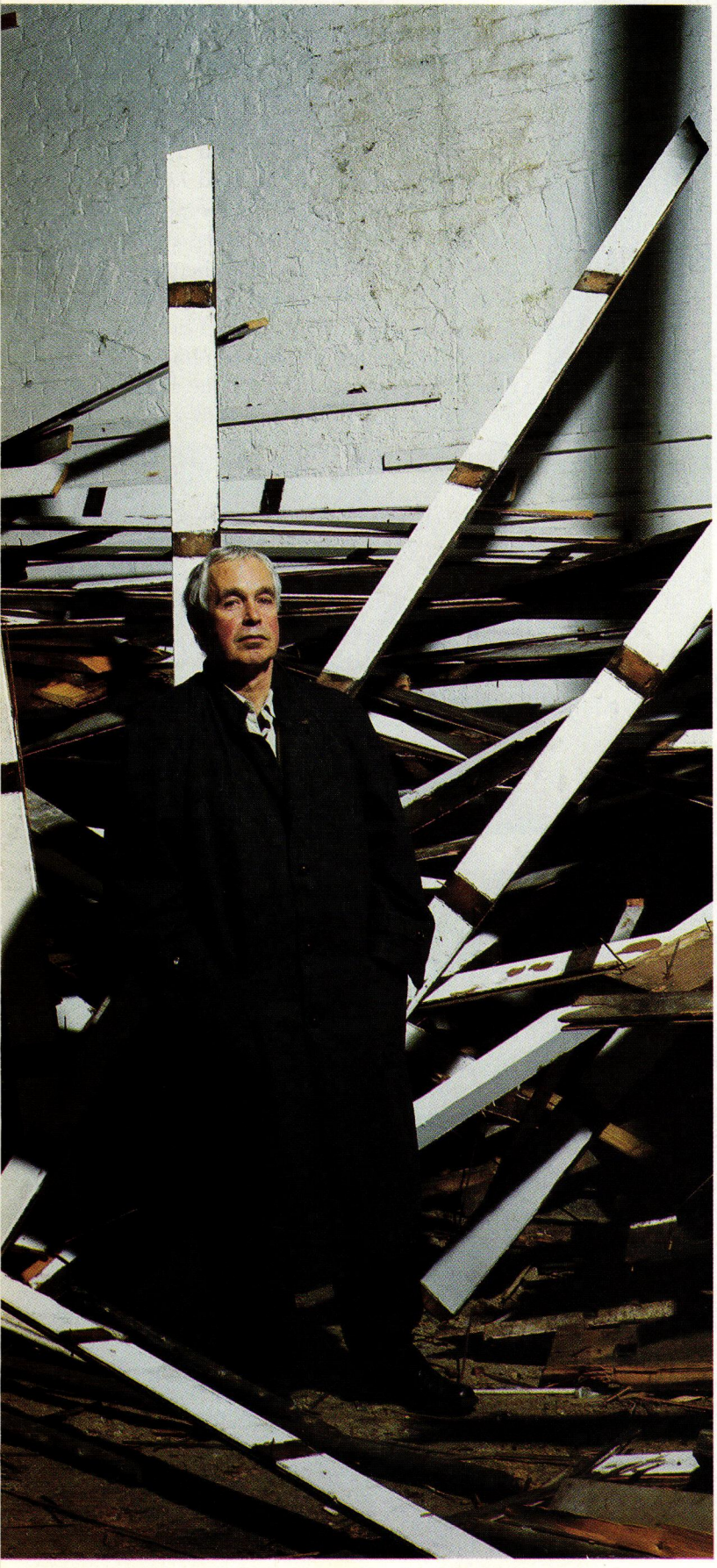
A corner by the garden shed, *above,* full of June roses and delphiniums. *Right:* Autumn produce and the last bouquet of monkshood, zebra grass, asters, and goldenrod. *Below:* The stone-walled blue and white garden has a 200-acre view of hayfields and dairy cows beyond the hemlock hedge.

At the back of the house, floor-length windows lead from the living room and the kitchen onto a flagstone terrace carved out of the hill. A collapsing Greek revival woodshed attached to the rear of the kitchen at the center of the terrace was restored and transformed into a porch with a Doric temple front for outdoor meals. (Happily, nighttime insects are the favorite hors d'oeuvres of the many bats that make their home in the barn across the road.)

Lichens, mosses, and thyme now grow in the stone terrace, which is flanked on three sides by strips of turf, then wide perennial beds, then a high hemlock hedge. The flowers are best in July and August, and they are mostly pink and red and white for relief from the cool severity of the blue and white garden. There are patches of oriental poppies for the early summer and other old-fashioned plants such as garden heliotrope. There are pink and white hardy geraniums and patches of *Stachys byzantina,* tall *Filipendula rubra,* yellow *Iris pseudacorus,* and pink and white cosmos. Frost sometimes comes to this garden by mid September, but the late roses and the phlox and the tall New York asters and *Sedum spectabile* bloom on into October. Close to the kitchen and the living room, whose pine floors are flush with



An Artist's Empire



The far-flung aesthetic realm of painter Howard Hodgkin crowds the rooms of a London house

By Rosamond Bernier

Photographs by Richard Davies

NOT FAR FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM IN LONDON there is a house that appears to be like every other in a neighborhood of antiques shops, printshops, jewelers, publishers, secondhand booksellers, old-fashioned pubs, and new-fashioned little restaurants. Climbing its steep stairs and walking into the living room, I remember that the British Museum was initially based, in part, on the miscellaneous and discreetly passionate collections of Sir Hans Sloane. Collections of that order, allied to a contrasting delight in the ordinary and the fractionally out-of-date, coexist within the outwardly anonymous house that has for some years now been the home of Howard Hodgkin.

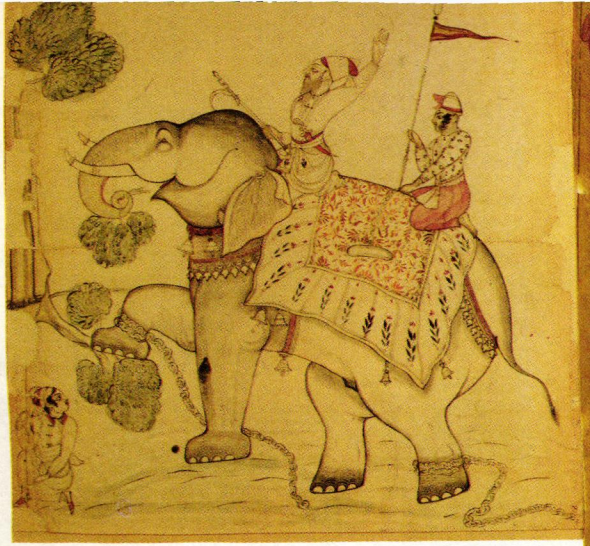
Hodgkin, at fifty-eight, is known as one of the preeminent English painters of his generation, and a show of his recent work opens November 6 at Knoedler & Co. in New York. He has an auxiliary reputation as an outstanding collector of Indian paintings, which will be the subject of an autumn 1991 exhibition at the Arthur M. Sackler Gallery in Washington, D.C. But the look of his own house is not set by art. Only two examples of his work are on view; both very small, they are upstairs, hung high and next to the electric pump that serves the shower. Few people ever get to see them.

The visitor doesn't get to see many Indian paintings either, though Hodgkin's preferred objects in the house at the moment are probably three seventeenth-century Indian tiles colored with opaque enamel. Some years ago, when we were together in the great fort at Lahore, we saw tiles very much like them. An inventive colorist himself, Hodgkin was struck at that time by the daring clashes of red, yellow, green, and blue and the frenzy of identification with which the artist had gone to town over flower forms.

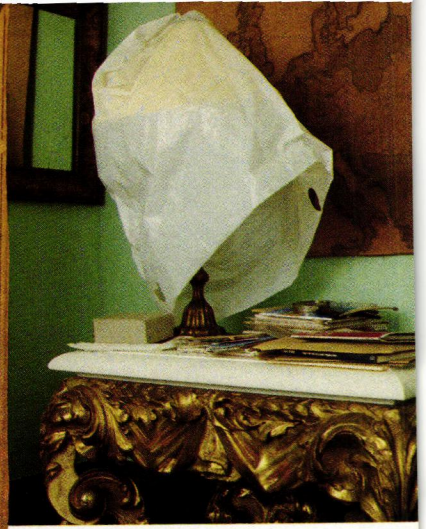
But it is not India that dominates in the house; it is the huge voracious panoramic curiosity of the householder himself. This curiosity leaves him both wracked and ravished: "At one point these two rooms had about eighteen to twenty different kinds of furniture in them. I wanted a look of amplitude, and yet the rooms are tiny. They look bigger than they are because of the high ceilings, but the floor area is about the minimum for public housing in England. I wanted outsized



I wanted a look of amplitude," says Hodgkin of his small living room lined with a c. 1760 Aubusson tapestry, an early 17th century Japanese painted screen, and a 19th-century Indian rug. *Opposite:* Hodgkin in front of the debris from a dairy that he recently transformed into a painting studio, which adjoins his house.







furniture that added to my life, and it took me a long time to get it right."

That is why there is a tapestry in the living room that was meant to hang down only to waist height but now comes right down to the floor. In front of that tapestry, which is Aubusson, about 1760, there is a very grand northern Italian table, fit for a palace in Turin, that turned up in a dim furniture shop just around the corner. On the table is a triumphal arch, all white and gold, that may be Russian or north German or Italian but in any case has an august and formidable look.

On the floor is a nineteenth-century Indian carpet, woven by inmates in the prison in Amritsar, that Hodgkin bought from the granddaughter of the man for whom it was made. Over the fireplace is a Japanese painted screen, which was a wreck when Hodgkin bought it for £30 (with two pictures thrown in). "People said it had to go back to Japan to be mended, but then a young man from the British Museum came. He said, 'It will take six months to mend and it will cost you £1,000. I can reconstruct it for you using Japanese paper and a bamboo frame. It's seventeenth century, and it will look like new seventeenth century.' He did it, and there it is. It's worth a fortune now. As bargains go, I think it's my greatest find."

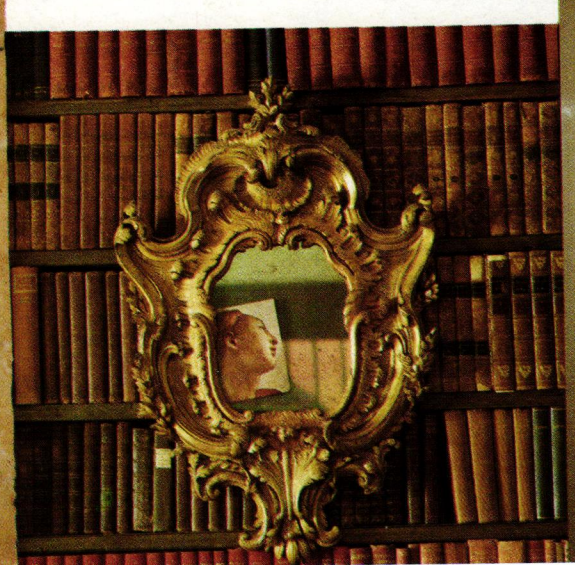
Here and there bits of old fabric lie around—some from Fez, some from Istanbul. Gilt bronze candelabras have been fixed to the wall through the tapestry (one thread at a time), and against the russet and faded crimson rows of books hangs a rather small mirror in a rather large and very elaborate gilded frame. In it is stuck, as if by chance, a postcard of a detail from a painting by Pontormo.

"Living with objects is terribly difficult," Hodgkin says. "It's difficult to keep them in their place and not to get too serious about them. If they're no good—if they're wrong—I think they can ruin people's lives. It may look as if I live in a house crowded with objects, but actually the objects have got infinitely fewer. It's just that they've also got infinitely bigger." He went on to say something that was just about the most implausible thing I have ever heard: "I wanted it all to look completely impersonal, like a hotel—no knickknacks, no mementos, absolutely no family photographs. I think it is impersonal now." I was relieved when he added, "I find that nobody agrees with me."

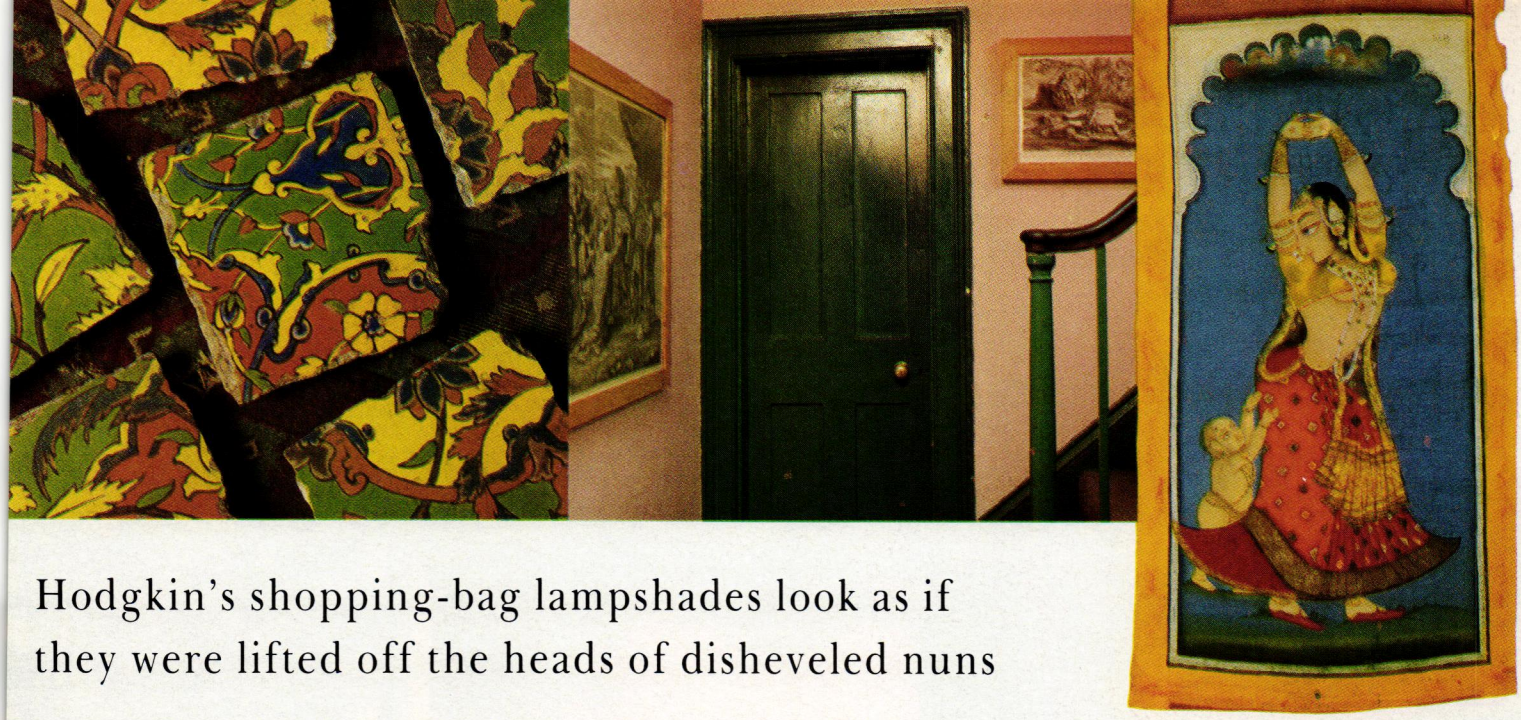
If I have made this house sound like the sanctuary of a recherché and cosmopolitan taste, nurtured by privileged journeys to far parts, that is both true and not true. There is, admittedly, a monumental table of Italian mannerist design that was made in Rome around 1690. Though once in a grand house, it was found in a shop called Bygones of Worcester in the English cathedral town of that name. Just above that table is an enormous, somewhat whimsical map of

TOP LEFT, TOP MIDDLE, BOTTOM LEFT: PRUDENCE CUMING ASSOCIATES, LONDON









Hodgkin's shopping-bag lampshades look as if they were lifted off the heads of disheveled nuns

Europe, of the kind that grand English country houses used to have. It originally came from Cobham Hall. "I found that map in the house of a bookseller friend—it was hanging over the space where his children stacked their Wellington boots. He asked £2 for it."

But far from enshrining these discoveries in traditional good taste, Hodgkin has at the same time a liking for the odd and apparently contradictory. He has beautiful rugs, but they are laid down on top of industrial carpeting. He could have the best of everything on the table, but he especially prizes an American green glass pitcher from the 1930s which he bought in a Saturday antiques market on Third Avenue in New York. He could have his pick of fashionable dining chairs, but he prefers to sit at table on standard American folding chairs.

"I remember those chairs from the time I was in America as an evacuee during World War II. I saw them everywhere, usually in khaki, and I still think they're among the best chairs ever invented. None of my American friends can bear them because of their association with schools and waiting rooms and draft boards, and even the dealers in New York who are usually so kind to me were embarrassed to ship them over." Painted black, they happen to rhyme with the round black Bakelite occasional tables (English, circa 1930) which, once again, owe nothing to standard good taste.

Never was a house less "done up." The paint on the walls came straight out of a can. ("The green is called Georgian green, though anything less Georgian would be hard to imagine.") But perhaps most disconcerting to many visitors are the lampshades. The four or five lamps in the living room have supplementary lampshades made out of unedited white plastic shopping bags. At first, they look as if they had been lifted off the heads of a group of disheveled nuns. But the effect that they have on the light is one he had craved for years: "The light doesn't just go through the white plastic; it runs down it, sides and creases and all. Those bags saved my life."

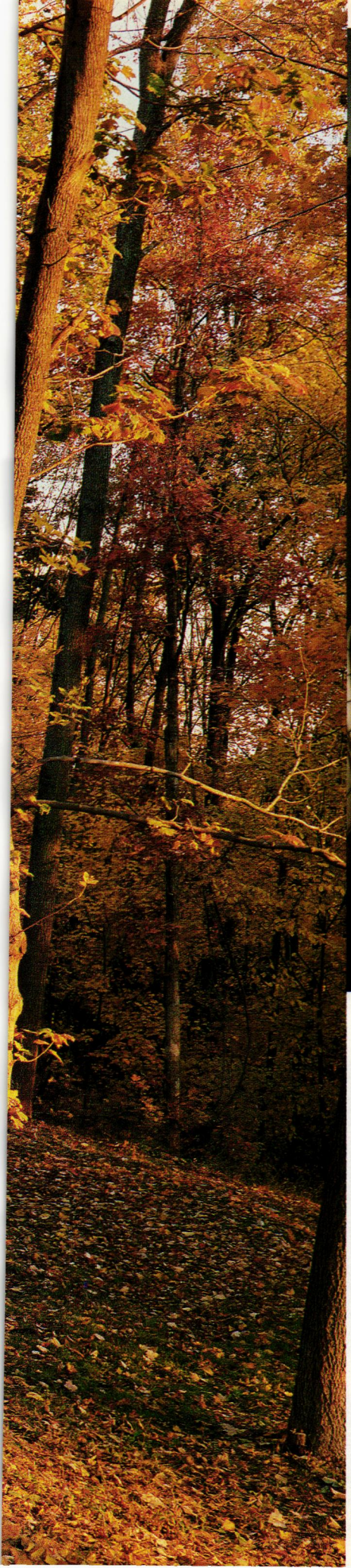
Howard Hodgkin identifies strongly with the Indian elephant and has something of its padding tread and its ability to switch humors on the instant and sometimes unaccountably. Whenever I think of the great painting of an elephant—half walking, half running—that is in his collection and will be in the Washington show, I remember Hodgkin himself, moving watchfully and with deceptive speed around the interior of his house in London. "All collectors are prisoners," he once said, but I don't see him petitioning for release. ▲



Hodgkin's furnishings encompass both the rare and the run-of-the-mill. ***Top row from left:*** **An 18th-century Pahari painting from his collection of Indian art; a detail of an early 17th century Mughal miniature; a plastic shopping bag, used to modulate the light from a lamp on an Italian table, c. 1690; a group of early 17th century Mughal enamel tiles; Hodgkin's understated front hallway; a c. 1800 Devgarh painting by Chokha.** ***Bottom row:*** **A 16th-century Deccani painting; a Venetian baroque mirror amid stacks of books; a Patrick Caulfield painting and folding chairs in the kitchen; in the bathroom, a leopard-patterned suitcase and a 19th-century Rhaput painting; two of Hodgkin's own paintings, high on a second-floor wall.**



Partners Ronald Bentley, at left, Franklin Salasky, and Salvatore LaRosa, *opposite. Above:* Weekends, Bentley and LaRosa escape from New York to their "little house with a hat" in Bucks County with walls of cedar shiplap, clapboard, and board on board.



MICK HALES



MARK SELIGER

Three's Company

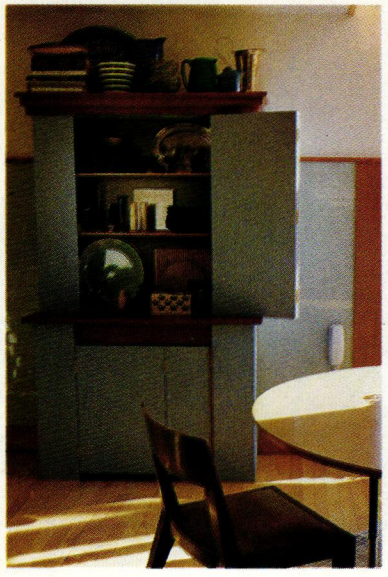
There are no boundaries between architecture, decorating, and product design in the well-crafted world of Bentley LaRosa Salasky

By Heather Smith MacIsaac



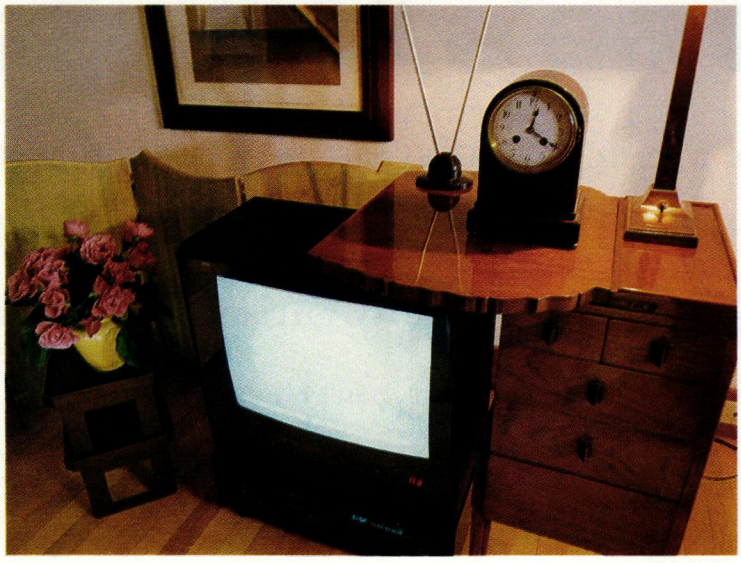


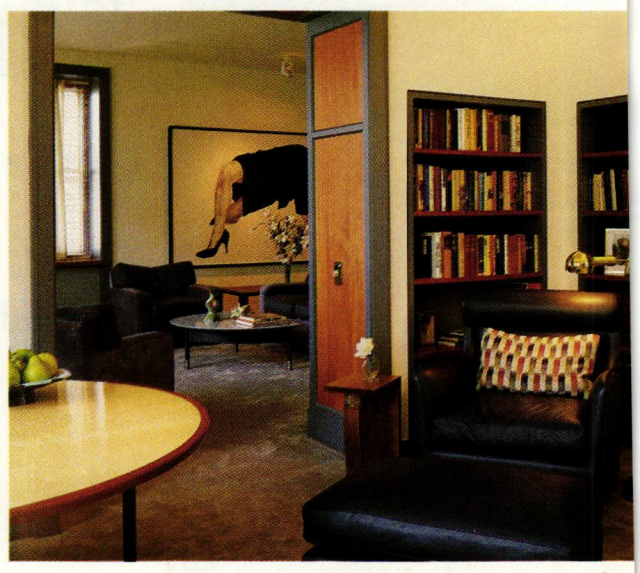




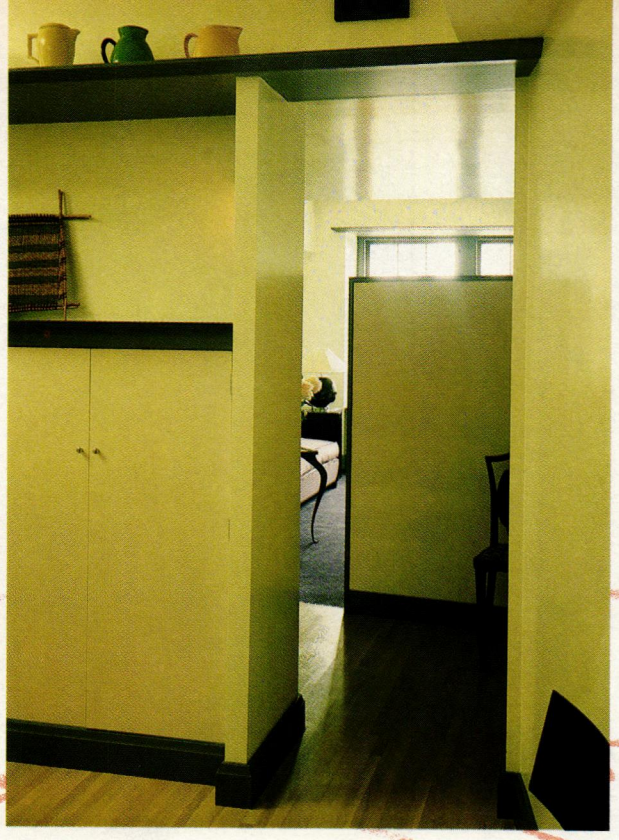


A table of maple and mahogany by BLS, *above far left,* holds a tray of combs and acorns from Japan. *Above center:* An antique gilded opera chair sits next to cedar bedroom closets. *Above:* Cabinets of painted wood and frosted and clear glass partially screen a kitchen from view. *Far left:* Dishes, baskets, and flea market finds in a BLS-designed cupboard. *Left:* End table of cherry and anegré veneer, with painted steel legs, by BLS for Brickel. Details see Resources.





In Bucks County, a walnut end table by Herbert Lippmann, *above left,* overhangs a TV. *Above right:* In an apartment in the Sherry Netherland, mahogany was used for doorjamb panels and shelves in painted book niches. The carpet is from Stark.



A BLS design offers places to put things, like the frieze-height shelf and the granite top of the "mantel cabinet," *left*, in the dining room of a New York apartment. *Below:* A drawing by Franklin Salasky of a proposed bowl for Steuben.

"Our first projects were minimalist, but we soon realized that if the one flower wasn't perfectly placed, the whole scheme fell apart"

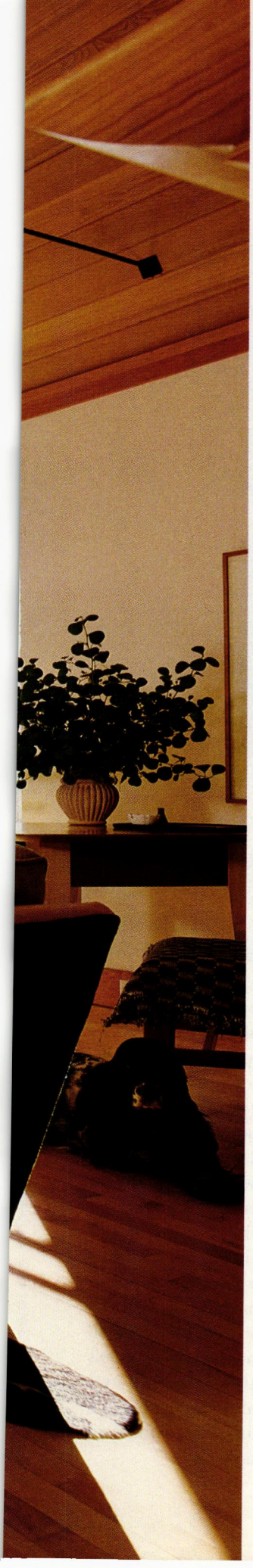
"THERE IS NO UGLY COLOR," SAYS Franklin Salasky. "Every project has its logic," says Ronald Bentley. "We use wood because wood talks back," says Salvatore LaRosa. Of all their talents, and these three architects have many, their best may be for defining their work, not just in talk but in practice. After nine years as Bentley LaRosa Salasky, Design, they recently adopted the name Bentley LaRosa Salasky, Architects & Decorators because, simply put, "it's what we do." Theirs is a firm of ideas, and ideas behind ideas. Just as characteristic is their ability to articulate such express notions as "circulation in an apartment should run along the window wall" and yet be utterly flexible. "We think of our work as intelligent but not doctrinaire," says Salasky, an attitude that sets him and his partners apart from most architects and many a decorator. "What we practice is portraiture, defining what each client uniquely is. A client has to take a leap of faith because he or she isn't likely to find something in our portfolio and say, 'I want one of those.' "

What a client will find are images at once quirky and elegant, modern and traditional, simple and complex that illustrate a vocabulary as specific to Bentley LaRosa Salasky as chintz is to Mario Buatta or a square grid to Richard Meier. As eclectic as the BLS vocabulary may sometimes seem, the "words" are derived from rational thought and practical experience. "Our first projects were minimalist," relates Bentley, "but we soon realized that if the one flower wasn't perfectly placed, the whole scheme fell apart. We also discovered that if we were going to give a project, especially an interior, a strong image, we had to get involved in all layers of shaping it—not just the architecture but the lighting, the furniture plan, the colors, fabrics, and furnishings."

If the firm's early work was about taking away, its later work is about adding. The partners use architecture to decorate and decoration to point up structural details—of a wall, a closet, even a chair. Much as they admire the architecture of the Scandinavians Asplund,

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MICHAEL MUNDY (2); JOHN HALL (3); MICHAEL MUNDY (2); COURTESY BRICKEL ASSOCIATES







A cedar ceiling caps the living room, *left* and *above*, in Bentley and LaRosa's house. Groupings of BLS-designed furniture like the leather sofa, club chairs (for Brickel), and cherry bookcase anchor two corners of the room; the remaining two are animated by a stair tower and a double-height window dropping through to the kitchen below. The coffee table with a "flip hairdo" of goatskin is postwar Italian. Joe D'Urso designed the terrazzo and steel end table.

MICHAEL MUNDY

Aalto, and Saarinen ("Eliel, not Eero," emphasizes LaRosa) and the furniture and objects produced in the late forties by Italians and Americans, they also feel a kinship with the Victorians. "Just like them, we're living at the turn of a century and experiencing the same polarities in architecture, asking ourselves what is historicist and what is contemporary," explains Salasky. "Our approach is very much like theirs in that we work quite freely in plan and elevation, explore and employ furniture of various scales and periods, and favor polychromy."

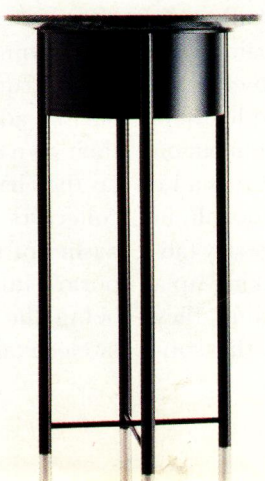
These architects think of a molding not simply as a baseboard or a window frame but as a line that can be moved up or down to animate a wall. Wallpaper, like tile, fabric, or decorative painting, is applied to vertical surfaces to enrich a geometric order. Fabrics and leathers work together, not just in a room but on a single piece of furniture, such as a Le Corbusier chaise longue (traditionally in black leather) done up in a tapestry fabric and brown leather. In making up a chair, as in conceiving a building, they consider the container and the contained, highlighting individual parts with a variety of fabrics.

Wood is used not just as a structural member but as a form of paint. "It's such a rich and plastic medium, you can work with it in two or three dimensions. And it only gets better with age," explains Bentley. In the country house he shares with LaRosa, the living room features no less than six kinds of wood: a cedar ceiling and a maple floor, a mahogany and maple table, cherry bookcases with holly details, and a table in lacquered walnut by Herbert Lippmann. Furnishing the kitchen are a birch table, sycamore chairs by Jean Royère, a chair with padauk arms, a breakfront of mahogany and painted maple, and a maple window seat trimmed in cedar.

With equal ease Bentley, LaRosa, and Salasky add modern pieces, usually of their own design, to a room of antiques (as they have done in an apartment for collectors of art deco furniture), add dashes of various periods to a contemporary interior (their own residences being the best examples), or offer a modern take on a classic (as in their re-

newal of Steuben's flagship store and their furniture designs for Brickel).

As much as the partners excel at composing the look of a room or a building, it is comfort that guides their hands. "You can create a beautiful room, but if the occupants don't find it comfortable, you can be sure they will rearrange your perfect composition to make it so," states Bentley. They recognize subtleties of comfort—a steel column is wrapped in leather, a metal light fixture suspended over a dining table is softened by a length of silk tied around it—and how much a sense of human scale contributes to a feeling of ease. Wainscoting relates to waist level, a frieze is about head and shoulders. Whether or not their rooms are occupied, there is always a sense of the spaces being peopled, their furniture anthropomorphic. LaRosa refers to a vintage Italian table of goatskin parchment over bent plywood as "that table with the flip hairdo." His and Bentley's house is "a face with a little hat." Salasky talks about the upholstery of a chair in dressmaking terms: "Should the hem be above the knee? Below the knee?"



The partners' own places are, of course, their best laboratories. At Bentley and LaRosa's house, ideas like dynamic asymmetry come into play on an ever greater scale, from furniture to wall to building to, just recently, landscape. Salasky's Manhattan studio apartment is an in-depth examination of the two-dimensional, an experiment, as he says, "in trying to get to another level with color, surface, pattern, style." By the window sits a big bright yellow plastic chair from the sixties of which Salasky says, "I don't like the chair itself, but I like it here," and of which his partners diplomatically say, "It's Franklin probing taste." Controversial though this odd piece of furniture may be, it represents the real strength of the firm—the three men's respect for one another's sense of style and their communal desire to build a body of work that pushes a sensibility in unpredictable directions. ▲

TOP: MICHAEL MUNDY. BOTTOM: COURTESY BRICKEL ASSOCIATES





Chairs by Jean Royère surround a BLS table of birch, *opposite*, in the country kitchen. *Opposite below:* Steel plant stand by BLS for Brickel. *Left:* BLS's renovation for Steuben involved designing new furniture, lighting, and display cases.

The architects use wood not just as a structural member but as a form of paint





A New York apartment, *top*, displays signature BLS moves: a wallpapered dado, an interior window set into the high end of a wall, and a custom-made table, here of maple and mahogany. *Above:* BLS substituted tapestry fabric and brown leather for the usual black leather on a Le Corbusier chaise longue from Atelier International and created a buffet of ash and wenge to go with a client's grandmother's mirror. *Left:* For his own apartment, Salasky collected Italian and American designs from the 1940s and '50s.





Export Quality

Colefax & Fowler's very English style is successfully transported to a Manhattan apartment. By Sherrye Henry

Photographs by William Waldron

TAKE THE JOINT VISION OF A MEMBER OF MULTIPLE NEW York City boards who admits to "no mind for decorating" yet is involved in every step of a project and a world-class investment banker who claims he has "no gift of imagination or knack for spatial relationships" and can only describe in the most general way what he wants—but who wants things the way he wants them. Add an empty Manhattan apartment that must be partly ripped apart before it can be put back together. Throw in the impediment of 3,000 miles between the decorator in England and the clients and construction workers in New York and you have a prescription for a nine-month migraine. You also have a stunning backdrop for a high-powered couple who alternate between entertaining sundry luminaries and settling in for cozy evenings with the kids.



Imogen Taylor, one of Colefax & Fowler's most enduring designers, knew from the start that the apartment—and her clients—would be a supreme professional challenge. Generally unfamiliar with the sophisticated aura of New York apartments, she knew only that they were "glitzy—not stuffy and old-fashioned like English country houses where my background lies." Nor was she accustomed to dealing with "acute American businessmen." "My background," says Taylor, "is in fussy old duchesses." Nevertheless, she and her clients, who dropped into Colefax & Fowler almost by accident while planning a vacation home in Jamaica, were able to collaborate with the single-minded determination of the Allies planning the invasion of Europe.

The couple expended considerable effort looking for the right apartment at the right price, returning a number of times over the course of two years to the one they finally pur-

The foyer chandelier, *above,* illuminates trompe l'oeil panels by Gordon Davies and a pair of Italian benches. *Left:* Julius Rolshoven painted *Madame Koch and Her Children* nearly a hundred years ago, but he might have set up his easel in this living room. Details see Resources.



A Bessarabian Aubusson-style carpet in the living room sets the Continental tone and color scheme for the apartment. The curtains were made in Colefax & Fowler's London workroom. *Opposite:* A faux marbre table, Fortuny wall fabric, and Sri Lanka silk for the dining room.





chased—a generous prewar space with high ceilings and an unusual amount of light provided by four exposures. When it came time to redo, says the wife, "I was not about to make snap decisions. I really cared." Although pleased with the Jamaican retreat that Taylor had recently completed for them, the couple were concerned about the distance between London and New York for such a major undertaking as the decoration of their apartment, so together they interviewed the best and the brightest names in New York's extensive decorating circles. Surprisingly, Colefax & Fowler became an unseen presence in almost every conversation. "'This is a Colefax & Fowler carpet' one would say," explains the wife. "Another would say, 'This wallpaper is Colefax & Fowler.' Why were we going to the second generation when we had already established a relationship with the originators? We picked up the phone and asked Imogen, 'How can we make this work? How can we shorten the distance?'"

> The husband wanted something "comfortable so you don't feel like a guest in your own house"

The answer was an intricate timetable for the next nine months that would be meticulously followed, down to the exact day the painters would arrive. The family would remain in their old apartment while the eastern wing of the new one was gutted; a bigger kitchen, a butler's pantry, a laundry room, and a family room were installed; and the whole place was decorated. Every six weeks jet planes brought Taylor to her clients, or vice versa, for decision-making conferences. Faxes

with sketches and estimates zipped back and forth across the Atlantic. Photographs of special finds at London antiques dealers flew by overnight courier. And containerized furnishings for the entire apartment, even mattresses, eventually sailed across the ocean.

First purchase: an exuberant Aubusson-style carpet for the living room. With its expansive woven bouquets and joyous hues, the elegant rug set the Continental tone and color scheme for the apartment. Guided by the husband's specifications—"elegant but warm, formal but not stuffy, and comfortable so you don't feel like a guest in your own house"—Taylor came up with an English print room theme for the entrance hall, bookcases and moldings designed in London and built by a Vermont cabinetmaker for the library, a classic pale blue Colefax & Fowler floral pattern for the master bedroom. Clearly, the decorator put the man of the house at ease with both her choices and her precise estimates. "By the time the decision came to me," he remembers, "there had been so much done even I couldn't mess it up. The only stress was paying for it at certain points in time, but even then we were never surprised."

Not that the project was entirely stress-free. "We went through hell," says Taylor, "because the unpredictable happened every day." She credits the triumphal results to a team of exceptional workers in New York and the extraordinarily organized wife, who kept a notebook in which the minutiae of every room were carefully chronicled. Two weeks prior to moving day a Colefax & Fowler entourage signed into a New York residential hotel to produce the final effect. Nerves frayed as Fortuny fabric was upholstered to the dining room walls and the luscious signature hangings of the venerable British firm went up at the windows. The husband, who routinely makes million-dollar business decisions, stayed away, unable to face the pressure. "It was chaos," says Taylor. "While painters were touching up, carpet people were tacking down. But we managed to scrape through and do it all *(Text continued on page 232)*

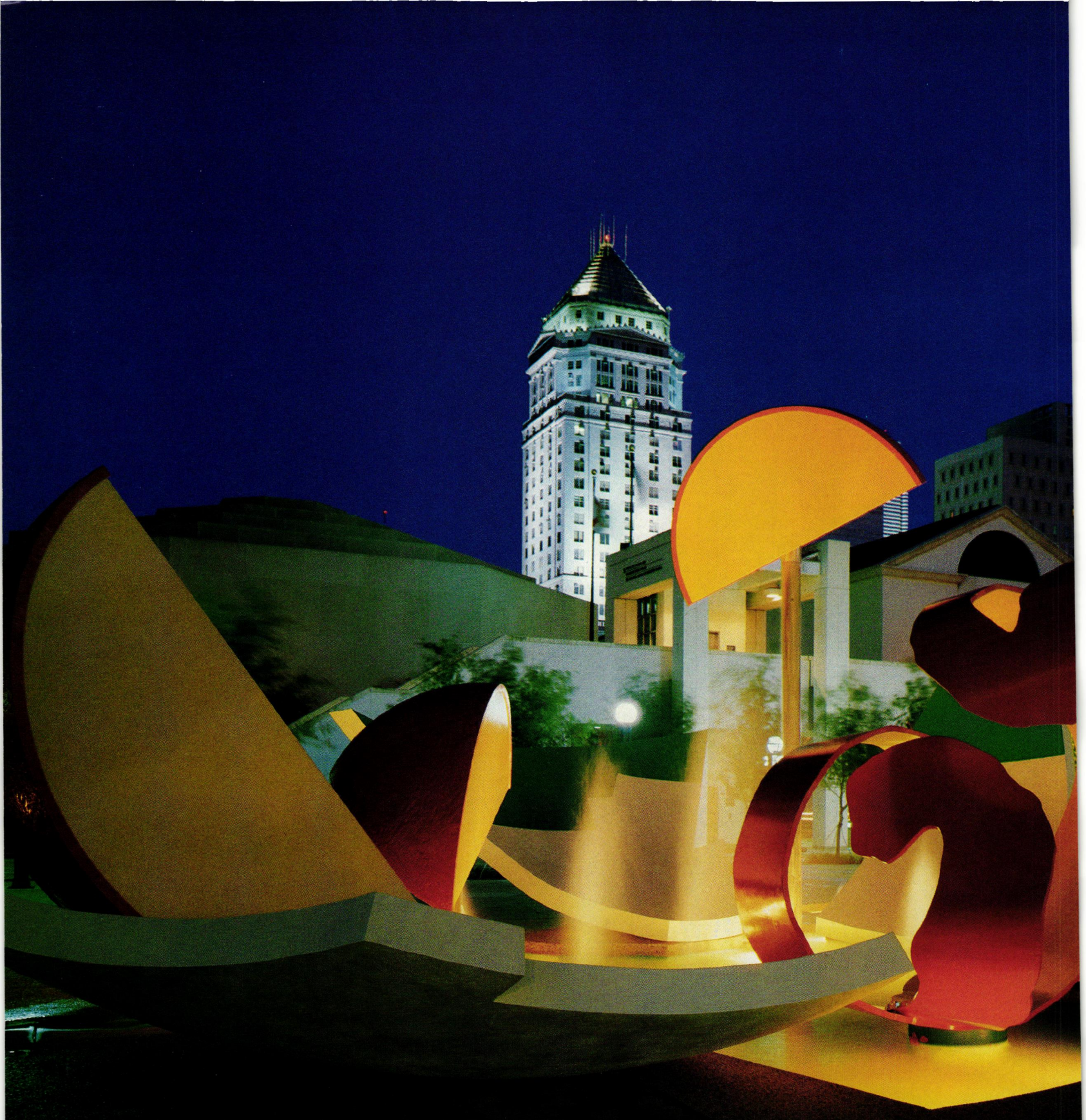


A corona canopy in Colefax & Fowler's Hydrangea chintz, available from Clarence House, hangs in the bedroom, *right*. *Below:* The dressing table is topped with Directoire lamps and a French mirror, c. 1890. *Opposite:* The chintz and Higford carpet amplify three shades of blue on the walls.





On the appointed day, the clients walked into their new home.
The beds were made and flowers graced the rooms



Fruit of the Boom

Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen's fountain is the latest project nurtured by Miami's public arts program. By Allan Schwartzman **Photographs by Timothy Hursley**

WHEN FORMER ASTRONAUT FRANK BORMAN WAS CHAIRman of Eastern Air Lines, he "vetoed" the installation of a mural by pop artist James Rosenquist that was intended for Miami International Airport. The mural included huge slices of bacon floating through a starry night, and Borman insisted there was no bacon in space. A decade later, Miami had one of the most ambitious public art programs in the country—on paper, that is—whereby such internationally influential artists as Robert Irwin, Daniel Buren, Joseph Kosuth, and Nam June Paik were commissioned to transform Dade County's bridges, parks, plazas, and, yes, the airport, into evidence of a visionary public art mecca. But the Borman Principle proved to be prophetic. Local agencies were slow to release legislated funds, and community groups had to pressure them to try to loosen up the money. Last May, after years of carrying the torch with evangelical devotion, the program's embattled director, César Trasobares, resigned.

If most of the projects remain on paper, the recently dedicated fountain in downtown Miami by the great pop artist Claes Oldenburg and his wife, Coosje van Bruggen, will be a fitting monument to the city's dashed dreams. Oldenburg and van Bruggen, an eminent art writer, have been quietly making an important body of public artworks over the past decade and a half. Together they have mastered the unique hybrid that has always been Oldenburg's trademark: the subversive crowd pleaser, the monumental antimonument, the protest in conciliatory clothing. Like all their pieces, the fountain sounds simple, even a bit silly: a massive fruit bowl has apparently fallen to the ground and shattered, its orange slices and ten-foot peels in turn scattered across a plaza, with water spouting up in staccato rhythms like squirts of juice. But the Oldenburgs have taken a dead horse of art history—the bowl of fruit—and infused it with new relevance. The fountain is sexy, yet, unlike most monuments, decidedly nonphallic; the scattered slices and peels were suggested by the tropical ethnic mix of Miami, the broken bowl by the divided nature of its population.

The team had to do some pretty savvy electioneering to gain the acceptance of politicians not fond of having their city glorified as a monumental accident. According to van Bruggen, this was accomplished by indicating that the shards of the piece are scattered in such a way that "there is the potential of bringing it together." For the fountain as for the population—and, at the moment, for Miami's public art program—there is hope. ▲

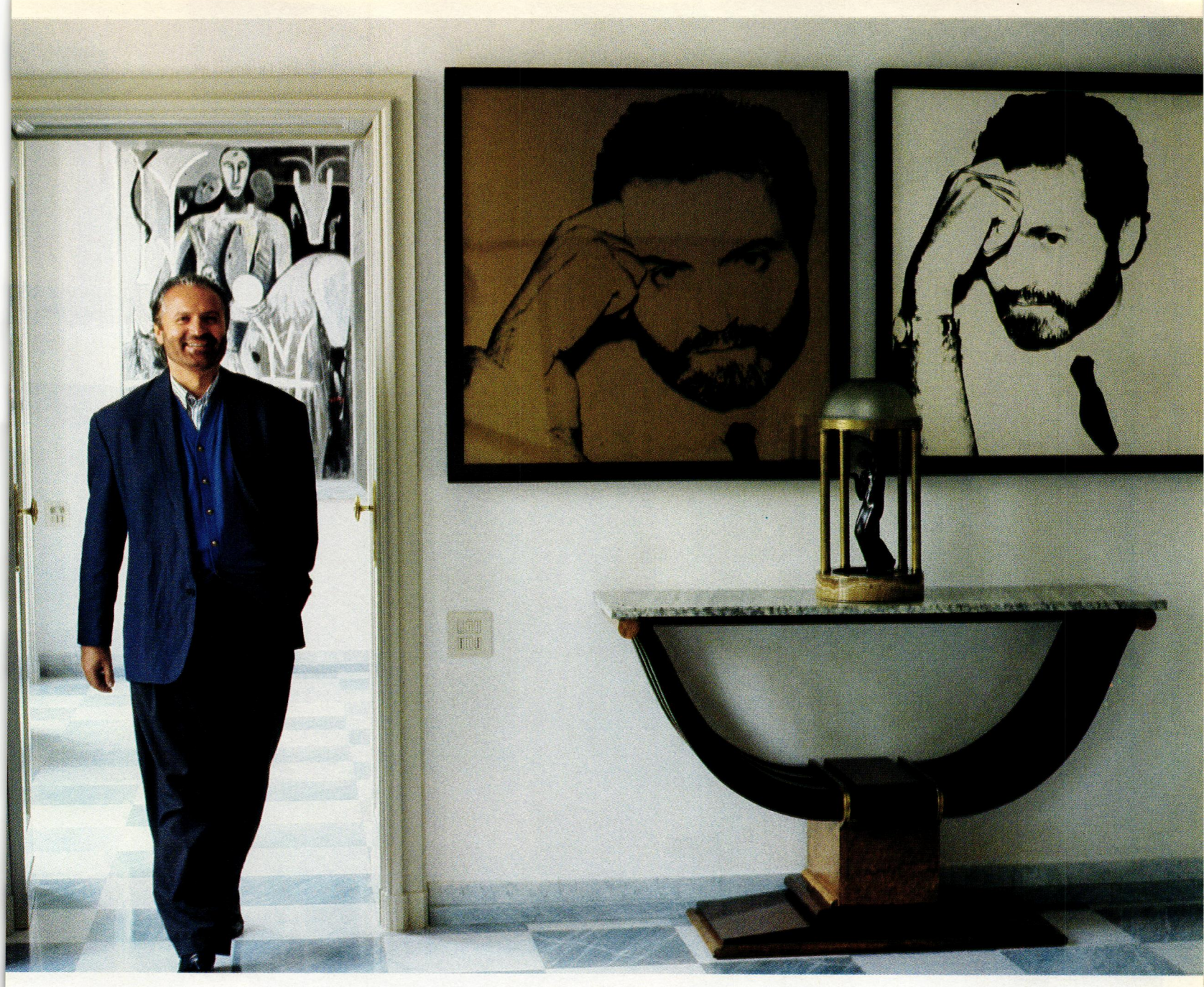
Editor: Charles Gandee



Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen's *Dropped Bowl, with Scattered Slices and Peels*, 1990, gives the old bowl of fruit a new spin.



Linen ballet dresses, after 19th-century court rehearsal costumes, grace a terrace off Versace's 400-year-old palazzo. *Opposite:* The designer on the threshold of his office where a pair of Warhol portraits flank a French art deco temple on a deco table.



Versace Center Stage

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PALAZZO
WHERE THE MILANESE COUTURIER LIVES AND WORKS
DISPLAYS HIS LIFELONG PENCHANT FOR DRAMA

BY WENDY GOODMAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



THE ITALIAN FASHION DESIGNER GIANNI VERSACE IS NOTHing if not theatrical. His famously sexy and flamboyant clothes appear on such stars as Jane Fonda, Sting, Sylvester Stallone, and Cher, and aspects of his costumes for film, theater, ballet, and opera often find their way into his fashion collections. A famous fashion designer with a theatrical bent would, logically, live and work in a four-hundred-year-old palazzo in the heart of Milan; the living quarters would be dramatically different from the work space; and they would be designed by a famous interior decorator known for his "settings for the theater of life." So it is that Lorenzo Mongiardino was put in charge of the private floors of the Versace residence.

"I knew Mongiardino through his work, which I had greatly admired," says the forty-four-year-old designer. "He is a man of great culture, and I have loved what he has done for my house. I really appreciated the respect he showed for my ideas, for the way I am, and for the fact that I was going to spend my life in this house."

The palazzo, which Versace bought eight years ago, was

Renzo Mongiardino hired the artisan Balbo for the master woodwork in the library, *above*. The globes and astrolabes are Versace's passion. *Right:* A niece, Allegra, models a dress her mother, Donatella, designed for Versace. *Opposite:* A Mimmo Paladino painting and a deco sculpture bracket the designer's desk. Details see Resources.





Versace's assistant, Angelo Azzena, fits a model in a ballet costume for *Evita Perón*. *Right:* Greek urns are reflected in the Carrara marble floors of the Beaux-Arts foyer. *Opposite:* Greek and Roman sculptures and neo-classical paintings line the salon.



built as a convent in 1600 and destroyed and rebuilt several times over the following centuries. Renzo Mongiardino's work exposes and shifts the layers of old-world time, before, during, and since. With extraordinary care, employing artisans in many fields, he and Versace have created rooms that have the feeling of other ages, namely antiquity and the Renaissance, as they should have been.

The master woodworker Balbo, for example, was enlisted to execute the richly detailed cherry bookcases, paneling, pediments, and molding in the neoclassical library, where chairs Versace found in another old palazzo were covered in velvet inlay with sixteenth-century borders and embellished with antique pillows from around the world; the designer's collection of globes and astrolabes—"from periods when man was beginning to understand the solar system and that the world was round, placing us in the fifteenth century," he says—line the walls.

Portraits of Roman emperors in the salon surround a collection of Roman and Greek sculptures of various divinities and heroes which date from the second century B.C. to the second century A.D. And in the designer's bedroom the view from the bed—a Florentine bed with a frescoed canopy that once belonged to the Medicis—is of a 100 B.C. Dionysus, a dozen or so models for frescoes, and religious statuary.

"I used to play among Roman busts. Maybe I collect to preserve the child inside me"

"My house," says Versace, "reflects a great love for classicism and a strong attraction to certain old English mansions that transmit a sense of safeness. It is full of collections I am fond of, and to me it is home in a very deep sense. I am inclined to collect whatever brings up emotion. This probably *(Text continued on page 230)*





Studies for frescoes hang in Versace's bedroom where a Florentine bed with a frescoed canopy is anchored by a Chinese carpet. The sculpture by the bed is a 1st-century B.C. Dionysus.

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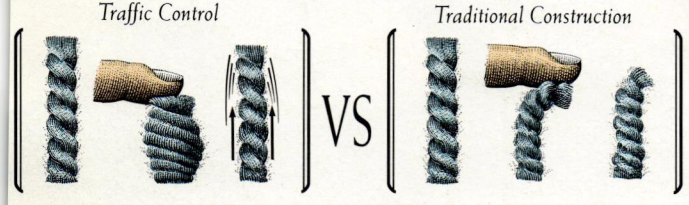
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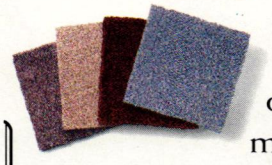


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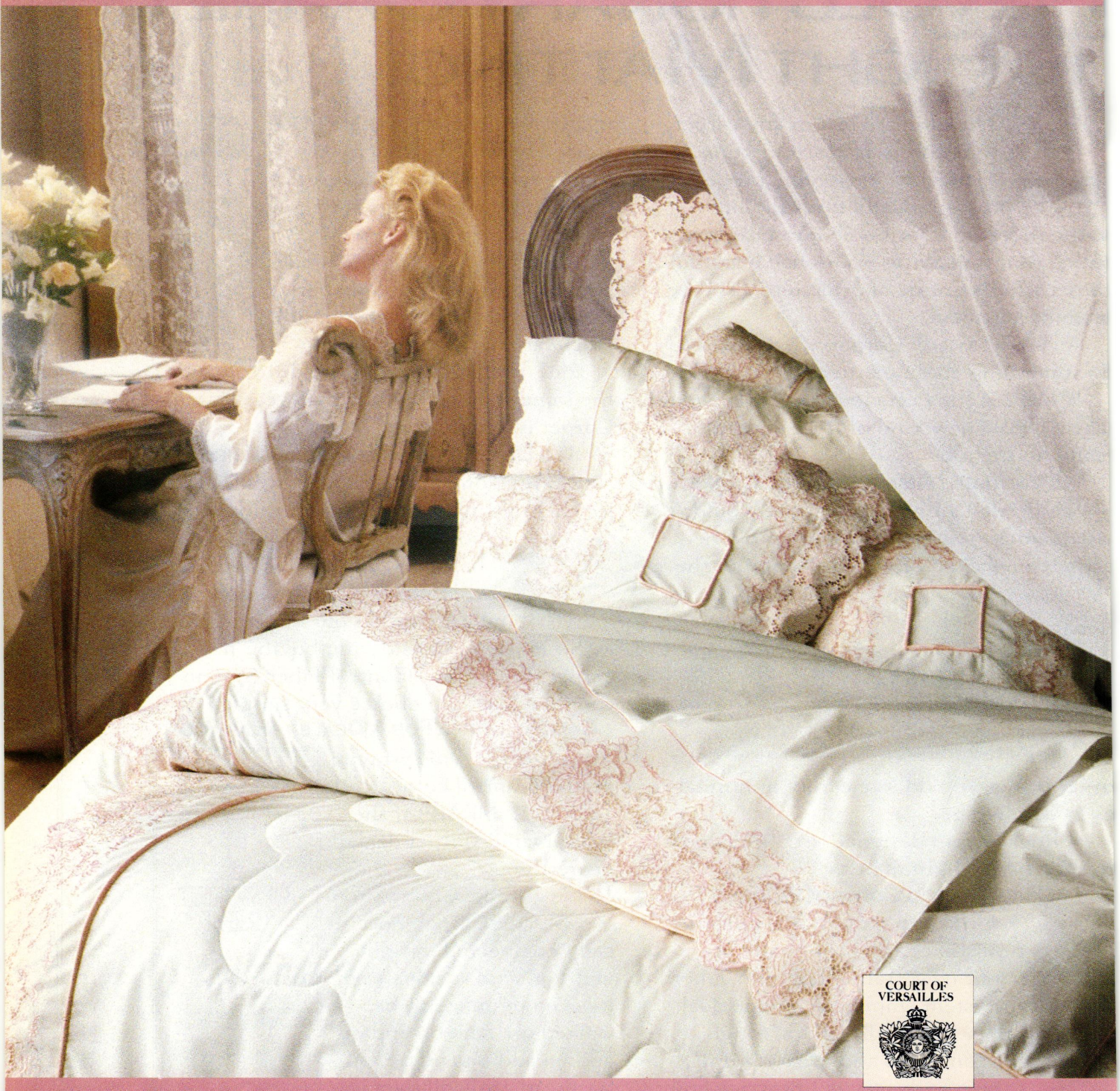
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French tea caddy from Antonio's Antiques, San Francisco, against Osborne & Little fabric. *Right:* A craftsman at Cuirs d'Océan in Paris trims shagreen to create a luxurious veneer. Details see Resources.

great ideas

Shagreen, the exotic decorative material made from fish skin, is a prime catch for designers with a sense of history BY JOEL KAYE

THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES, shagreen, the luminous caviar-textured natural finish, has served as everything from the no-slip covering on samurai sword grips to the veneer lining the Aga Khan's prewar Rolls-Royce. Labor-intensive, hard to come by in large sizes and quantities, and nearly impermeable, it well deserves its status as one of the world's most prized—and priciest—decorative materials. Shagreen is traditionally made from the skins of sharks, dogfish, and stingrays that are bleached, filed, and dyed (typically pale green using copper acetate), in a sixteen-step process. Its name, derived from the Turkish saghri (the croup

LEFT: MICHAEL MUNDY. RIGHT: NOËLLE HOEPPE





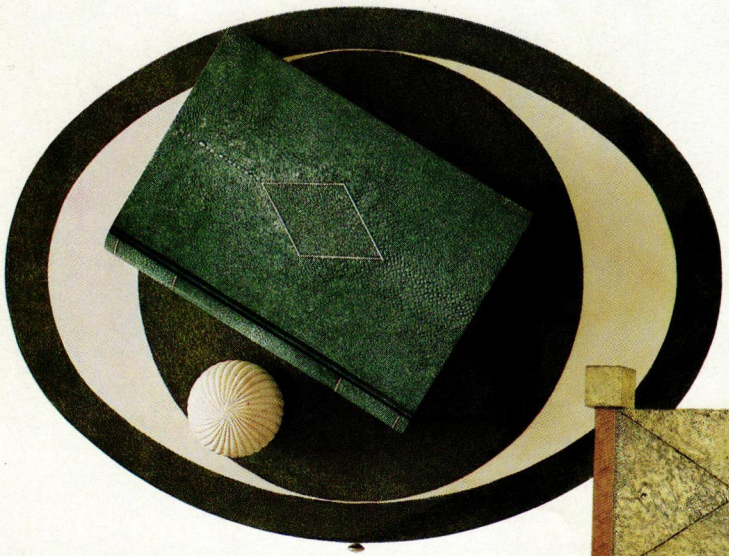
of an animal), also applies to treated leather bearing an ornamental pebbled surface.

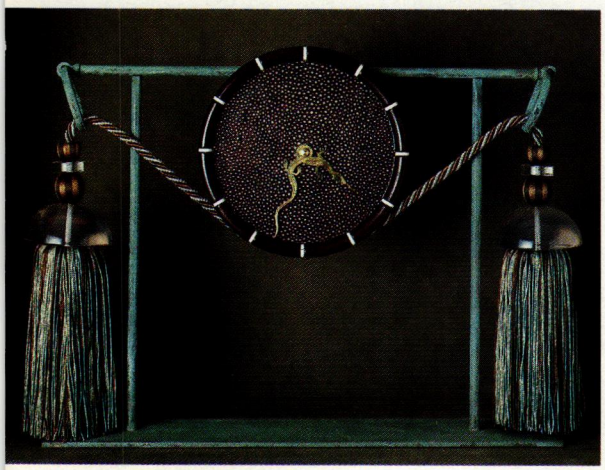
It was the exotic piscine-derived shagreen, however, that captured the imagination of Louis XV and his court, thanks to Jean-Claude Galuchat. A craftsman who specialized in making sheaths, Galuchat dazzled his royal clientele with shagreen cases containing perfume flacons, sewing sets, lorgnettes, and other accoutrements of high-style eighteenth-century living. To this day, shagreen is known in France as galuchat.

During the early decades of this century, French ébénistes and decorators such as Paul Iribe, Clément Rousseau, Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann, and Jean-Michel Frank rediscovered shagreen as the perfect textural foil to their sleek furniture designs. The prince of Wales, later the duke of Windsor, played a part in this revival by enthusiastically commissioning shagreen tables, humidors, and even toe caps for his shoes.

Now shagreen is experiencing a new revival. In Paris, a latter-day Galuchat named Jean Perfettini runs Cuirs d'Océan, an atelier devoted to the production and restoration of his material of choice. Perfettini is also the author of the 1989 book *Le Galuchat,* the most comprehensive study on the subject. Closer to home, New York decorator Robert Metzger lives with hundreds of historic examples of shagreen (his favorite find is a whippet head from an Edwardian cane), which inspired him to design a shagreen-patterned wallpaper and porcelain. Meanwhile furniture firms like Baker, Karl Springer, Ron Seff, Lorin Marsh, and Maitland-Smith have been putting shagreen to work on chairs, tables, and towering secretaries. And they will no doubt soon be joined by other big fish in the design world who are hooked on this most adaptable of embellishments. ▲

Editor: Carolyn Englefield





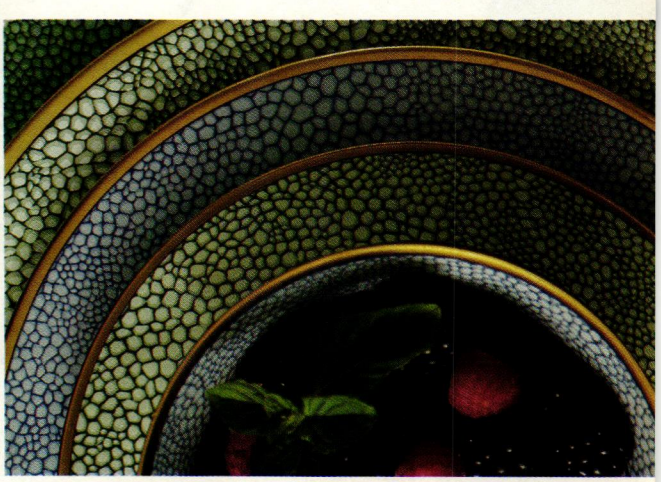


CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MICHAEL MUNDY; LAURENT SULLY JAULMES/MUSÉE DES ARTS DÉCORATIFS, PARIS; COURTESY SOTHEBY'S; COURTESY COUR INTÉRIEUR, PARIS; MICHAEL MUNDY

Celebrated for its caviarlike texture, shagreen has covered everything from the grips of samurai swords to the toe caps embellishing the prince of Wales's shoes

Shagreen objects, *above,* from the collection of Robert Metzger. *Right:* Secretary from Maitland-Smith. *Far right:* Puiforcat china by Manuel Canovas. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Box and faux ivory globe, both from John Rosselli, NYC, tuxedo shoes from Jandreani, NYC, with Manuel Canovas fabric, glass plate and vase from Muriel Karasik, NYC. Commode by Paul Iribe and Clément Rousseau, 1912, in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris. Pierre Legrain chair, c. 1917, from the Andy Warhol collection, sold by Sotheby's in 1988. Clock by Gérard Saint-Fort-Paillard for Cour/Intérieur, Paris. Charles Pfister nightstand for Baker Furniture, book box from Linda Horn, NYC, and bone sphere from Rosselli.



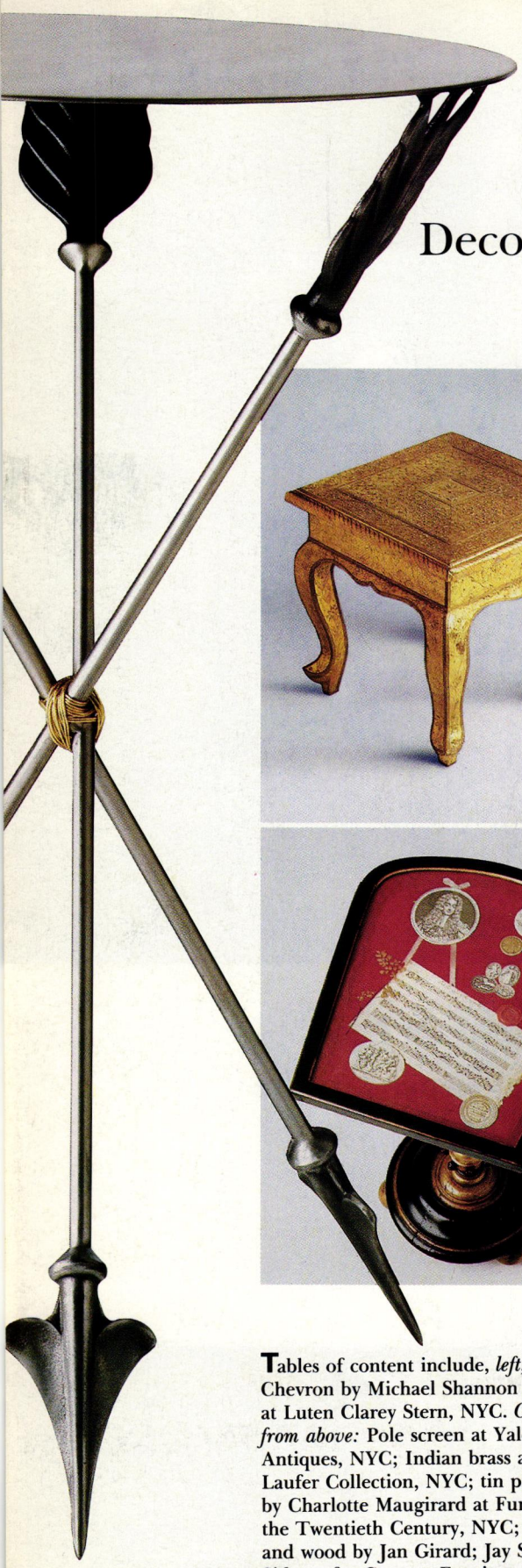


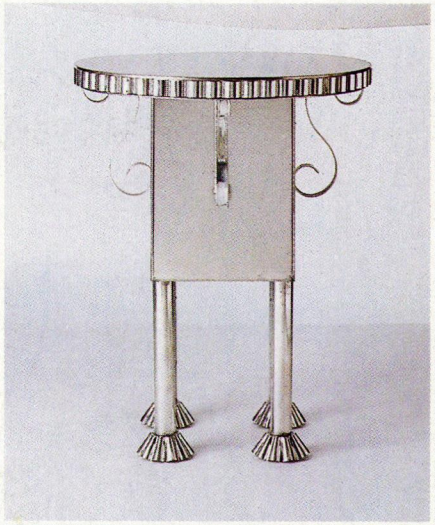
MICHAEL MUNDY; BACKDROP: CHARLES BRODERSON

By Anne Foxley

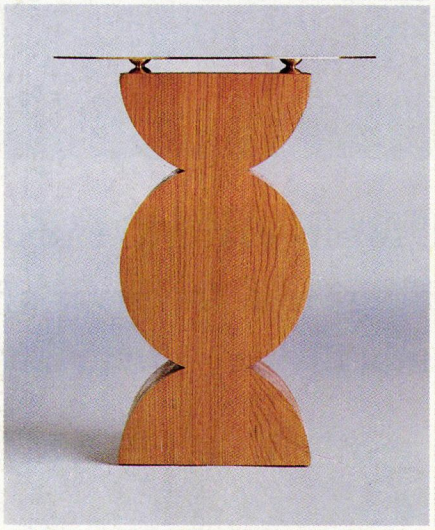
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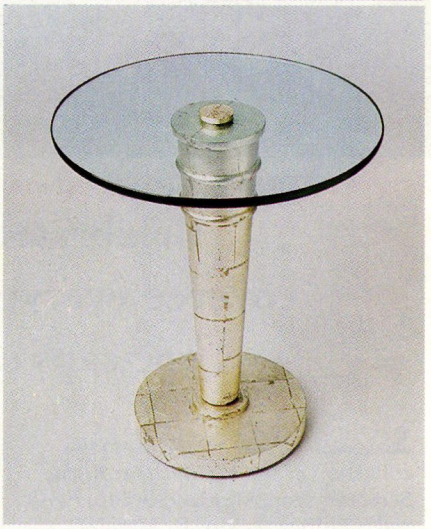
Decorative tables hold drinks or magazines—or their own as statements of style

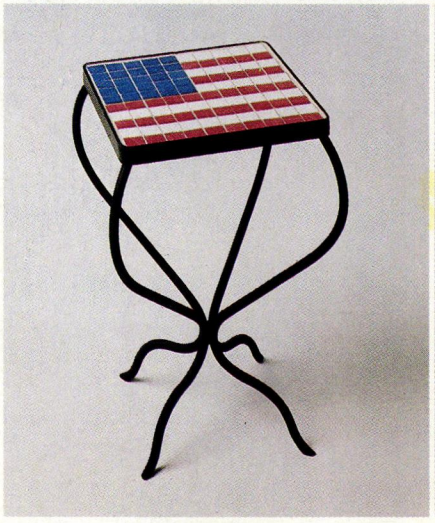








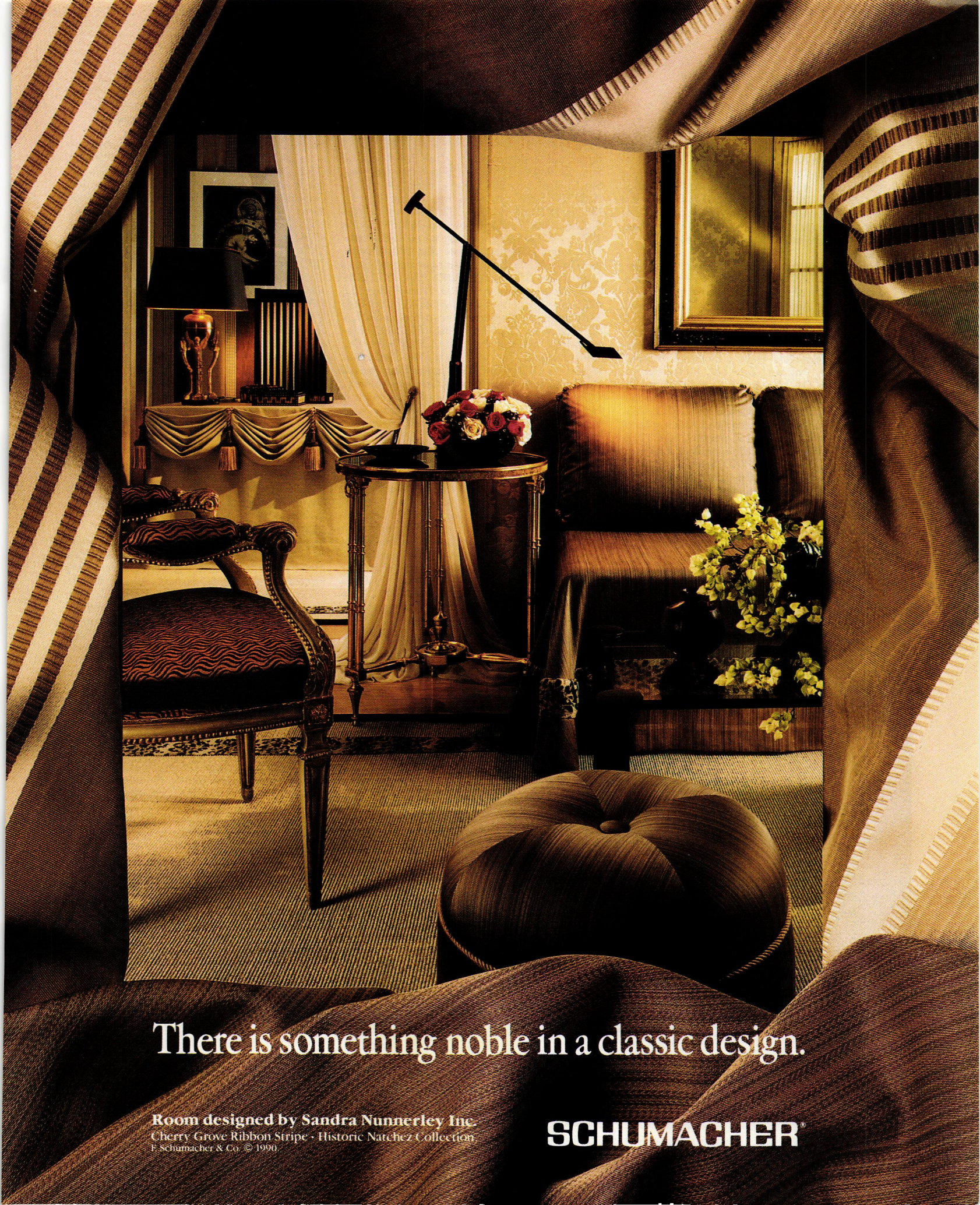






Tables of content include, *left,* the Chevron by Michael Shannon Associates at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC. *Clockwise from above:* Pole screen at Yale Burge Antiques, NYC; Indian brass at Fran Laufer Collection, NYC; tin pie molds by Charlotte Maugirard at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC; leather and wood by Jan Girard; Jay Spectre's Sidecar for Century Furniture; cloverleaf from Manor House, NYC; Anna Syrett's mosaic flag at Barneys New York; Brancusi's Constantin from Modern Age, NYC. Details see Resources.

RICHARD PIERCE


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Cherry Grove Ribbon Stripe · Historic Natchez Collection
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Resources

CONTENTS
Page 18 Arcadia Swing glass/cast-aluminum table, by Pierre Angelo Caramio for XO, $2,000, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 353-3450. 18-kt gold gauze jacket with feathers, $2,850, at Jackie Rogers, NYC (212) 737-9759. Bronze/rock crystal drop earrings, by Stephen Dweck, $300 pr, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Aversa, Milwaukee, Oak Brook; to order at Neiman Marcus.

PEOPLE
Page 72 Ushak rug, c. 1900, similar at Rug Tower, NYC (212) 677-2525. Curtains of Ceylon cotton, Capitol cotton on dining chairs, to the trade at China Seas, Los Angeles, NYC; Jerry Pair & Assoc., Atlanta, Dania; Ostrer House, Boston; Hinson & Co., Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Habert, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver; Taggart-Zweibel, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Georgian mantel, similar at William H. Jackson, NYC (212) 753-9400. **74** Copper Pegasus, carnival gate, similar at Great American Salvage Company, NYC (212) 505-0070. Turkish Bessarabian kilims, similar at Rug Tower, NYC (212) 677-2525. Indonesian cotton sarongs on chairs and middle pillows on sofa, Bunga cotton napkins, similar to the trade at China Seas (see above). Batavia cotton on end pillows and sofa, China Stripe cotton over poles, to the trade at China Seas (see above). Roma chairs (#BEC 114192), to the trade at Syllian Collections, NYC; Stuart Buchanan, Chicago, Denver (retail); Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, San Francisco; retail at Pranich-Snyder, Palm Beach; Julie Walters, Washington, D.C.

WRITER IN RESIDENCE
Page 100 Joe baseball glove sofa, $9,073.50, to the trade at Stendig, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles.

ENVIRONMENT
Pages 114, 116 Gardening with insects: SUPPLIERS Beneficial Insectary, 14751 Oak Run Rd., Oak Run, CA 96069; (916) 472-3715 catalogue free. Bio-Control, Box 337, Berry Creek, CA 95916; (916) 589-5227 catalogue free. Biofac, Box 87, Mathis, TX 78368; (512) 547-3259 price guide free. BioLogic, Box 177, Springtown Rd., Willow Hill, PA 17271; (717) 349-2789 catalogue free SASE. Natural Gardening Research Center, Box 149, Sunman, IN 47041; (812) 623-3800 catalogue free. Nature's Control, Box 35, Medford, OR 97501; (503) 899-8318 catalogue free. Necessary Trading, Box 305, 422 Salem Ave., New Castle, VA 24127; (703) 864-5103 catalogue $2. Rincon-Vitova Insectaries, Box 95, Oak View, CA 93022; (805) 643-5407 catalogue free. Unique Insect Control, 5504 Sperry Dr., Citrus Heights, CA 95621; (916) 961-7945 catalogue free. LITERATURE Mary Louise Flint, *Pests of the Garden and Small Farm: A Grower's Guide to Using Less Pesticide,* Division of Agriculture & Natural Resources, University of California, ANR Publications (6701 San Pablo Ave., Oakland CA 94608; 415-642-2431), 1990, $25. *Organic Gardening: Sowing the Seeds of Safety, Least Toxic Control of Lawn Pests, Pest Control Without Toxic Chemicals,* The National Coalition Against the Misuse of Pesticides (530 7 St. S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003; 202-543-5450), brochures $2 ea. Bio-Integral Resource Center (Box 7414, Berkeley, CA 94707; 415-524-2567), nonprofit organization giving advice on ecologically sound pest control indoors and outside (termites, cockroaches, other insects, weeds, plant diseases, rodents, and other wildlife), offers following publications: *Common Sense Pest Control Products and Services Directory,* $4; *The Producers of Beneficial Insects* (listing all insectaries worldwide), $3; *Least-Toxic Pest Management Publications Catalogue,* $1.

STYLE
Page 128 Ostrich-trimmed satin pillows, by Adrienne Landau, $300–$400 ea, at Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Gattle's, Fort Lauderdale; Randall's Linens & Gifts, Little Rock; to order at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. English painted carved-wood mirror, c. 1880, similar at Kentshire Galleries, NYC (212) 673-6644. 1920s French tole sconce, $2,800 pr, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. One-of-a-kind English brass penholder, c. 1890, from Sentimento Collection, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. Feather sterling-silver quill pen, $270, from Tiffany & Co., to order (800) 526-0649. 18-kt gold gauze bolero vest, $1,250, chiffon bandeau and pants, $1,250 set, by Jackie Rogers Couture, at Jackie Rogers, NYC; to order at Ultimo, Chicago. Lycra gloves with maribou feathers, by Tally at Showroom Seven, $110 pr, at Bloomingdale's, NYC; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset. Maribou feather/crystal/rhinestone/gold-plate earrings, by Eric Beamon at Showroom Seven, $264 pr, at Roz & Sherm, Birmingham; Charivari 57, NYC; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood. Les Plumes silk scarf, by Hermès, $195, to order (800) 441-4488. Fleur de lis English wall bracket, c. 1860, $2,750 pr, at Newel Art Galleries (212) 758-1970. Wood chair with rooster feathers and patent-leather seat, by Dish-Ta-Henge at Showroom Seven, $1,750, at Charivari 57, NYC (212) 333-4040.

BEYOND THE PALE
Pages 148–49 Custom muslin curtains with fringe, by JoAnne Chirico, Melrose (617) 665-0628. Linen Moiré rayon/cotton/linen on armchairs, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beachwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. **150–51** Veronese Antique Velvet cotton/bemberg on chair at left, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). **152** Portières of Grimani silk, by JAB, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Orlando, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **153** Directoire cotton/silk on dining chairs, striped pillow in Agincourt silk, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Bourges Moiré Brocade rayon/silk on chair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Ninon Taffetas silk on pillows at left, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above).

CHICAGO MODERN
Pages 154–55 Custom-color Concorde mohair plush on banquette, custom-color Shan silk on chairs, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, NYC, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Holly Hunt, Minneapolis; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia; McNamara & Harris, Phoenix; Wayne Martin, Portland; Randolph & Hein, San Diego; Primavera, Toronto; Zeising, Troy. Mies van der Rohe Collection Barcelona chairs, to the trade from KnollStudio, division of Knoll International, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Stainless-steel/glass coffee table, by Krueck & Olsen, 1986, at Manifesto, Chicago (312) 664-0733. **154–57, 159** Rodelle custom-color, custom-size, hand-tufted wool rugs, other custom rugs, to the trade to order at V'Soske, for showrooms (800) 847-4277, in NY (212) 688-1150. **156** Mies van der Rohe Collection



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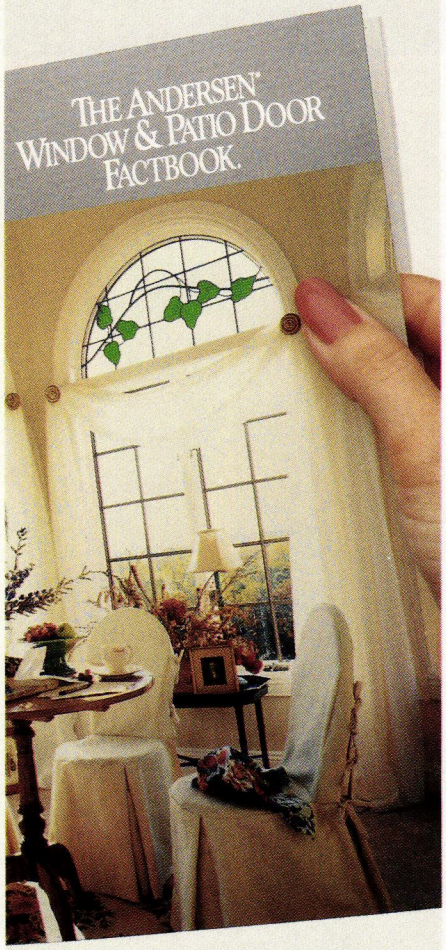
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Resources

Flat Brno chairs, to the trade from KnollStudio, division of Knoll International, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Metallic-dyed cowhide on chairs, to the trade at Teddy & Arthur Edelman, NYC (212) 751-3339. **157** Mies van der Rohe Collection Barcelona stool, to the trade from KnollStudio, division of Knoll International, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Pollock chair, to the trade at Knoll International,for showrooms (800) 223-1354. **158** Mario Bellini Cab leather chair, to the trade at Atelier International, NYC, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dallas, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Montage, Boston; Rep Group, Denver; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Williams Group, Seattle. **159** Eames lounge chair and ottoman with 5-star metal base and wood frame, approx $3,000, from Herman Miller, for dealers (800) 851-1196. Horizontal surface mount lamp (#444HSM/CO), by Cedric Hartman, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, Chicago, for other Cedric Hartman showrooms (402) 344-4474.

SHOWING HIS COLORS

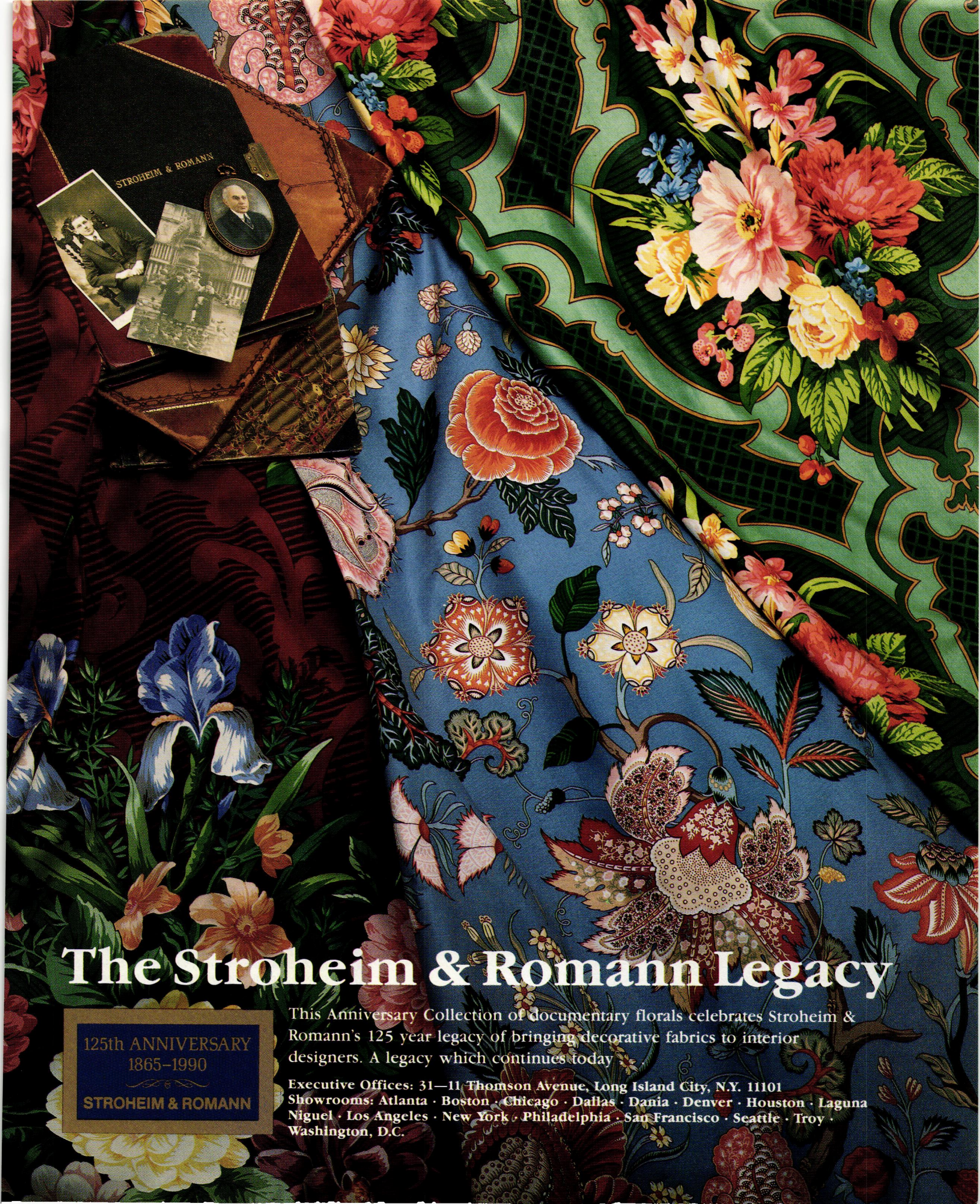
Pages 168–69 Tyler Woven Stripe viscose/cotton moiré on walls and as curtain border, Trevise viscose/cotton moiré for curtains, on bedspread, bed, and armchairs, Etienne viscose/cotton moiré on chair, all by Pierre Frey, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 148–49). Mandalay throw on bed, from Patrick Frey Collection at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills; La Ruche, Boston; Branca, Chicago; Potter & Mellen, Cleveland; Marie Leavell, Dallas; Naked Zebra, Greenwich; Kalkin & Co., Paramus; Lyman Drake Antiques, Santa Ana; Michel's Antiques, Sun Valley. Champs du Mandarin cotton under bedspread, 54" wide, $102 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Style AA wall lamp, Fr700–800, style AL standing lamp, Fr1,160–1,360, both by Manufactor, at Besson, Paris (1) 40-51-89-64; David Hicks, Paris (1) 43-26-00-67. Custom Villa d'Este needlepoint carpet, $700 sq yd, to order from Casa Lopez, NYC (212) 935-5344. **169** Poet's glass/brass shades, $140–$160 ea, by Point à la Ligne, to order at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. **170** Brunschwig's Pierre Frey Trevise on chair and pillows, Tyler Woven Stripe on sofas (see above for pgs 148–49). Brompton beechwood sofas, $8,875 ea COM, Stone Gardens granulated-stone/beechwood coffee table, $3,670, both by Philippe Hurel, to the trade at Interna Designs, for showrooms (312) 280-4800. Dried flower compositions, from Jule des Prés Galerie, 19 rue du Cherche-Midi, 75006 Paris; (1) 45-48-26-84. **171** Trevise viscose/cotton moiré on yellow chair and screen, Tyler Woven Stripe viscose/cotton moiré as screen border, Mellon Tapestry viscose/cotton jacquard as tablecloth border and undercloth, all by Pierre Frey, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 148–49). Leaf Tapestry as tablecloth, by Pierre Frey, to the trade at Fonthill, NYC; Marion-Kent, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas P. Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia, Dania; Reynolds-Howard, High Point; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Custom-color La Grecque reversible wool jacquard carpet, to order at Casa Lopez, NYC (212) 935-5344. Soleil armchairs, Lune chair, both by Patrick Frey Collection, to order at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; to order at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills. Hervé Baume extralarge glass candleholders (AM#1), $350 ea, at Pierre Deux, to order (800) 874-3773. Ropework on candelabras, similar from Jule des Prés (see above).

THE UNREAL McCOY

Page 174 Treillage Sidewall wallpaper, Sarah Jane chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 148–49). 19th-century Chippendale-style mahogany dining table, 19th-century Chinese Chippendale–style mahogany vitrine, similar at Morey Palmer Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 658-6444. 18th-century French crystal chandelier, at Paul Ferrante, Los Angeles (213) 653-4142. **175** Basillo Damask linen on living room walls, to the trade at Lee Behrens, division of Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Pickney Stripe cotton for breakfast room curtains, to the trade at Schumacher, for showrooms (212) 415-3900. Russian Biedermeier walnut table, $8,500, and birch chairs, at R. M. Barokh Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 655-2771. 18th-century Provence mirror, at Connoisseur Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 658-8432. Bronze Empire chandelier, at Paul Ferrante, Los Angeles (213) 653-4142. **176** French Silk Taffeta on bed canopy and dressing table, to the trade at Lee Behrens, division of Decorators Walk (see above). Old English Chintz on settee, to the trade at J. H. Thorp, division of Decorators Walk (see above).

THREE'S COMPANY

Page 190 Checkerboard Ikat cotton on chair, by Nuno, to the trade at Ilana Goor/Nuno Showroom, NYC; Bradbury Collection, Los Angeles. Anegré veneer/cherry/steel end table, by Bentley LaRosa Salasky, $2,360, to the trade at Brickel, NYC, Chicago, Dallas; Portfolio, Arlington; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Te'Cera Group, Chesterfield; Lloyd Smith, Coral Gables; Ferguson/Rice, Houston; Levine Calvano, Long Island City; Lear Melick & Assocs., Philadelphia; Birkett Representatives, Phoenix; Lynam & Company, San Francisco; Bennett, Seattle; Craig Johnson & Assocs., Toronto. Herbert Lippmann end table, similar at Wooster Gallery, NYC (212) 219-2190. Regalaire Velvet carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Shears & Window, Denver, Dean-Warren, Phoenix. Leather on chair and ottoman, to the trade at Spinneybeck, for showrooms (800) 482-7777. Shaker wool/viscose/cotton on pillow, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Italian late 1940s end table, similar at Fred Silberman, NYC (212) 925-9470. Three-fifths round steel coffee table with custom top, at rear, by Bentley LaRosa Salasky, to the trade at Brickel (see above). **192–93** Baby Ball lounge chairs, by Bentley LaRosa Salasky, $3,300 ea COM, to the trade at Brickel (see above). Fairfax cotton chenille on chairs' sides, to the trade at Donghia Textiles, at Donghia Showroom, NYC, Beachwood, Chicago, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Wendy Boyd, Denver; Telio & Cie, Montreal, Toronto; Judy Baer, Philadelphia; Susan Mills, Seattle. Ascot cotton/wool/nylon chenille on chairs' seats, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, San Francisco, NYC; Bob Collins, Atlanta, Miami, Philadelphia; Devon Services, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago; Jim Barrett, Dallas; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Keith H. McCoy & Assocs., Los Angeles; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle. Napoli leather on sofa and



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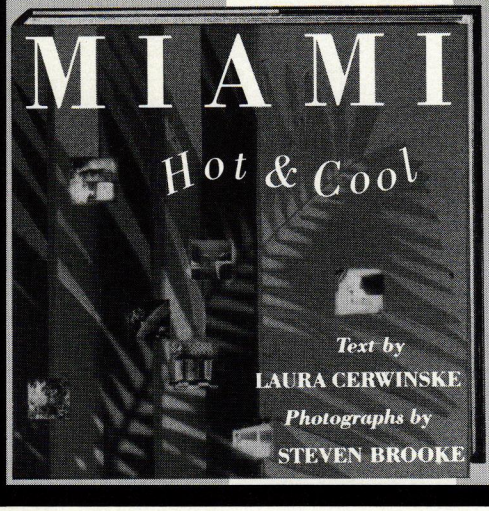
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chairs, to the trade at Teddy & Arthur Edelman, NYC (212) 751-3339. Gio Ponti 1940s goatskin coffee table, similar at Fred Silberman, NYC (212) 925-9470. Terrazzo/steel end table, by Joe D'Urso, $960, to the trade at Gullans International, NYC, for representatives (203) 366-1846. **194** Rais #3 wrought-iron fireplace/stove, $2,790, from Rais & Wittus, for information (914) 764-5679. Alvar Aalto chandelier (#JL341), $925, to the trade at Lighting Associates, NYC (212) 751-0575. Colorsound ceramic tiles (color shown not available), from Villeroy & Boch, for dealers (201) 575-0550. Marble/steel plant stand, by Bentley LaRosa Salasky, $1,800, to the trade at Brickel (see above). **195** Le Corbusier chaise longue, to the trade at Atelier International (see above for pg 158). Hoffmann limed, black-stained ashwood nesting table, from set of four, to the trade at ICF, NYC, Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C. Gio Ponti table lamp, late 1940s, similar at Fred Silberman, NYC (212) 925-9470.

EXPORT QUALITY

Page 196–97 Campbell sofa, Cunard cotton velvet, wool bullion fringe, from Colefax & Fowler, London (71) 493-2231, contact Dinah Marriott. Custom coffee table, to order from Colefax & Fowler (see above). French Empire medallion pillows, similar at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770. Late 19th century Aubusson pillows, similar at Heraz, London (71) 245-9497. Early 19th century Japanese Imari jar, similar at Bennison, London (71) 730-3370. **197** Trompe l'oeil panels, by Gordon Davies, through Colefax & Fowler (see above). Unusual painted, curved Italian benches, c. 1780, found at Michael & Margaret Parker Antiques, London (71) 589-0133. **198–99** Bessarabian tapestry carpet, c. 1860, similar at Heraz, London (71) 245-9497. Kingsway sofa and armchair in Semi Montrechard viscose/cotton, from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Specially woven fabric for curtains, 120 m minimum order, handmade fringe, to order from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Irish Regency carved marble mantel, c. 1830, similar at T. Crowther & Son, London (71) 385-1375. English Coalport plates on mantel, c. 1820, similar at Bardith, NYC (212) 737-3775. French tole egg coddler, c. 1810, on mantel, similar at Stair & Co., London (71) 499-1784. **199** Custom faux marbre table and Chinese Chippendale–style dining chairs, to order from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Uccelli cotton, 51"–55" wide, $237 yd, from Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Sri Lanka silk, handmade block fringe, to order from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Velours de Lin linen velvet on chairs, from Colefax & Fowler (see above). 18th-century Italian mirror, similar at John Allsopp, London (71) 730-9347. Genova crystal stemware, from Baccarat, NYC (212) 696-1440, outside NY (800) 847-3004. **200** Hydrangea chintz, by Colefax & Fowler, 52¼" wide, $93 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). Glenalmond chintz for lining and headboard, from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Handmade ruched border, to order from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Linens from Frette, NYC, Beverly Hills; Frette at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Broderie Anglaise cotton on dressing table, from Colefax & Fowler (see above). French mirror, c. 1890, similar at Keith Skeel Antiques, London (71) 226-7012. **201** Custom-color Higford wool carpet, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, Chicago; F. Schumacher & Co., Atlanta, Boston, Dania, Laguna Niguel, Minneapolis, Washington, D.C., West Hollywood; Form III, Dallas; Regency House,

Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Boulogne Check cotton on chair, daybed, Gloriana silk for festoon blinds, from Colefax & Fowler (see above). Monte Carlo comforter, from Pratesi, NYC, Bal Harbour, Beverly Hills, Palm Beach, Montreal, Toronto.

VERSACE CENTER STAGE

Page 207 Dress shown not available, other Gianni Versace children's wear, available at FAO Schwarz, NYC; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. **208** Beaded harlequin suit, by special order, Gianni Versace Boutique, NYC, Los Angeles.

GREAT IDEAS

Page 215 Early 19th century French tea caddy, $13,500 pr, at Antonio's Antiques, San 2Francisco (415) 781-1737. Shagreen cotton, 55" wide, $49.50 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (212) 751-3333. For galuchat furniture, some custom, or restoration, Cuirs d'Océan Workshop & Showroom, 19–21 rue Henri Regnault, 75014 Paris; (1) 45-39-14-03. **216** Temple-style shagreen box, faux ivory globe, at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 737-2252. Tuxedo shoes, $485 pr, at Jandreani Men's, NYC (212) 753-4666. Laperouse cotton, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above for pg 190). Murrine glass plate, c. 1960, by Tobia Scarpa for Venini, glass vase, c. 1930, by Ercole Barovier for Artisti Barovier, at Muriel Karasik, NYC (212) 535-7851. One-of-a-kind Hommage à François de La Chataigneraie shagreen/metal/wood clock, by Gérard Saint-Fort-Paillard, Fr29,000, similar at Cour/Intérieur, Paris (1) 42-77-33-10. Charles Pfister Premier Collection nightstand from Baker Furniture, 917 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL 60654. 1920s shagreen/ivory book box, $3,500, at Linda Horn Antiques, NYC (212) 772-1122. Yak-bone sphere, at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 737-2252. **217** Shagreen secretary from Maitland-Smith, to the trade at Robert Allen showrooms, for Maitland-Smith dealers (919) 889-5616. Galuchat porcelain, designed by Manuel Canovas for Puiforcat, $295 5-piece place setting, at Puiforcat, NYC (212) 734-3838; for other stores (212) 684-6760.

SAMPLES

Page 218 Chevron steel/cast-iron table with brass wrap, painted arrows and feathers, by Michael Shannon Associates, $1,165, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Design Resources, Beachwood, Cincinnati, Troy; Antiques, Chicago; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shanahan Collection, Denver; Mitchell Ryan, Dania; Menage, Los Angeles; Helen Fraser & Assocs., Minneapolis; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Jack Pesarcyk, Phoenix; Les Stewart, Salt Lake City; Dunkirk, San Francisco; Michael Folks Showroom, Seattle; Joan Eiley & Assocs., Toronto; retail at Hilary Thatz, Palo Alto; Kris Kelly, San Francisco; Sue Fisher King, San Francisco. Mid 19th century pole screen made into wood table with antique curios, $4,350 pr, at Yale Burge Antiques, NYC (212) 838-4005. Indian hammered-brass table, $950, at Fran Laufer Collection, NYC (212) 686-7373. Table #7 of tin pie molds, by Charlotte Maugirard, $1,250, to the trade at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Darius leather/wood table, by Jan Girard, $4,600, limited edition, to order from Girard Designs, Brooklyn (718) 782-6430. Jay Spectre Collection Sidecar glass/gold-leaf wood lamp table, $360, from Century Furniture, for dealers (800) 852-5552. Cloverleaf oak table, $1,914, to the trade at Manor House, NYC (212) 532-1127. Mosaic/wrought-iron flag table, by Anna Syrett, at Chelsea Passage at Barneys New York, NYC (212) 929-9000. Brancusi's Constantin wood/brass table, $2,000, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 353-3450.

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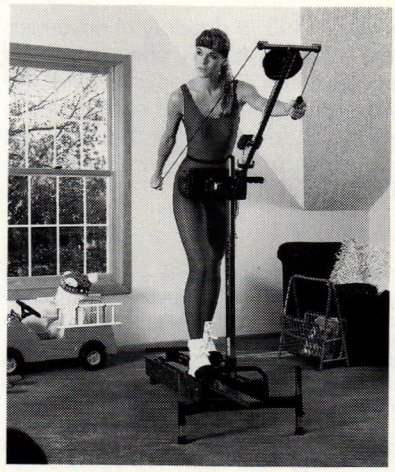
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20. CASA STRADIVARI: Our Shenandoah Country Collection of occasional, dining and bedroom furniture made of solid pine and pine veneers. Hand-decorated, antiqued and distressed finish with vine and berry motifs. Catalog $3.00.

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30. CYNTHIA GIBSON, INC.: For information on where our collections of fine wallcoverings and fabrics may be seen call 1-800-272-2766 or circle #30. Free.

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32. DAPHA, LTD.: Dapha's upholstery is styled by your designer, but the quality comes from Dapha. For the finest handcrafted detail and superior comfort, ask your designer for Dapha. Lifetime guarantee. Brochure free.

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103. MIZNER VILLAGE: Private and secure Arvida community of spacious villas, designed in the tradition of Addison Mizner. Bounded by the Boca Raton Resort and Club, the Intracoastal, a golf course and a waterside park. Amenities include eligibility for a membership in the Boca. Brochure free.

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105. THE WATERWAYS: Coscan's Intracoastal community with deep-water yacht harbor, Scandinavian spa, and dockside shopping and dining. Tower residences, townhomes, single-family homes and atrium apartments, many with Atlantic, Intracoastal or harbor views. Prestigious Aventura location. For information call 1-800-626-1072 (in FL 305-935-3271) or circle #105. Free.

106. WILLIAMS ISLAND: Hailed by the top echelons of the national real estate industry as the foremost luxury building in North America. Ultra, the 7000 at Williams Island is conveniently located between Miami and Fort Lauderdale. Brochure free.

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Versace Center Stage

(*Continued from page 209*) stems from my southern origins, from the fact that I was born in a land where ancient Greece left deep marks, in a house not far from a Greek temple. When I was a child in Reggio Calabria, I used to play among mosaics and Roman busts. Maybe I collect these items to preserve the child inside me and protect the attachment to my origins."

If the majority of Versace's "items" are several hundred years old, he also has a few modern treasures: his art-filled offices, on the third floor of the palazzo, are as contemporary as his living quarters are classical. "I could not possibly live and work in the same atmosphere," says the designer, whose offices were done by Gianfranco Cavaglia, an architect from Turin. "I asked for large and clean spaces to recreate the atmosphere of certain museums and to hold all the books and more recent works of art I have been collecting." Huge paintings by contemporary Italian artists Mimmo Paladino and Mimmo Rotella, for instance, as well as bold duochrome portraits of Versace by Andy Warhol line the otherwise stark walls upstairs. The floors are Carrara marble, and the furnishings are all art deco—French, Italian, and, including a pair of deco sculptures by Perpan, Russian.

From this supportive environment come Versace's couturier and ready-to-wear fashions as well as his new modestly priced Versus line. Although he is careful to maintain a church-and-state relationship between work and play, filial attachments are as strong as his ties to his birthplace; his brother Santo, brother-in-law Paul Beck, and sister Donatella all hold important positions in the Versace company. Donatella designs the children's line and provides inspiration to her brother in his own efforts; it was she who urged Versace to shorten what have become his very popular short skirts. "Donatella is my first assistant, the one who helps me to understand what women actually want," he says.

Versace's theatrical projects—including costumes for pieces by Robert Wilson, Roland Petit, and Maurice Béjart, as well as for the San Francisco Opera—germinate in the former greenhouse on the first floor of the palazzo, which has been transformed into a brilliantly lit space that gives onto expansive gardens designed by Versace with the help of the Milanese landscape architect Fumagalli. This parklike setting is filled with stately elms, plane trees, and maples, and the couturier can be found here often. "To stay at home means to feel safely away from the pollution of daily routine," he says. "To stay at home with some music and a good book helps me to remain who I am." ♠

Taking the Long View

(*Continued from page 183*) climb stairs to the level of the front yard, then climb a wide flight through a fence into the space at the north end, which serves as an entrance hall of sorts to the garden and to the house.

After about ten years of development and cultivation, when my four outdoor domestic spaces had begun to feel too limited, I removed part of the hemlock hedge at the back of the terrace border to open a gateway out to the lawn and the hillside. A grass path on axis with the Doric temple now bisects the beds of pink and red and heads straight up into the brand-new apple orchard—nineteen species of standard apple trees planted in sixteen quincunx formations (an ancient Roman pattern, four trees in a square with a fifth in the middle). At the top of the field, beyond the eighty spindly whips of trees, a wide hiatus has been cut through an old copse of quaking aspens so you can see the sky. (Not entirely by chance, this grove above the orchard is reminiscent of the bosco above the parterre, a canon of later Italian Renaissance gardens.)

The hill flattens out at its crest, and someday soon I hope to have a second Doric temple, an eye-catcher, up top, the mirror image of the temple front 350 feet below on my back porch. What a view there is from up there—down through the orchard and out above the house to the hills on the western horizon.

Something Horace Walpole once said of William Kent he could have said of me: "He leaped the fence, and saw that all nature was a garden." Kent, of course, was a guiding spirit behind the classical revival in English aesthetics in the early eighteenth century. I am pleased to report that I have a small-scale classical revival of my own going on in the late twentieth century on Briar Creek Road. ♠

Editor: Senga Mortimer

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must have been the wonder of the country when its decoration was completed. It is both a delightful document of the eighteenth-century fascination with the exotic and a bravura gesture of cosmopolitan fashion on the veritable edge of the continental wilderness. At a time when America seemed only slightly less distant to the English than far-off Cathay, this yellow ocher chinoiserie caprice was a design statement of the most eloquent sort, proclaiming Virginia every bit as up-to-date as the center of the empire. Mason's intimate involvement with all aspects of planning and embellishing his house paralleled that of his gentlemen contemporaries in England. But as closely as he and George Washington followed the latest London design trends, with the eagerness of colonials determined not to look provincial, Mason was vigilant in guarding against political attitudes that would simply replace a foreign tyranny with a domestic version of it.

His single-minded insistence on the sanctity of basic human rights—especially the freedoms of worship, speech, press, and assembly and the redress of grievances, protected by the first article of the Bill of Rights—led him to withdraw from public life when he felt his warnings went unheeded. But his triumphant vindication when the Bill of Rights was finally adopted in December 1791, less than a year before he died, allowed him to end his life content that he had done the right thing. Now when so many of the issues that George Mason struggled to defend are once again at the top of our national agenda, he seems more of a contemporary than ever. ♠ *Editor: Senga Mortimer*

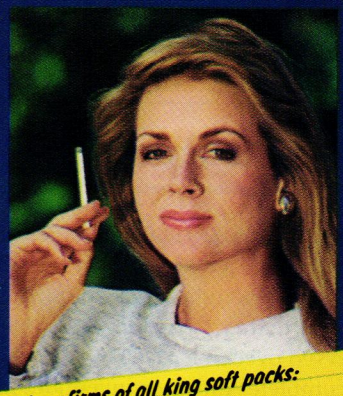
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Tidewater Treasure

(Continued from page 137) architectural pattern books that began to circulate widely during the mid eighteenth century, Buckland moved methodically through the house creating one room more remarkable than the last. The center hall, which runs from the front door to the back porch facing the gardens and the Potomac beyond, is delineated by chaste white-painted wooden pilasters and an equally correct frieze. The Masons' bedroom and his simple study are on one side of that broad median corridor. But the two interconnecting public rooms on the other side are virtuoso displays of design invention, every bit as sophisticated and accomplished as the best work then being done in London, let alone in colonial Virginia. Both of those splendid interiors are now undergoing painstaking restorations from which they will emerge high among the most memorable American rooms of their kind. In the southwest corner of the main floor is the Palladian Parlor, a bit of a misnomer in that the richness and abundance of its classical ornament are less typical of the Italian master than of William Kent, the influential English architect and furniture designer who died seven years before Buckland came to Gunston Hall. The beefy dimensions of Kent's distinctive style of detailing, piling on row after row of dentils, rosettes, guilloche bands, and egg and dart molding, give this room a powerful aura very different from the delicate neoclassicism that blossomed in the United States after the Revolution.

Stepping through a magnificent doorway topped by a bold broken pediment, one enters the Chinese Dining Room, which

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Unreal McCoy

(Continued from page 176) lacking are views outside the windows, all of which remained covered with curtains during filming—a device Sylbert says he used to suggest that the McCoys have cocooned themselves from the realities of life in New York.

When the film begins, the pedigreed furniture and old-money flourishes amplify McCoy's inflated image of himself as a "master of the universe." As the story unfolds, however, the surroundings provide a taunting foil to McCoy's humiliating situation. In the elevator foyer and semicircular stair hall, inspired by the work of Sir John Soane, the trails of pink and gold faux marble serve as a sad reminder of McCoy's former riches. And in the master bedroom, which is Judy McCoy's nod to the royal bedchambers of the eighteenth century, a four-poster swathed in billowing silk becomes McCoy's torture chamber: *"Royal!* What a mockery it was of himself, a throbbing lump of flesh and fear cowering in bed in the dead of night!"

The tools that Sylbert used to design and decorate this glittering world filled his office in a corrugated metal trailer, which he shared with his five-person art department. Rows of fabric swatches hung alongside research pictures of Park and Fifth Avenue apartments. There were piles of decorating magazines, paint and lacquer samples, and, at the top of a heap of design books, Chester Jones's 1989 *Colefax & Fowler,* the film's design bible. Covering one wall were plans of every set and simple perspectives, which Sylbert drew in collaboration with De Palma. To give the director the freedom to shoot from any angle and to accommodate his penchant for determining on the set the swooping swirling camera movements and other cinematographic pyrotechnics for which he is famous, each room of the apartment had four walls and most came equipped with muslin ceilings, which could be removed at a moment's notice. This kind of built-in flexibility, which no real location can offer, is what justifies going to the expense of building Gotham in Hollywood.

Academy Award–winning cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond lent a crystalline clarity to the look of the movie. "No smoke, no gold," Sylbert says. No romance allowed, the desired effect is to capture the ice-cold materialism of Sherman and Judy McCoy before the flames of the film's impending bonfire destroy their glamorous, well-decorated world. ♠

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

Export Quality

(Continued from page 200) on time."

And beautifully, say the clients. On the appointed day the family walked into their glorious new apartment with only their suitcases in hand. Beds were made, books were in bookcases, dishes were in cabinets, vases of flowers graced the handsome rooms. "It gives me chills when I think about it even now," says the wife. "I know this just doesn't happen."

Since moving day, some items have been added by the owners, notably the 1898 Julius Rolshoven portrait above the living room sofa, which looks as if the painter had set up his easel in that very room. When Imogen Taylor comes to visit, which is whenever she is in town handling her ever-growing U.S. clientele, she surveys the new purchases and swaps old war stories. She enjoys staying in touch: "It's dangerous to be friends at the start of a job, but to achieve friendship at the end is good." And whatever hardships the couple endured through the undertaking have been smothered by the pride of ownership. "The distance actually became an advantage," the wife says, "by forcing us to make decisions promptly. Imogen gave the project a beginning and an end. Now we're on our own." ♠

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

Beyond the Pale

(Continued from page 153) table that nestles in the library, scraping back paint where the key turns. Though based on a traditional design dating from the days when tea was served over a charcoal burner, the table is a complete Andersen invention: he drew up the plans with a carpenter, designed the legs himself (modeling them after an antique he had restored for a Danish dealer ten years earlier), laid the top with tiles salvaged from a derelict house in Holland, and painted the body to match biblical scenes on the tiles.

Given his skill at capturing a past elegance, it's not surprising that Andersen abhors electric light and has refused to modernize the magnificent 1780 Danish chandelier above his dining table. Instead he effects shifts from cool to warm with strategic placements of his collection of eighteenth-century Swedish brass candlesticks. As light stretches across the room, lingering on the dove gray and pearl white of a chest of drawers, caressing the sleek white chairs, sparkling in the gilt intricacies of a trumeau mirror, the walls both absorb and reflect. And the luminosity continues—at day's end, the candlelit hues deepen with the setting sun. ♠

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

Into Africa

(Continued from page 147) Clarity is confined to his photographic books, the recently reissued *The End of the Game* and *Eyelids of Morning,* which document the mismanaged culls of Kenya's wildlife.

Over the years he has amassed an extensive collection of tribal artifacts—beautifully carved wooden walking sticks called rungus, throwing stones once used to read the future, aerodynamic throwing sticks for killing birds, bowls shaped like ears ("for extrasensory hearing," notes Beard), and intricate ceremonial dresses embroidered with shards of ostrich eggs, shields, and carved fetishes. "So many people have totally abandoned their past," he says. "All they want now are nylon shirts and wristwatches."

Currently Beard is working on the photographs for a book by his friend Gillies Turle on the hidden art of the Masai—at the same time Beard is writing a television series on environmental issues, building a tree house for Zara, thinking about expanding the camp to provide tents for paying guests, preparing excerpts from his diaries for a book entitled *From a Dead Man's Wallet,* and, as always, speaking his mind to whoever crosses his path. ♠

Editor: Ruth Ansel



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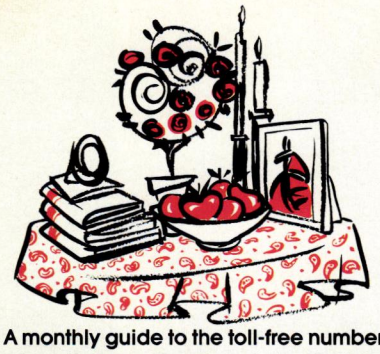
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Mrs. Parish

(Continued from page 167) He had his doubts, but he approved.

His family, however, most definitely did not approve. When Harry's uncle and aunt learned that I had become a professional decorator, they promptly disinherited him. Instead they left a sizable sum, which had been due Harry, to Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, who had stayed at their house. It must have been a difficult decision, but they concluded that even marrying a Democrat was preferable to marrying a woman in trade.

The first person to enter the shop with any serious intentions was the daughter of a family friend who had a large country house she wanted decorated and well over $100,000 to spend on it, which made it a very auspicious beginning for me. I didn't really know much more than she did, but she trusted me completely. I decided that she should have a leather library and a white carpet with red roses. Luckily it worked and was considered quite dashing.

I found that I didn't need a decorator's manual to tell me basic things: a feeling for lighting and for which colors would go together came to me naturally. I just knew that the tables should all be the same height so the lamps would be at the same level, that there should be three groupings of furniture so the room could be completely used. I did have to do some research on valances, but that was all that I got out of books. There were mistakes, of course—there are in almost any job—but the final result was wonderful.

After that first job the word spread, and despite difficult times, commissions followed. I had not gone to school, read any books, or served an apprenticeship or joined any professional organizations. Admittedly, I had been extraordinarily lucky, but I felt that I had a decorator's eye and a decorator's instinct, and somehow I sensed that nothing else mattered. I am now more convinced than ever that instinct is all that is really important. There must be 20,000 decorators in New York today. They've all studied decorating at Parsons or some other school. They can draw a floor plan and they know the history of furniture, but that doesn't seem to be what's necessary. I don't care how much studying you've had—if you haven't got it in you, you won't be able to put it across.

From the beginning, I never followed trends in decorating. If I was aware of them I didn't care, for I believed then, as I do now, that rooms should be timeless and very personal. I didn't set out to achieve a particular style or develop a "look," because I knew that every person's life differs from every other and all needs are therefore different. And, of course, I knew from my own life the importance of continuity in the things we live with.

Some years ago, my partner, Albert Hadley, and I were delighted when patchwork quilts, four-poster beds, painted floors, knitted throws, rag rugs, painted valances, and handwoven bedspreads were first listed among the "innovations" of our firm, Parish-Hadley. The list sounds old-fashioned, and certainly no decorator wants to be that. But Albert and I understood, all the same, that innovation is often the ability to reach into the past and bring back what is good, what is beautiful, what is useful, what is lasting.

At the start of my career I instinctively set out to make some old ideas popular again, and after sixty years I am pleased to see that they still work. It is like the pleasure I feel when I remember the day at Dark Harbor, long ago, when I learned to tie all the ship's knots. Even now they hold tight in my memory, and I think they have helped not just in keeping my boat fast, but in keeping my life fast. ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

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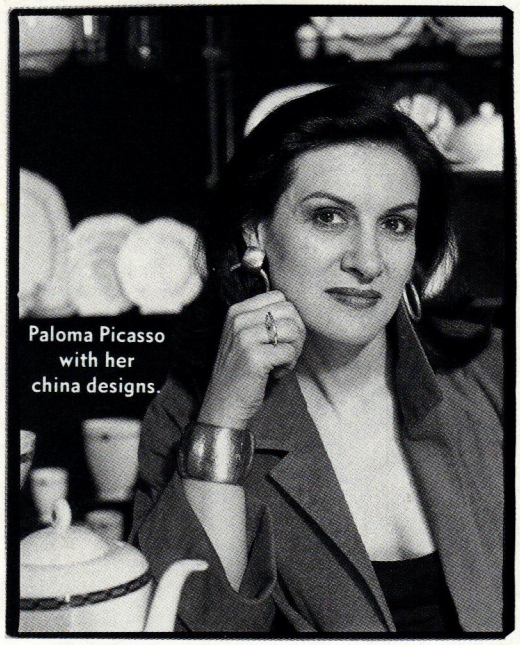
AT LARGE

Paloma Picasso has mass appeal

Last January Karl Lagerfeld gave a small dinner party at his palatial apartment on the rue de l'Université in Paris, and Paloma Picasso was the last to arrive. She marched into the grand couturier's grand salon wearing a little black dress and cast her big black eyes around the gilded room, focusing not on the remarkable Louis XV–style lit à la turque, which functions as a thronelike sofa, but on the two or three people she didn't know. "Hello," she said, presenting herself somewhat formally to each of us in turn. "I'm Paloma Picasso." Which seemed redundant since it's fair to assume that most people who end up at small dinner parties at Karl Lagerfeld's palatial apartment in Paris know Paloma Picasso when they see her. But then what else could she say?

Seven months later I called Paloma through an intermediary to make a date to meet for lunch in New York. She agreed—through the intermediary—stipulating that lunch be coffee at 11:00 and we have it at Sant Ambroeus, a small Italian café on Madison Avenue. Again Paloma Picasso was the last to arrive, and again Paloma Picasso was wearing a little black dress. This time, however, the little black dress was a sheer sleeveless Azzedine Alaïa creation that revealed, once the scarlet Geoffrey Beene coat had been removed, substantially more than most American women would feel comfortable revealing—at least before noon. "We met last January in Paris," I said. "Yes, of course," smiled Paloma, allowing me the luxury of believing that she remembered. Which was nice.

"I don't mind being a woman, but I don't want to be a lady"



Paloma Picasso with her china designs.

In photographs, and there have been many photographs, she appears exotic, defiant, intimidating. The perennially provocative Helmut Newton, for example, shot her in 1973 holding a highball glass that only partially obscures the left breast her dress exposes. Nothing, however, obscures her expression, a chilly mixture of contempt and boredom: Pablo Picasso's daughter as dominatrix. In her best-known Richard Avedon portrait, the one she commissioned to promote the perfume she introduced in 1984, an ultrasophisticated Paloma stares out at the world with confrontational directness—a larger-than-life Latin glamour queen, all sable hair, fire-engine-red lips, and caught-in-the-kill panther eyes. The image is powerful. Memorable. Severe. It is the picture of a woman you do not cross. A woman you do not take home to mother.

"It had to be strong because our advertising budget was very small, and every page had to count," says Paloma of the Avedon portrait. The explanation is helpful because in person Paloma Picasso is not like her pictures. At all. In person, Paloma Picasso is warm, engaging, accessible, and very very funny. And though English is not her first language, she does have a way with words: "I don't mind being a woman, but I don't want to be a lady." She's also, jet-set reputation notwithstanding, an enterprising businesswoman, a savvy designer and promoter of a sufficient number of products to justify a Paloma Picasso boutique, which Jacques Grange designed and which opened last month in Paris. The idea of a Paloma Picasso boutique selling Paloma Picasso scarves, handbags, umbrellas, gloves, panty hose, cosmetics, perfume, and sunglasses may be a stretch for some. Isn't it a bit commercial? What would her father say? "What people see as appealing about who I am," explains Paloma, "is the girl who goes to parties, the girl who's on the best-dressed list—all the very superficial things. I've been famous since I was a baby. That's not a thrill. To me the thrill is to design things and see that they work. The fun part is to *be* commercial." Which explains why Paloma went to Villeroy & Boch when she decided to design china, crystal, silver, and, yes, bathroom tiles. She wanted mass production, mass distribution, mass appeal. Tiffany, on the other hand, which many regarded as the obvious vehicle for her entry into the tabletop market, she deemed too "elite." Never mind that Paloma celebrated her tenth anniversary as one of Tiffany's most prolific jewelry designers this year.

Although her range is wide, Paloma believes her innumerable product lines all adhere to a singular point of view. "Everything should look new yet classic. That way, when the newness has disappeared, they'll still be appealing." Paloma also believes in quirky combinations of materials. "I like surprises," she says, referring me to the wrought-iron ornament she had applied to the Paloma Picasso pocketbook she was carrying. To further illustrate the idea, she pulled out her Paloma Picasso compact with a little jewel punctuating the interior. Although the point was made, Paloma didn't seem quite sure. So she lifted up her skirt and showed me the decorative motif she had woven into her Paloma Picasso panty hose, not quite at the point where the panty meets the hose. It was a natural, impulsive gesture—both simple and startling. And it made Paloma Picasso blush like a schoolgirl, then laugh like a woman. **Charles Gandee**

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